

My Story of the
**130th Field
Artillery**
By W. P. Mac Lean



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My Story

of the

130th F. A., A. E. F.



by

W. P. MacLean



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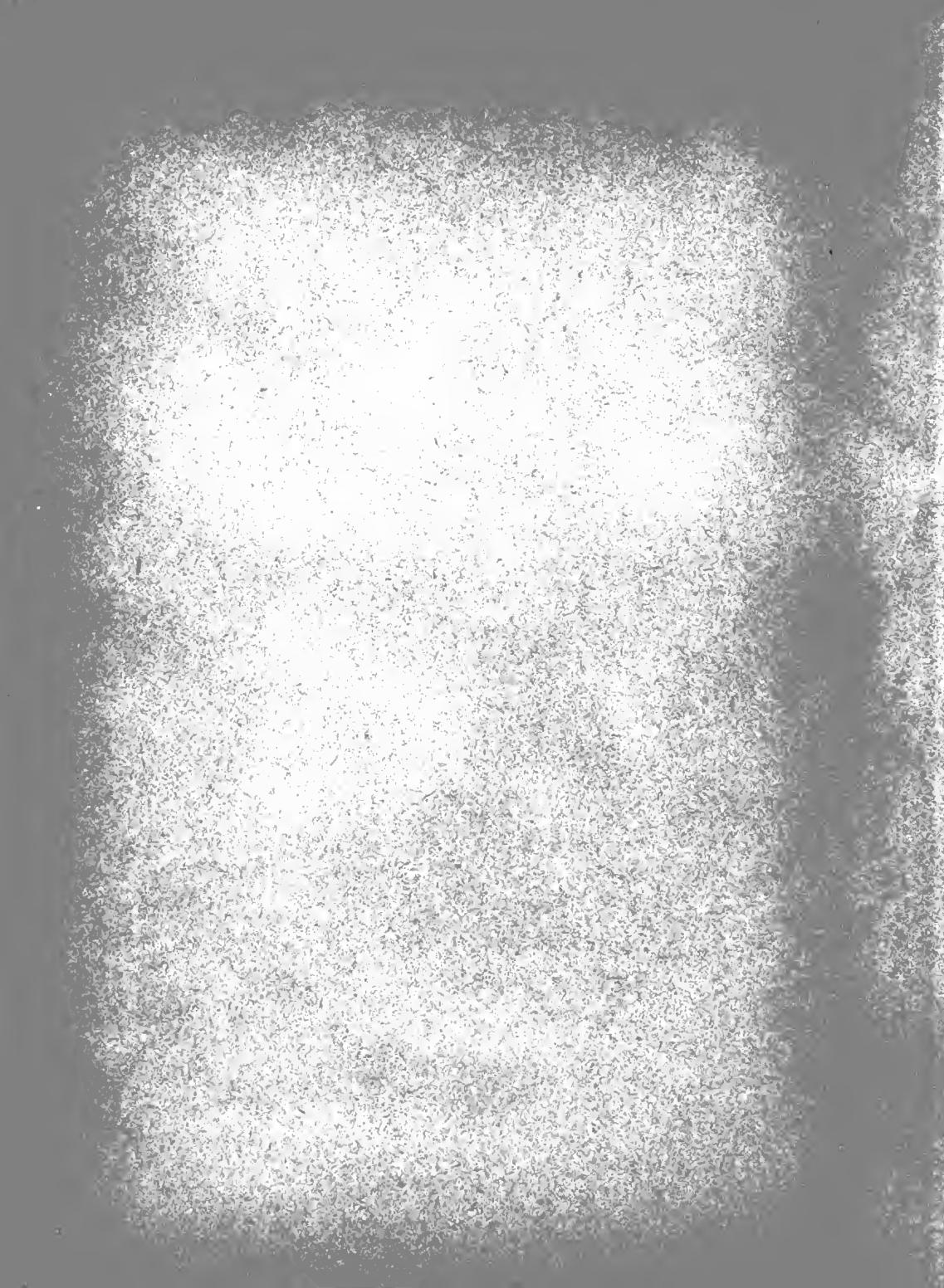


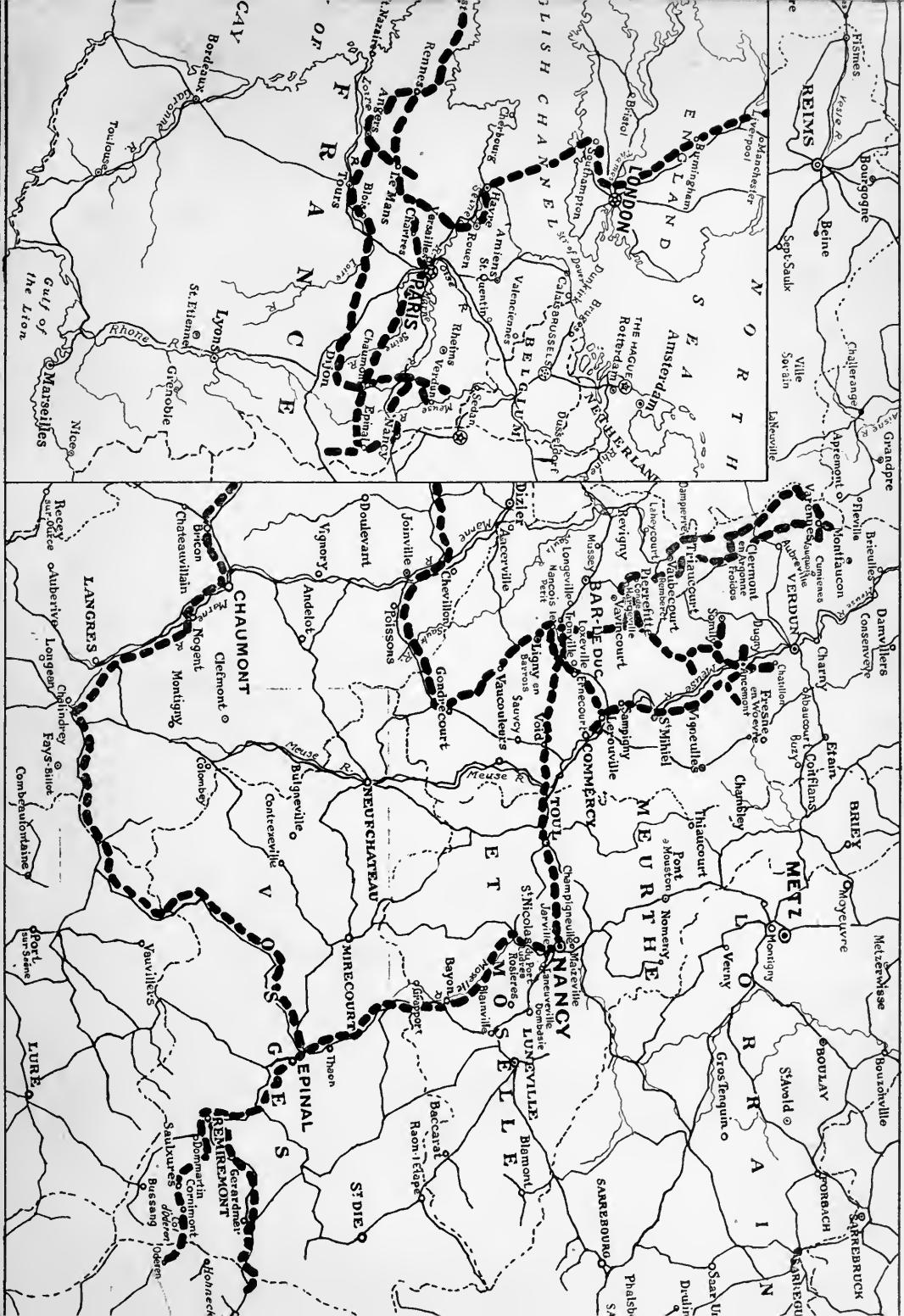
DEDICATION

This modest volume might well be dedicated to Hiram P. Dillion who was always interested in "A" Battery and the Regiment. Who, ever sacrificing and praying for the success of allied arms, died just before the great desire of his life was realized. It might be dedicated to that staunch old Patriot Father Pompeny of Pittsburg who worked so untiringly on behalf of the 2nd Battallion. It might be dedicated to those commanders whom we shall always know for their devotion to duty and sincerity of purpose, Hugh Means, Wm. Pattison, Richard Ellis and Hugh Brown. It might be dedicated and perhaps should be to those 1800 wonderful men who made it and loved it; but I dedicate this story to the sons, the sons and younger brothers of those who fought and fell, of those who fought and lived, with the fond hope and belief that the high purposes and patriotic ardor which filled the hearts of the 130th will be reborn and carried on by the sons of the 130th to the great good of our state and country.

M.









Earl Blackman
"The Fighting Parson."



Gen. Lucien Berry
Who commanded 60th F.A. Brigade



San Jarrell
Soldier Writer and Gentleman



A. M. Mills
"The Daddy of the Regt."

PREFACE

As a fore-word and to express the present sentiment of those who came back, I can best use a letter from Ex-Sergt. Frank M. Fable.

Topeka, Kansas.

April 28, 1920.

My Dear Captain;

In reply to yours regarding the writers most interesting experience: please allow him the liberty of treating his military career as one experience and to sum up the effects more particularly than the causes. As the years go by events linked with our regiment will accumulate glamour by leaps and bounds so that it is advisable that they be recorded now in order that they be recognizable to the members in the future decade. The Argonne now is too clear in our memory for any to picture one of our heroes snatching up "Old Glory" from the mire and carrying it forward as our grandsires were wont to do. Particularly when a number of us in Battery "A" so clearly recollect the debate at Neuilly which was decided in favor of a much battered skillet as more deserving of space in the forgon than the guidon, made by loving hands some months before as a flaming inspiration to our valor. The progress of the 130th thru the war-torn area of France was not one of thrills and dashes of individual heroism but consistent hard plugging with half the regiment pull-

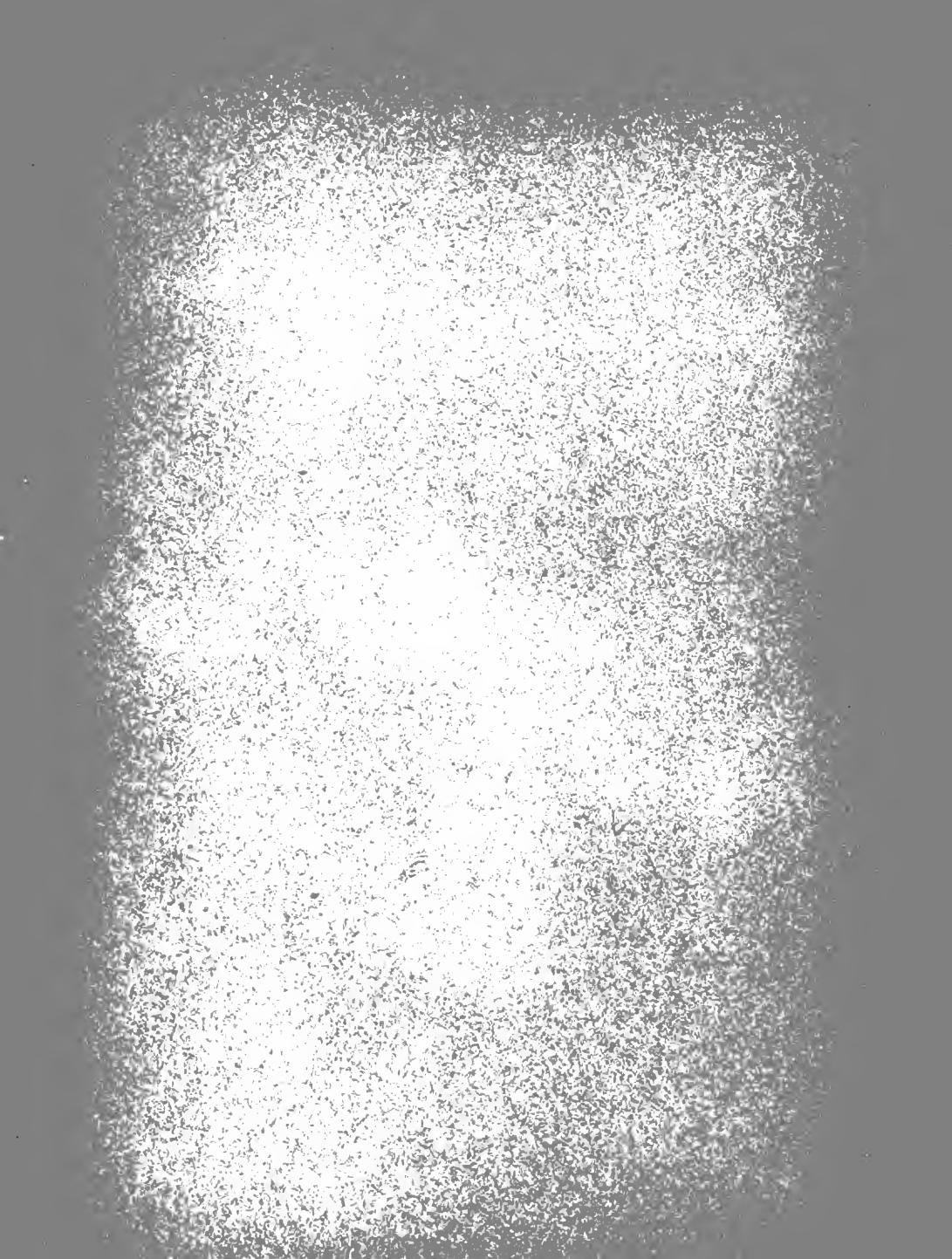
ing at the traces with the jaded horses, chilled and wet with no immediate prospect of warmth or sustaining food in the desired quantity. Without meaning to detract one whit from the honor due such an officer as Capt. Priest, who bleeding profusely from a nasty wound, was more concerned about the safety of his men than his own; we are still desirous of paying our little tribute to the gallant officer whose ready smile and cheery word in the darkest moments was an immeasurable contribution to the morale of the regiment, namely, Capt. Arthur Mills.

By some divine Providence, we remember now very little of the disagreeable and very much of the pleasant and the humorous. How many times have we said, "I will never forget this," when compelled to undergo some unusually distasteful circumstance? But we have forgotten many such instances even now and soon the time will come when the fatigue, the mud, the filth shall entirely fade from our memory and when we meet we will laugh about the amusing ones and in our inmost thots wonder that we ever felt mistreated or abused.

Hoping, Captain, that your book meets with the success it so richly deserves, I am

Very truly yours,

Frank M. Fable



PART
I

ORGANIZATION

WHAT follows will be a history of my regiment from my own personal stand-point. It will probably, strictly speaking, be more a history of my own personal experiences with the regiment than of the regiment, but inasmuch as I was very early identified with the organization, and during my service with it was connected with every battery in it, I feel that the story of my own experiences will be in a measure a history of the regiment.

The pronoun "I" will undoubtedly occur quite frequently. This will not, I hope, be taken as an inference that I, personally, had any more to do with the fine accomplishments and record of the 130th Field Artillery than any other of the eighteen hundred good men and true who made up its personnel. It should simply be taken to indicate that this is my own personal story. I will tell it in the first person as I believe in that way I can make it more interesting to the boys of this School, whose entertainment and instruction is the primary object for writing it at all.

The 130th Field Artillery was born during the Civil War, although it was not named until much later. During the Civil War it was known as the Kansas Battery. The present battery

was formed as Battery B in January, 1868. These beginnings of the history of the regiment show Battery A to be one of the oldest military organizations in the country, and its history has been as glorious as any. The charter officers of Battery A were Captain Thomas E. Irvine, Lieutenant Charles Chase, Lieutenant A. A. Daunders, Lieutenant H. S. Reynolds, and Lieutenant Ben M. Curtis. Topeka was its birthplace.

In 1885 the organization made its first military shift and became section B of the First Battery, with First Lieutenant George O. Nylph and Second Lieutenant J. G. McLaughlin.

In 1900 the organization was converted into Battery A under command of Captain William A. Pattison who had enlisted as a private in 1891 and was commissioned a captain in 1898. Captain Pattison served until 1914. Succeeding him was Captain C. G. Grimes who retired in March, 1916.

At the time of the Spanish American War the battery was organized and prepared to go as a battery, but thru some technical trouble with the War Department, they were not received into the army as a battery and the members enlisted as individuals. However, practically every member of the battery at that time saw service

in either Cuba or the Phillipines, or both.

Thousands of useful and influential citizens all over the United States can boast of having been members of Battery A at one time or another during its existence. At the opening of the present war, I received letters from practically every part of the country from former members of this military unit, asking for discharges and information relative to their service with the battery.

Before the opening of the war the battery had worked its way into the hearts of the people of the community in such a way as to be almost a public institution. It was sent for from all over the state of Kansas to take part in public ceremonies, celebrations, to help in times of flood, fire, tornado, and other trouble; and in Topeka no public celebration, inauguration, reception, or even funeral or memorial service was considered complete without Battery A. Battery A furnished officers for every division in the army during the last war.

On July 4th, 1917, Battery A made a trip to McPherson, Kansas, where it assisted in the unveiling of the beautiful statue there to General McPherson, and was reviewed by General Nelson A. Miles, who at that time was the only living lieutenant-general in the United States.

In the summer of 1916 Battery A went to the Mexican border, officered by Captain John M. Hite and Lieuten-

ants W. P. MacLean, Richard B. Porter, James C. Hughes and A. C. Bartel. By virtue of the president's order drafting all national guard organizations into federal service for Mexican border duty, Battery A then saw federal service and made itself felt in United States military circles. It was at that time attached to the regular army Third Field Artillery as one battery in a provisional regiment, stationed at Eagle Pass, Texas, right across the Rio Grande from Piedras Negras (Black Rock or Coal) in Old Mexico. When we first landed there, a garrison of Mexican Federal troops was camped across the river and the American batteries kept their guns trained on Piedras Negras day and night. I could tell you many stories of our seven month stay there—of centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, rattle snakes, wild cats, black bears, and armadilloes; of hikes and camps thru cactus, dust, and prickly pear in a climate that was always hot; of beautifully still starlet southern nights; of Mexican people with their customs, modes of living, and strange, fiery-hot dishes; of fine parades, inspections, maneuvers, and reviews; of horse shows, foot-ball games (in which "A" Battery always won) and dances; but I shall only tell you the story of a wind storm which blew all of our tents away one night leaving us exposed to a driving rain, and blew an 1100 lb. mule so far we never got him back, and a flood which floated away

a 1000 lb. anvil, of Doc Lull and katydids on Lehman's Ranch, of Arthur Woods and his bag of black diamond rattle snakes, and of my big, wilful, bay horse whom I called Gov. Capper after the then Governor of Kansas. The boys of the battery used to say that when I went out for a ride I didn't go any particular way. I simply went where Capper took me and this came nearer to being the truth than I care to admit. He could travel like the wind and on many occasions when he thought he had gone far enough, he would take the bit in his teeth and make a bee line for camp, over fences, through mesquit, across ditches, nothing seemed to stop him. On the day that we fired the salute in honor of General Funston, he ran away with me on the paved streets of Topeka and fell in making a turn on the pavement and nearly killed us both. I was dazed and when the people picked me up, I called out, "Get Capper," "Get Capper." They thought I wanted the Governor and called him up, telling him that I was hurt and calling for him. He called me up at the hospital only to learn that it was a horse that I'd had on my mind and not the Governor. Capper went with us later to Camp Doniphan where he took pneumonia and died.

On the border we went thru all the maneuvers and practice that was given to the regular batteries and more than held our own with some of the best batteries of field artillery in the regu-

lar army. The battery was mustered out in December, 1916, just in time to eat Christmas dinner at home.

It was redrafted for service August 5th, 1917, when the president called out all organizations for federal service in the world war.

When the United States first declared war Kansas began to organize a full regiment of field artillery. Battery A was made a part of this regiment, or rather the rest of the regiment was added to Battery A, and thus grew up the 130th Field Artillery. I personally had a part in the organization of this regiment, not only in bringing Battery A, which I had commanded since our stay on the border up to full war strength, with the help of Lts. Nels Anderson and Packy McFarland; but I had something to do with the raising and organizing of every other unit in the regiment except F battery of Wichita. Early in the game, I was sent to Pittsburg, Kansas, where I helped raise the 2nd battalion of the regiment, consisting of C and D Batteries. To do this a great deal of work was necessary. We had parades and special patriotic programs in which school children and all the people of the city assisted and backed me up. We made many trips by automobile in that section of the state, where I would make speeches and call for recruits. and Roy Lafromboise, the then bugler of the battery, would blow the various army bugle calls and give an interesting and humorous description

of the life of a soldier. It was during the recruiting campaigns that the slogans, "Come in out of the draft," "Eat your Thanksgiving dinner in France," "Spend Christmas in Berlin" "What are you going to tell the children?" etc. were originated. Finally thru the assistance of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce, one of the A battery guns was shipped to Pittsburg and fired in Lincoln Park. Inasmuch as this was the first time a field piece had ever been fired in Pittsburg, it added great interest to the campaign, and at the end of one month a full battalion of fine men was mustered into state and federal service. Mr. Brinkerhoff of the Headlight, Mr. Curran, Mr. Sam French and Father Pompency were leaders in helping in this work and backing the batteries. Father Pompency made speeches all over the county on behalf of enlistment. He said in his own church. "Many are kept out of this battery by flat feet, but more are kept out because of flat heads and cold feet. I shall be ashamed of St. Mary's Parish and leave it never to return if all of my able-bodied boys without dependents do not go—Oh! how I should like to go myself." And the old man did try and try to go, only to be turned down again and again on account of age. The guns were then shipped to Kansas City and the same procedure carried out there. We would take our station in the city park, fire a few rounds from the cannon, blow a bugle

call or two, and call for volunteers, and in a week E battery of Kansas City was formed and champing at the bit for active service. Phil Hoyt, Fred Olander, Carl Anderson, Clarence Smith and Early Pomdexter were the main movers in K. C. Next a trip up thru Osage county with Frank McFarland, who was then a corporal, and our big battery truck donated by the late Hiram P. Dillon of Topeka, brought us in recruits enough for a headquarters and supply company. It was during this trip that Frank McFarland allowed the truck to run away from him and knocked down the whole white way system of Osage City, for which the state of Kansas had to pay. But this helped to draw the whole population out into the streets and we took advantage of it by bally hooing for volunteers from the back of the truck and were able to get thirteen recruits on our first day for headquarters company, including Gus Leander who was the oldest man from his county to volunteer and who was a veteran of the Spanish-American and Phillipine wars. The only way in which we were able to help B Battery of Lawrence was by lending them our guns and giving them instruction in gun drill at our armory on Jackson Street, Topeka.

On August 5th, all organizations of the regiment were mobilized in their home towns. Battery A encamped at the Fair Grounds, Topeka, Kansas, and began at once to take up a stren-

uous army life in training. Inasmuch as we had our own horses and guns, we were able to make great progress along these lines. Our one month's stay at the Fair Grounds, during which time we put on exhibitions and assisted in various ways at the Kans. Free Fair, is one of the most pleasant memories of our army experience. While we did a lot of hard work and progressed in our military training, we still had plenty of time for fun, and the attitude of the people of Topeka toward us made our last month at home a most pleasant one. We shall always remember the big dance at Trefry's. The big feed at the State Journal given by Mr. Mc-Lennan and Art Carruth to Homer Kennedy's gun squad which won the contest and the feed at the Elks by Billy Anderson to Bill Link's section which won the hitching contest and the show at the Orpheum and the big horse show which made money for our mess fund.

On October 1st the entire regiment was concentrated with the other regiments of the 35th Division at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma. At that time Col. Hugh Means of Lawrence commanded the regiment and General Lucien Berry commanded the 60th Field Artillery Brigade of which we were a part, as well as acting in the capacity of division commander. Hard work was begun at once. The day would begin with reveille and physical exercises before daylight and

would continue with foot drill, gun drill, hikes, and school until late evening. We had a good regiment and felt it was the best that could be gotten together. The spirit and loyalty and desire to serve was very high. The men all liked their officers, and everybody liked the commanding officer, Col. Hugh Means. The work was hard and the climate very undesirable on account of the continuous high winds and suffocating dust storms, but every one was happy to be finally in the service of his country and headed for the big scrap.

During our stay at Camp Doniphan we fired away hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of shells and dug miles of trenches, gun emplacements and dugouts. At this time the officers of "A" Battery were Nels A. Anderson, Paul T. McFarland, and myself. My brother, Second Lieut. Hugh A. MacLean, who was later made a captain on the field of battle, and Second Lieut. Donald McKee had been taken away from us in Topeka along with twenty-one Mexican border veterans and transferred to the 117th Ammunition Train of the 42nd Division. This was the first big disappointment of the war for me as my brother and I had counted on going thru the thing together. At Doniphan we were assigned Lieutenants Moore A. Stuart and Victor J. Wagoner, both from California, to take the places of these two Topeka men. Early in our stay we had our first taste of death in

action. An artillery contest was being arranged in which each battery was to enter one gun with its team of six horses, drivers, and cannoneers. The object of the contest was to start out with the horses unharnessed and the gun parked. At a given signal the contestants began to harness their horses. After harnessing and hitching they raced several hundred yards, halted, unlimbered, went into action and fired a shot. The first gun to fire a shot was declared the winner, provided that everything had been done perfectly. While practicing for this event one battery of the 129th F. A. had a sergeant run over and killed. Battery A won this contest on several different occasions. Sergt. "Bill" Link of Topeka was in command of this special section. With Brantingham, Clay and Geo. Baker, Murphy, Smith, Parry, McArthur and other veteran gunners in the line up. On one occasion the gun became unlimbered while galloping to the goal and the cannoneers rolled head over heels but they were right up and into their places again without loosing a minute. We had just been in Doniphan one month when they decided to change us from light to heavy Field Artillery with 220 men to the battery instead of 190. This made it necessary to draw more men and several hundred were sent down from Camp Funston to fill up the regiment to the required number. This was a bad thing for the regiment as up to this time every

man had been from Kansas and a volunteer in the service. They had a great pride in themselves and their state and these other men, while eventually most of them made the finest kind of soldiers, were from outside of Kansas. They did not have the pride in the regiment nor the pride of the locality behind them that the original volunteers had brought into the service and, therefore, for a time each organization was divided into two distinct classes instead of being one close unit. All of this caused a distinct set back. The same was true of the officers. While many of the officers who came to us were of the finest type and worked their way into the lives and hearts of the regiment so well as soon to become a part of it, many of them, especially some of those higher up, had absolutely no personal interest in the regiment and used it purely as a stepping stone for their own personal military ambitions.

About this time three of the Battery A boys were sent to an officers' training camp—"Pinky" Beals, Edgar Kennedy, and Homer Kennedy. All three of them made good, of course, but were assigned to another regiment as were the successful candidates from our other batteries. Homer Kennedy afterward went over the top as liaison officer with the infantry in the Argonne. He was cited for bravery and was severely gassed while sticking to his post and keeping the artillery officers in touch with



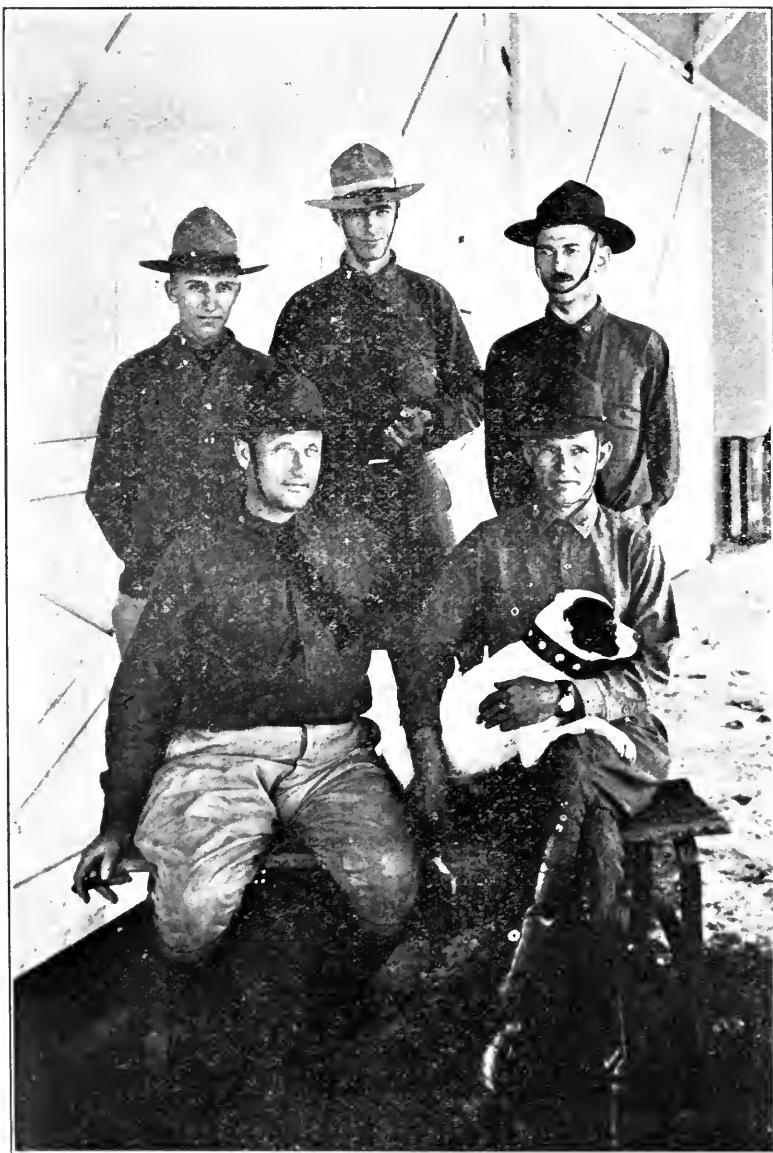
Hugh Means
Our First Commander.



"Doc" Morrison
(Who lead the Old Gray Mare
across the pond and back)



Battery "A" Gun and Crew in Camp



Major Jones and officers of "A"—August 1917

the infantry.

But this is getting ahead of my story.

Program given for benefit of
BATTERY A
Benefit Performance
ORPHEUM THEATER

Friday Evening, April 20th, 8 p. m.

1. ORPHEUM ORCHESTRA, I. Feltenstein, director.
Selected Numbers.
2. BOY SCOUTS, direction of Arthur A. Graham.
Drill in "First Aid to the Injured" work.
3. OAKLAND VETERAN'S CLUB,
Chorus of old-time melodies, piano and violin accompaniment.
4. MISS DOROTHY REHKOPH,
"Our Country's Flag".
5. MISS LUND,
Dramatic Reading; "When the Fleet Goes By", by Mary Shipman Andrews.
6. INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL BOYS,
Military Drill.
7. MISS KITTY TANDY,
Dramatic Pantomine; "Maryland, My Maryland".
8. GEOFGE T. McDERMOTT,
Patriotic Address.
9. TOM POWELL,
Baritone Solo; "I Love a Lassie".
Scotch costume.
10. MRS. DANIEL MULLER,
Piano Solo; (A) "Romance", Frank La Forge. (B)
"La Peccadora", D. Costa.
11. 2nd KANSAS REGIMENT BAND,
Patriotic Medley.
12. MISS MARGARET MASON,
Vocal Solo; "His Buttons Are Marked U. S."

13. MISS HELEN LEEPER,
Cello Solo; "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling." Miss Dorothy Leeper, violin obbligato, Miss Lillian Huckle at piano.
 14. B. P. BARTLETT,
Bass Solo; (A) "Your Flag and My Flag.", words by Wilbur D. Nesbit, music written especially for this occasion by Mr. Daniel Muller. (B) "I Want To Be In Germany", (Tune: "I Am On My Way To Manda-lay") words by W. B. Flowers Mrs. Muller at the piano.
 15. MISS MARY SA DS,
Harp Solo; "Fair Minka", theme and variations, Ca-bell.
 16. MISS MAJORIE FULTON,
Athletic Dancing, "Air de Ballet No. 1", Chaminade. Mrs. Muller at the piano.
 17. MISS MADELINE HOOPES,
Soprano Solo; "My Own United States", (new ver-sion, written at the request of the National Song Society). Mrs. Muller at the piano.
 18. BATTERY A. BOYS,
Comedy Playlet; "Life On the Border", Reveille to Taps.
 19. OUR COUNTRY,
Right or wrong, Our Country!
Surprise Number.
 20. MODOC CLUB,
Male Chorus, "America Forever".
Ensemble and Grand Finale.
"AMERICA"
- EXECUTIVE STAFF: House Manager, G. L. Hooper; Stage Manager, K. T. Erwin; Asst., F. B. Cunningham; Stage Carpenter, Wm. E. Wilcox; Property Man, Cecil Borden; Stage Electrician, Wm. Middleton; Electrical Effects, W.W. Reid.
- PROGRAM COMMITTEE: Mr. Daniel Muller, Mr. G. L. Hooper, Mr. J. E. Wilson, Mr. K. T. Erwin.
Programs supplied gratis by Kelly Publishing Co.
Tickets by The Mail Printing House.
Advance Ticket Sale under auspices of "Elizabeth Ann." Knabe Concert Grand Piano, used on the stage, is a voluntary courtesy of the E. B. GUILD MUSIC CO.



PART

II

TRAINING

WE had some very queer characters at Camp Doniphan. Two that I especially recall were Haney, known as the "Gold Brick," and Mark Twain. Both of these came to us from Camp Funston. I was afterward "bunky" at the school of Fire with the captain who had transferred Haney to me, and he considered it a great joke. Haney was from somewhere along the Ozark trail. He was one of those fellows who in the words of Col. A. M. Harvey "didn't know nothing and didn't want to know nothing; didn't never go nowhere and didn't want to go nowhere." If the war could have been won by lying in bed all the time except when busy stowing away a good portion of army grub, Haney would have been a great factor in winning the war. Whenever there was marching to be done he had sore feet or a lame leg. Whenever there was digging to be done he had sore arms or a lame back. But I never saw the time when mess call blew that he was not somewhere near the head end of the line with all of his eating apparatus in good repair. We finally got together and conspired to get Haney a discharge on a physical disability certificate, although there was not one thing wrong with

him, unless it was hookworm. He was happy to go as we were to get rid of him, and he doubtless sits in front of his shack in the Ozarks to this day telling the natives of the wonderful part he took in canning the kaiser.

Mark Twain, as we called him, was an altogether different sort of soldier. He meant all right but just simply didn't have the stuff for some reason or another. I never saw a man who was so well versed in history. He had the dates and important events in the history of almost every country in civilization right at his tongue's end, but he never could get himself dressed straight. We had to have a couple of other men detailed to watch him all the time and see that he got his clothes on properly before he went out so as not to disgrace himself and his battery. Whenever there was a chance to transfer anybody, it used to be a joke among the battery commanders of the regiment to try to slip Mark Twain off onto some other fellow. We had eight mess halls in a row, one for each organization of the regiment. When Mark Twain first arrived he was put into Headquarters Company, but he did not always show up there for mess. Upon investigation it was

found that at meal time he ran down the line of mess halls, stuck his head into each one and finally chose the one that was having the best meal to eat in for that certain meal. In this way he managed to live pretty well until he was found out and a check taken on him. About the only thing Mark Twain was good for was to dig latrines. One day his company commander put him to digging a hole and being busy with something else forgot to go around and tell him to stop when evening came. Sometime along toward midnight he happened to think of Mark and went down to the rear of the camp where he found Mark down deep in the hole and still digging. He had worked right straight through without supper or rest or anything else in an attempt to carry out his orders. We tried to put Mark up before a "nut" specialist, but Mark put it all over the eminent doctor from the University of Pennsylvania. The session was full of laughs but probably the funniest thing was when Dr. Hoffman leaned over to Mark and asked confidentially. "Say, Mark, what do you know about the I.W.W.?" Mark leaned forward and just as confidentially answered. "I don't know any more about them than you do, Doctor." Just before sailing a strenuous campaign was made to have every man in the regiment take out ten thousand dollars worth of Government life insurance. Mark was the only one in the regiment who steadfastly refused to do

this. He could not understand why he should pay money each month in premiums so that somebody else might be well off after he was dead. The colonel tried every means at his command but without success. Finally he sent the chaplain down to talk to Mark. The chaplain very diplomatically called on Mark; asked him how he was getting along; whether he was getting good news from his family; how he liked army, mess, etc.; and then finally said, "Well now, Mark, about this insurance question?" Mark looked at the chaplain, scratched his head, and said, "So that is it. I wondered what you were being so nice to me for all this time." Mark stuck with us on the over seas voyage and through England and France until we reached Coetquidan. There they put him in a special service battalion whose duty was to raise garden truck for the use of the camp. After he had worked there a couple of days, one of the fellows asked him how he liked it over there. Mark replied, "I like it all right—I always did like to farm—but I cannot understand what they stuck me in with that bunch of nuts for."

It may seem queer to discuss Gen-Lucien Berry, our brigade commander along with this class of queer characters, but Berry was a queer character himself. Through the brigade he had two nicknames, "One Star Lucien" and "The Walrus"—"One Star Lucien" because of the one star that de-

signates the rank of a brigadier general and "The Walrus" because of his long, down-drooping mustaches which with his sober countenance and habitually severe expression gave him the likeness of a walrus. Berry got into our regiment right at the start by removing Col. Hugh Means from command. Means had started out well and won the liking and respect of every man and officer in the regiment. He was sent to the school of Fire for field artillery from which he graduated with good grades and later sent to a tactical school for field officers at San Antonio from which he was also graduated with good standing; but Berry told him that, nevertheless, he could not command a regiment in his brigade and finally sidetracked him, although there was nobody nearly as good to take command of the Regiment. A humorous incident happened during Mean's first days with the Regiment. There were three officers' mess halls, one for each battalion; but the middle one was used for Regimental head quarters. Means slept in the rear room of this one. It was the duty of the sentry on post to wake all cooks in time to get breakfast. A new sentry went, by mistake, into the colonel's quarters—"Come on here you, hit the deck," said the sentry, jerking the covers off of Mean's bed. "I am the colonel" said the awakened Means. "Colonel hell" yelled the sentry. "You get up out of that hay and begin to rattle the pots and pans or you'll

see a real colonel." Whereupon he jerked Means out of bed. Means reached over and snapped on the light and the man nearly fainted. Means himself regarded this as a great joke and always told it with a great relish. Berry was truly and literally what the men in the army termed hard boiled. At one meeting of officers he forced an elderly major to stand on his feet at attention thruout the whole afternoon session, because Berry thought he had been asleep during the meeting. He used to love to pop up on a fellow when he had his mind busy on some other matter and shoot questions at him concerning artillery tactics and procedure with lightening like rapidity and woe unto the officer who hesitated or erred in his answers. I had my first run in with him shortly after returning from the School of Fire, when he came over to give the officers of our regiment some instructions in testing the sights of the 3-inch field pieces. Running his hands over his long mustaches and licking his chops, he called for the commanding officer to send out the first victim. Being senior line captain, I was naturally chosen to fill this role. Berry followed out his usual tactics of shooting questions at me in a lightening like fashion but having just been over this work at the School of Fire, I was able to answer them. Then he called upon me to do something which was impossible to do. He had Lieut. Spotts sit on the gun seat and handle the elevating and traversing gear

which moves the gun, and I was to give the commands which would cause Lieut. Spotts to so move the gun as to place the fine, crossed horsehairs at the muzzle of the piece in a direct line with the fine, black marks on the testing boards some one hundred yards away. This is a delicate operation and usually takes a little time and is all done by one man. Of course when I would tell Spotts to move to the right he would go too far to the right and when I would tell him to move a little to the left he would move a little too far to the left again. He could not see how far to move and I was trying to devise some method of command that would get him to move the gun ever so slightly in order to adjust it properly, but I could not get it with enough speed to suit General Berry. He told me to get up and give the place to somebody who could think faster. He made a great speech about wearing out the eye instead of the brain, and bellowed for another victim. Of course, the only impression this made on me was to give me the unalterable feeling that the General was unfair and although I afterward followed him over a good many miles and through a great many difficulties, I never did have the confidence in him which a young captain would like to have in his commanding General. My next meeting with him was at Coetquidan, France. In moving from Angers to Coetquidan some of my battery "B" Indians had partaken

a little too liberally of French wine and their following indisposition delayed the movement somewhat. It was their first pay day in France, however, and so might have been excused. General Berry got all the officers together and made them a long speech about their duties and responsibilities, telling the captains in the course of his remarks that they were not dry behind the ears yet, and finally passed up and down the room between the two rows of artillery officers standing stiffly at attention, tugging his mustaches and raising his right hand dramatically above his head he closed with these words; "Remember, gentlemen, my last words. NEVER LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN."

In the Argonne fight General Berry established his brigade headquarters well up to the front lines, and was absolutely reckless in the matter of exposing himself to personal danger. I really believe that he was sincere in his attempt to make a good and efficient artillery brigade. Whether he pursued the right methods or not some one else will have to judge. My third meeting with him was at our battery position on the Metz-Verdun road. In my encounters with him I always seemed to be unfortunate right at the start. He called at battalion headquarters on the afternoon after we had been kept awake all night by a heavy ten hour barrage from apparently all the guns in the German army. As soon as it was day light

we had gone out to our two battery positions to find out how much damage had been done. After dinner I myself lay down upon a bench in front of an open fireplace to take a nap and my adjutant, Capt. Norman Brundage, had frankly gone to bed. Sanford Jarrell was acting battalion sergeant major and the only one in headquarters who was awake. I woke from my forty winks to hear someone calling, "Capt. MacLean," "Capt. MacLean," "Capt. MacLean." I suddenly started to my feet to encounter Gen. Berry leering down upon me from his seemingly massive and awful height. He asked me if I were in command of the battalion there and I quickly gathered enough wits together to answer "yes" but I am here to confess that I could not have answered any more serious question even if it had necessitated the giving of my own full name. But Berry was very decent on this occasion. He questioned us about our troubles of the night before, asked about the casualties, etc., then started on a tour of inspection of the battalion positions. He approved of everything around Battery "F's" position, and even after I explained to him that Battery "E" was only one thousand yards from the front and that it was necessary to walk two and one-half miles down the Metz-Verdun road constantly under shell fire, he insisted upon visiting this position under command of Capt. Rolin Ritter. I was never so nervous in my life as during this long

walk, escorting the General clad in gas mask and helmet over an aréte where any minute something was apt to happen, but we finally got to "E" Battery's position which also fortunately met with the General's approach, and I got him back again to the safety zone safe and sound, just at dark. I felt as though it had been a wonderful accomplishment. Later on the General recommended me for a promotion in no uncertain terms, for which I thank him, but which could not remove the feeling that he was unfair in his methods and wrong in his view point. The General's greatest weakness was his love of flattery. Fellows who did not amount to shucks worked their way up into higher rank by sitting around with open mouth, admiring every word the general let drop as though it had come from an oracle and by repeatedly telling what a great man and military strategist he was. Our Regiment became the dumping grounds for these swivel chair pets. After Berry had disposed of Means, Major Waring was left in command of the Regiment.

I was detailed to the School of Fire for Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Here I spent the most terrible three months of my life. I had been up to this time in command of Battery A and of course thought it the greatest military unit in the American Army and had no desire to leave it, but I had a feeling when I was detailed to the School of Fire that I never

would get back to Battery A. I shall never forget my last night as Battery Commander, when I had the non-commissioned officers together in the mess hall and told them that I was about be separated from the Battery and had a feeling that I would not get back to it. I remember George and Clarence Baker, Fred Beerbohm, Ed Bell, Ed Kennedy, Pinky Beals, Frank Fable, Bob Goshorn, and Thomas Parry, who looked as solemn and I believe felt as badly about it as I did. At the School of Fire we were immediately impressed on every side with the fact that we had to make good or be canned from the Army. Of course, all officers there, who ranked all the way from captain to colonel, were anxious to make good any how and would have given up his life rather than his chance to go to France and this continual adding the spur did not much increase the pleasure of the occasion. The School was located in a number of barn-like structures heated by big coal stoves in the center of the floor of each large room. My course there was in the dead of one of the coldest winters Oklahoma had ever experienced. If one were near a stove he was fortunate, if he were not near a stove, parts of him were frozen most of the time. Classes started at 7 A. M., continued until 6 P. M. after which it was necessary to study until 11 P. M. or midnight. We took every course imaginable—engineering, electricity, telephony, telegraphy, meteorology, map

drawing, panoramic sketching, mechanics, mathematics, a course in driving autos, trucks, and tractors, a course in care of horses and riding, a course in firing four or five different styls of artillery guns, a course in battery and regimental administration, a course in aerial photography, a course in trench and fortification building, a course in reconnaissance, to say nothing of camouflage and field gunnery. With the weather below zero and the wind blowing icy cold down from the mountain, we used to stand for hours in the snow on Mission Ridge, Dodge Hill, Apache Gate, Signal Mountain, Range Tower No. 2 or Arbuckle, and almost frozen stiff at times fire a battery at specially arranged targets or observe the fire of the other fellows. It always seemed to me as though the instructor purposely waited until I was so cold that I could neither see, speak nor move before he called upon me. There were 1200 artillery officers in the school all of the time. One hundred new ones selected from every different division in the U. S. entered each week. The oldest class—what was left of it graduated each week—It was a great mill. We were in the 4th class of the war course, and I can safely assert that the boys in the Kansas State industrial school have much more pleasure, freedom and comfort than we had at the School of Fire.

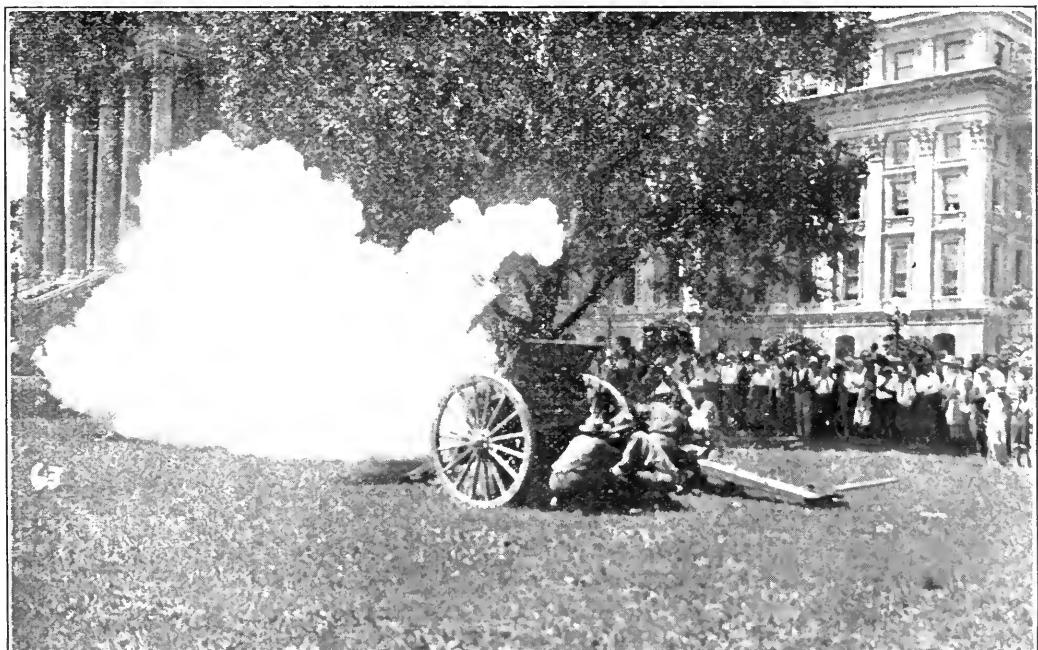
We fired 3-inch guns, French 75's, American 4.7's, and the French 155mm. Besides firing them we had to learn

the insides of each one of these guns well enough to be able to draw it from memory. Many humorous things would happen during these lessons in firing. One officer was always appointed as safety officer whose business it was to look over the range carefully and see that no persons or animals strayed into the range of the guns. One afternoon as we were about to fire upon a new infantry target, Capt. Baker from Detroit called out, "Hold the fire!" "Hold the fire!" The firing instructor immediately wanted to know why the firing should be ceased and Baker excitedly pointing out over the range said, "Why, sir, two men are standing under that tree." The instructor after carefully adjusting his glasses and taking a look said, "Why of course, you fool, that is the target." That night the fellows got the top of a big tomato can and fixed it up with ribbons and presented it to Capt. Baker as a special medal for bravery in saving the lives of two men on the range that afternoon, another officer by the name of Zick Graff picked as his aiming point the red flag on the range officers' motor truck. After he had figured his data the truck moved up a few hundred yards and of course when the guns fired they were shooting in the wrong direction. During the first part of this course I was afflicted with a nervous indigestion which caused a rash to break out all over my body. I could not afford to spare so much as an hour in the hospital or at the doc-

tor's office and I remember that I used to sit and study and scratch until I could stand it no longer and then go down under the showers and turn on the cold water until I was frozen nearly stiff, which relieved the itching somewhat, and then back to study some more. I was especially weak on automobiles and machinery of all sorts, and I used to study on this until I could go to bed and see wheels going round in front of me all night. We had a fellow in our barracks by the name of Tom Dixon, who never could quite keep up with his classes, although he used to actually study all night every night. He was canned at the end of the fourth week. We started out with a class of one hundred and each week immediately following our regular four written Saturday morning examinations a number would be dropped from the school, until when we finally graduated only about sixty were given certificates. The fellows used to worry so much about their studies that they talked in their sleep. I used to lay awake most of the night and it sounded ghastly to hear the muttering and yelling artillery commands at all hours of the night. Capt. Roy Gentry of the 89th Division was my bunk-mate and he was a fine shooter. He was always gay and cheerful in the morning and quiet and sour at night, whereas I was just the opposite. The officers used to laugh about this a great deal. We all got to liking each other very well even though we



"A" in Parade—Topeka, Aug. 1917



"A" in Parade—Topeka, Aug. 1917



Sergt. Link wins "Hitch and Harness" Contest.
Link, Goshorn, Bell and Beerbohm.

were from all different sections of the country and from every walk and condition in life. We had our first experience in bloodshed during this course. One day while firing the big French 155 guns, one of them unaccountably blew into a thousand pieces. Capt. Christy, a very popular fellow officer from Philadelphia, was instantly killed. Two cannoneers were killed instantly; one with a broken neck and the other with the top of his head blown off, and several others were maimed for life. This early experience of this kind had its effect in forcing me to realize the seriousness of the business in which I was engaged and perhaps steadied me and helped me to find my way through some of the things that were to come. The next day after this accident I was assigned as chief of section to stand behind one of the three guns that were left, all the time it was firing. I did not like it. I shall never forget our last morning at the School of Fire. We were a bunch of men ranging all the way from twenty-five to fifty-five years of age but were all as happy and frolicsome as a bunch of small boys on their first picnic. It was rather a cold day in February and we were all lined up in front of one of the buildings waiting to be checked out, when Col. Fleming the commandant of the School, rode up on horseback and stopped in front of us. We naturally thought that he was going to give our bright and illustrious class a few kind words of

farewell, but he said, "Gentlemen, you can get gloves for sixteen cents a pair down at the commissary and it certainly is a bad example to the soldiers for officers to stand around with their hands in their pockets. Take them out." And spurring his horse he rode away and that was the last we ever saw of him and most of us don't care much. We played a lot of pranks on each other. I remember there was one captain, who thought himself quite a singer, made up a special song about, "Goodbye, boys, we're through," and got us all to promise to sing it in the last mess to the poor fellows of the other classes who still had a good deal of work to go through. He got up at the appointed time and began to sing but no others would follow him and he made a sort of an ass of himself. The last morning we also had a good deal of fun by making out fake orders for some of the fellows which detailed them to remain in the school for a time, or some fellow who was especially afraid of getting his feet off the ground would be detailed to the aviation school. We signed the name of the secretary of the school to the orders. This caused a great deal of commotion and a few tears and almost got some of us into trouble before we finally got out. But at last we all safely got our certificates of graduation and sixty happy and selfconfident men parted for the North, South, East, and West, never to meet again on this earth.

When I returned to my regiment from the school, two things had happened. The regiment had passed through one of the coldest winters that any group of men was ever compelled to spend in flimsy, leaky tents. It was during this winter that the phrase was coined, "Civilians take their clothes off to go to bed. Soldiers put more clothes on." The regiment had an epidemic of spinal meningitis which had set us back on the list for going to France and had lost for us many good men and able officers and Col. R. T. Ellis, Regular Army man, had command of the regiment. Col. Ellis was probably the best liked and most respected commanding officer that we had, although he only stayed with the regiment a short time during the period of intensive training at Camp Doniphan. He was interested in his men and in his officers and along with a certain becoming military sternness he had an understanding and sympathy for those under him, which was not usually encountered in men of his rank in the Regular Army. One thing that he was especially particular about was sanitation and food. He spent most of his time going from one kitchen to another seeing that the men were being properly fed and the food properly prepared. It got to be a saying in the regiment that if a battery commander kept his kitchen in good order he could stand well with the "Old Man" no matter whether he could shoot worth a cent or not. I

had my fears confirmed and was relieved of command of Battery A and put in command of B Battery which at that time was pretty well run down. Col. Ellis, however, complimented me upon the organization that I had perfected in Battery A and promised if I could do as much for B, he would give me command of the First Battalion by the time we left for France. But Ellis did not like Camp Doniphan very well and soon was relieved and sent back to his old outfit, much to the dismay and disappointment of our whole regiment. Col. Ellis afterward wrote of his experiences with the regiment.

"During the time I commanded the 130th F.A., duty and my best judgment called upon me to exercise my office and eliminate some of the officers but at no time was there any personal feeling in this matter and I believe that you men who went across are now in a position to better realize why I did this.

I doubt if there was a regiment in the service that put in two months and a half in camp as the 130th F.A. did, without a man in the guard house. The reason for this was that the officers and men had the proper spirit. If another war should come, which God grant it may not, and the opportunity was afforded me to again serve I would ask for nothing better than that I be given the command of a regiment of men equal to those of the 130th F.A. to whose loyalty, sincerity and steadfastness of purpose was add-

ed the ability to perform the duties assigned them at all times in a highly satisfactory manner. It was a great pleasure to me to command the regiment even though the time was short and it has furnished me many delightful memories.

The officers and men of this regiment were an honor to their families, their state and their country and it will always be a pleasure for me to command them, none better could be wished for.

With kindest regards to yourself, believe me my dear MacLean,

Sincerely yours,
R. T. Ellis."

I can see him yet standing out on the plains before Signal Mountain and firing a problem with the 3-inch guns. As he had always been a coast artilleryman, he did not understand the light artillery very well; but he had the nerve to take a chance. He would poke his one hundred and fifty dollar Stetson hat over on one side of his head, look over his shoulder and say, "Well, here comes Gen. Berry, but I don't give a hang. Up 5!—3000!" Col. Ellis was responsible for firing a lot of our officers but I don't believe that he ever put a man up before the efficiency board unless he actually thought it to be the best thing for our regiment. There were two reasons why we hated to see Ellis go. The first was that we liked Ellis and the second was we disliked the man who was to take his place—Thomas H.

Jennings, nicknamed "The Galloping Cavalryman," "The Storm King," and "Major Mighty." He began at once to make things as unpleasant as possible for every one in the regiment and to insure the hearty dislike and disrespect of all ranks, but we were so anxious to get to France no matter who commanded us that we were all happy after months of waiting and disappointment and rumors and drilling and firing in the dust and dirt of Oklahoma (sometimes the dust storms would be so thick that one truly could not see his hand before his face) to leave Camp Doniphan on the afternoon of May the 9th on a special train bound for the port of embarkation.

B Battery was put on the same train with C and Maj. William W. Thurston was in command of the train. He got his promotion by ducking out from behind out-houses and reporting officers who did not get up for reveille, and playing news-boy for Brigade Headquarters in various ways. He was also a queer character and riding with him would have had its drawbacks had it not been for the fact that every hour was taking us nearer to France. We went up around through Canada, Niagara Falls and back through Buffalo to Weehawken. We kept up our study and officers school even while on the train. This, for a great many of our men was the first trip outside of Kansas except an occasional journey to Kansas City, Missouri, and the wonders of the East kept their eyes open

and their interest on the edge most of the time. We were camped at Camp Mills, L.I. for some three days and put through our fiftieth series of medical examinations and property inspections prior to going aboard. While stationed at Camp Mills, a Kansas coal miner by the name of Orlie Thayer went A.W.O.L. to see the city of New York. He got down to the little town of Jamaica, which to him, seemed quite a large town, and spent his time fooling around Jamaica with the idea that he was painting the largest city in the world, red. As a matter of fact he never reached New York at all.

On Saturday, May the 18th, we boarded His Majesty's steamship Ceramic at Hoboken, N.J. On the 19th we set sail from Hoboken, slid out past the Goddess of Liberty and into the open sea. There were fourteen vessels carrying some 25,000 troops in our convoy. This was the largest convoy of troops that had sailed up to that time. We had about 2,500 men and officers on our boat, we were sorry to see beloved America slipping away for some of us never to reappear but glad, glad after all of our trials and struggles and heart-aches and fears to be at last embarked upon the wondrous adventures. Everybody was expecting to hear from the submarines before our sea voyage was over. We had one large warship in the convoy and several small submarine chasers besides this each transport was fitted

with a 6-inch gun at her stern which was capable of giving any submarine a warm reception all by itself. Immediately we were out of sight of land all the men on the boat were divided into watches. Each watch had a certain time to stand on deck with eyes glued to the sea ever on the lookout for submarines. Each officer had to pace the deck two hours out of every six to keep on the lookout himself and see that the watch was performing its duty properly. No lights were allowed on the boat after dark. No singing, cheering or music of any kind was allowed. No one was allowed to throw anything overboard which would float and thus give away our position. Everyone had to wear a life belt at all times. As these life belts were worn at meals, it was possible by looking at the life belt of some of the less careful ones at the end of the voyage to guess what the menu had been for every meal during the trip. No one was allowed to take off his clothes at night time during the latter half of the voyage, but had to be ready to get out on the deck at all times. Our main pleasure and exercise was in answering the submarine drill call. This was three sharp blasts of the ship's whistle and was apt to take place most any time during the day or night. The food of the officers on board this boat was pretty good, but the food of the men was rotten and seemed to consist principally of rabbit, which had not yet been separated

from all of its hair and entrails, and stale fish together with a drink which might be taken for coffee or tea or a thin soup, or a mixture of all three. The men did not say much. they simply did not eat; but the line officers were continually complaining about the food that the men were getting until they were told by Thurston and Jennings that the food was plenty good enough and warned to keep quiet about it. The English captain said he never saw such men, there were only two things that interested them, submarines and

food. He expected them all to get sea-sick and quit eating as soon as we got out into the open sea. This was the first and last trip that the Ceramic made with American troops. Before this she had been used to haul Chinese coolies to French labor cantonments. She was therefore in a filthy condition and had to be thoroughly cleaned at the start. The men all slept in hammocks. The Ceramic along with the Justicia was torpedoed on the return trip and sunk with all hands.





PART

III

ON THE WAY

I SHALL never forget the first submarine scare we had on board. We were all seated at dinner when suddenly there were three sharp blasts from the whistle and the boat went plowing ahead zigzagging from side to side at top speed. The officers all arose from their seats and a good many faces were paler than usual for a moment or two, when suddenly the boat stopped altogether and one of ship's officers came through to inform us that everything was alright. The ships in the convoy, however, assumed a formation somewhat similar to company front—all abreast in one long line with the Ceramic on the outside and the Justicia, which was the largest boat and one which had originally been captured from the Germans, on the inside with the big man-o-warman. We held the outside position to the left for practically the whole voyage so that there always was a likelihood that if anything did come up we would be in on it. The men of the regiment I sincerely believe actually wanted to meet up with a submarine. Every time a scare would come up and clear off without anything happening, they would all seem disappointed. They were all out for adventure and seemed to bar nothing—not even a chance for

a swim in what was then a very cold sea. I said before, this ship was manned by an English crew. The sailors on board soon learned to respect the American soldier. Our men in their little disputes seemed to have a hair trigger method of hitting first and explaining afterward that soon won the entire respect of the English crew.

To one who has never seen the ocean it is a difficult thing to describe and yet in telling this story such a description seems a necessity. In the first place there is entirely too much water in it, in fact, there is enough water there to make several good sized oceans. The water was somewhat rough during most of our voyage and one never tired of standing at the rail and looking off for miles and miles over hills, snowy capped mountain peaks, valleys, forests, plains, and prairies of water. Then there is the ever present sound of it. The boat cutting through the water, the mountains of water breaking on every hand with a roar, a splash, and a spread of white caps, and the water falls ever running from the sides of the boat into the ocean below. At night time it is even more mysterious for then all one gets is the many sounds. All he can see is the water

just below as the ship cuts through it, all snowy white and speckled here and there with phosphorescent sparks that seem like fire-flies in the water. At night time walking guard out on deck with never a light showing and everything still and quiet except the noise of the engines and the wash of the sea, one could work up an eerie, lonesome feeling. We actually saw flying fish, a thing which before I thought existed only in story books. One time the tail of a dolphin was taken by a lookout for a submarine periscope.

One morning a mighty cheer went up from all hands and looking out forward over the bow of the ship we saw advancing upon us a large fleet of English submarine chasers coming out to convoy us into port. They followed us first on one side and then on the other, first in front and then behind, playing around with the ships in such a lively manner as to make us feel that we were big lumbering things scarcely moving at all. They darted around, back and forth, in pretty much the same way that kingbirds take with a hawk on the wing. They followed us all that day and on into the night, and the next morning as soon as daybreak lifted through the fog, off to our front and right we saw land—Ireland. We had taken the northern route and after going northeast almost to Iceland, we almost directly changed our course and dipped down toward the south and the mouth of the North Sea.

As soon as the fog lifted we could make out the bleak coast line and the bare hills of that side of Ireland. It was not long until on the left the crags of Scotland pushed their heads up out of the sea and for the first time in eleven days we could see land on both sides of us and plenty of it such as it was. The sea now became very quiet, and to welcome us to the British Isles, the sun came out for the first time in a good many days and we had a real fine spring day. It was interesting to sit on the deck with a pair of field glasses and look out over Scotland and find little fishermen's shacks tucked away in the rocks on the coast; higher up in patches on the hills the farm houses and cultivated land; and a way up on the heights overlooking the land as well as the sea, castles, some of them walled around; or down into the sea which was now quiet and green and full of sea urchins, sea weed, jellyfish, and many other things which heretofore we thought had existed only in museums. At midnight on each night of the journey we moved our watches forward from one half to one and one half hours, gaining over five hours on the trip.

Now we were met by a great fleet of trawlers, mine sweepers and sub-chasers on the sea, and overhead airplanes and dirigibles, until the sky was almost black with them. Some of them would come close enough over the ship so that we could see and hail

the aviators inside. About mid-afternoon we had another submarine scare as this channel was supposed to be their favorite feeding ground, and several of the boats fired depth charges, but personally I never saw a submarine and outside of a little excitement, they made no difference in our young lives.

Early on Decoration Day morning we touched at Berkenhead near the famous Brighton light in the water known as Blackpool, Liverpool. Inasmuch as it was a holiday and we had all been on the sea for twelve days, everybody was anxious to land at once and get out and see something of the English town, but the debarkation officials would allow no one to land for twenty-four hours after our arrival. That night a bunch of the boys made their way hand over hand down the ropes which held the boat to wharf, successfully landed on the dock and got up town without being seen. But climbing up the rope in order to get back on the ship was a different matter. A number of the soldiers were standing on the forward deck and looking out over the city, when these truants made their attempts to get back. In order to have a little sport themselves they would catch the rope and give it a good shaking while these fellows were trying to crawl up monkey fashion, and a good many of them fell down into the dirty, black water of Blackpool before they got back safely into the boat. Of course,

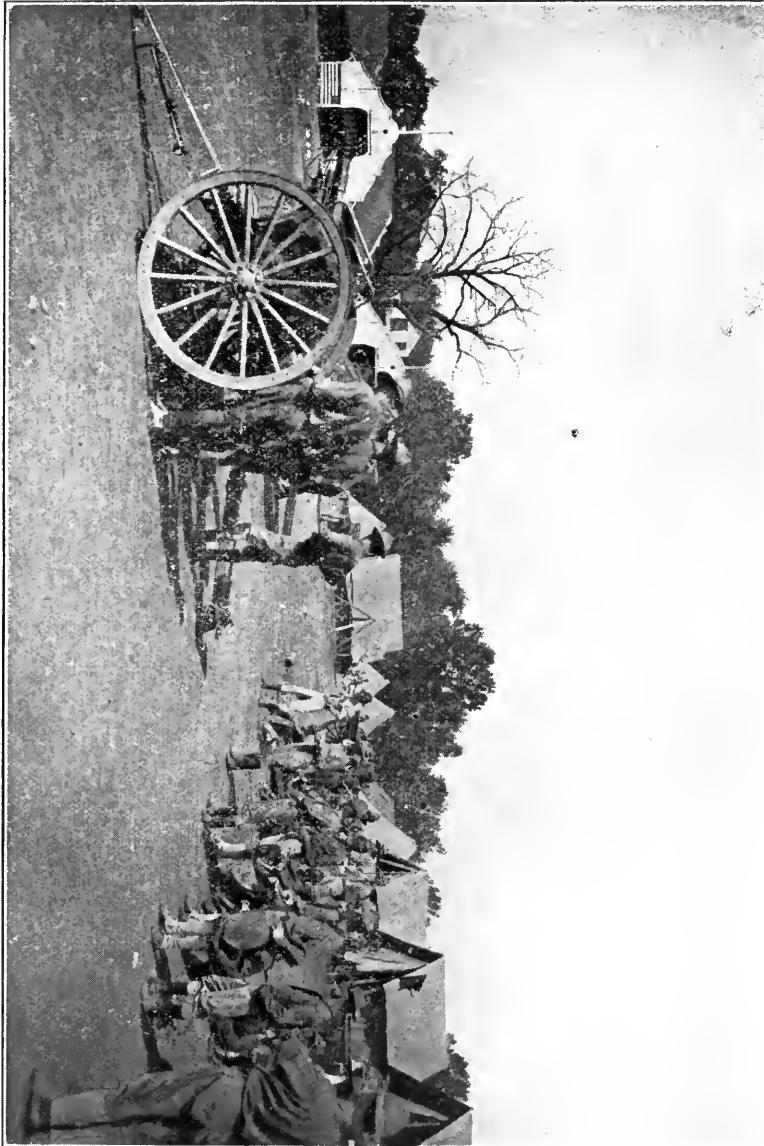
all of this aroused the attention of Gen. Berry who was in command of the ship and he had Capt. Fenton, who had been officer of the day, up before him and poor Fenton had to take a calling down to pay for the fun that the soldiers had had up town.

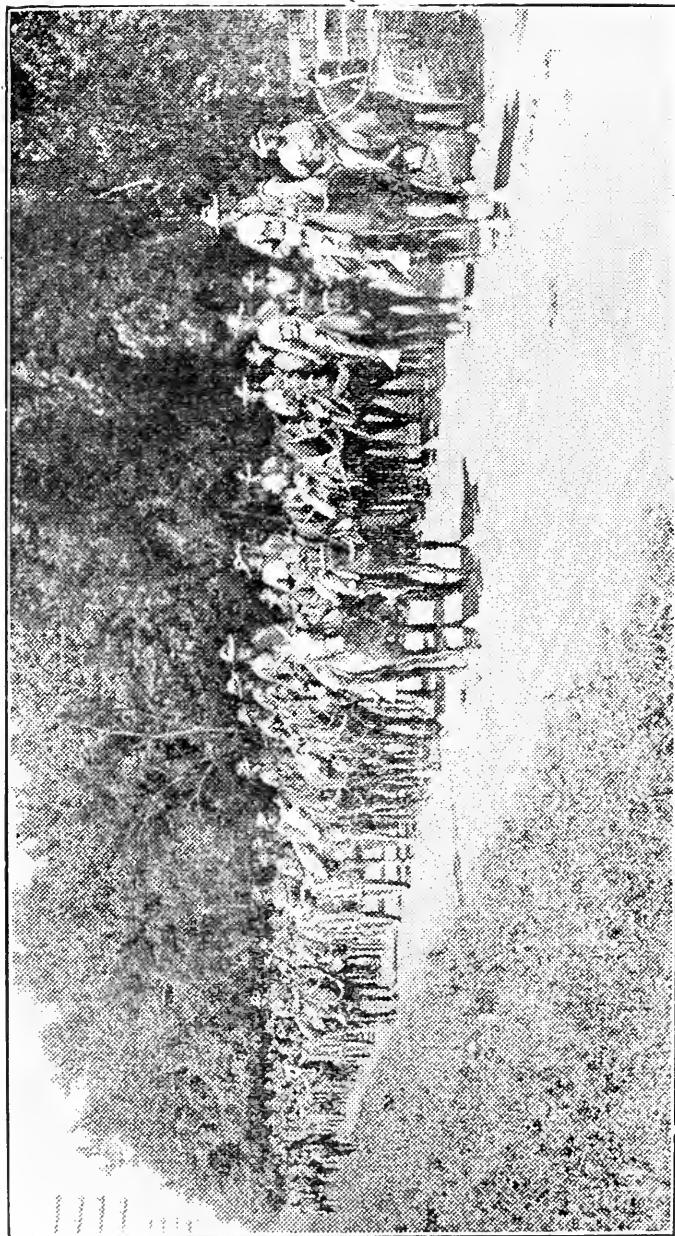
On the next day, the 31st of May, we left the Ceramic and landed in the toughest part of Liverpool. After some delay we were finally marched to the English train and assigned our coaches for the journey across England to Romsey. The English coach is a great deal different from the American coach. It is divided into compartments crosswise. These compartments are entered from a door at the side of the coach. Each one is made to hold six travelers, but we had to put in them all the way from eight to ten. The officers ride first-class; non-commissioned second class; and privates in third class coaches. At last in two or three sections we were off across England.

In America we generally think of a yardmaster as a big, husky individual with rough clothes and always ready to work or fight. In England he wears a frock coat, striped trousers, stiff hat and carries a cane.

In our coach were three Northerners and three Southerners. Chas. Lohman, Chas. Robinson, and Sherman Culwell objected to calling American soldiers, Yanks. Nels Anderson, Carl Anderson and myself claimed that it was the only thing to call them. As

Standing Gun Drill Contest at Fair Grounds





Battery "A" Ready to Entrain for Mexican Border

Nels Anderson is nearly seven feet tall it is needless to say that "Yanks" won out.

We stopped at Crewes where some good looking, soft spoken, English Red Cross girls served us tea—without sugar. In fact everything we got in England to eat was without something or other. The little Island was certainly hard put to it for food, much worse off than was France. One could buy nothing without a Government permit and very little with it. The slimmest officers' mess we ever had except when actually in battle was in England. But the English went along with it bravely and with smiles on every hand.

We stopped again at Birmingham, which is not pronounced the way it is spelled. In fact it is almost as hard for an American to understand English as it is spoken in England as it is to understand French and he can never learn to speak either. I forgot to say that at Liverpool an English officer gave us each a letter from King George thanking us for coming over, wishing us luck, etc.

We arrived at Romsey about 3 A. M. just as daylight was breaking and marched through the quaint little town. I could hardly believe that I was awake, it all seemed so strange. All houses there are made of brick and mostly small, the streets are very narrow and winding, and no matter how small a front yard is, it is crowded with all kinds of beautiful flowers.

Roses were everywhere. And here and there is a tavern with a storybook name such as Crown and Carter, The White Horse, The Red Glove, The Golden Crown, etc. As we marched out to camp, we passed some large, country estates, very imposing with the spires and chimneys rising out of dense groves of green and holly hedges. Poppies and rhododendrons grow seemingly wild in the lush, green fields and along the well kept hard surfaced roads. We had a little experience with one of these country estates. The lord, or duke, or whatever the owner was, came over to the camp and told the commander that all American soldiers were invited to make themselves at home on his place. The commander and the soldiers took him at his word and inside of one hour there was a baseball game, a couple of crap games, and a track meet going on the lovely lawns, soldiers were clomping thru ancestral halls in their hob-nails and the flunkies were nearly frantic. As the lord had expected the Americans to walk thru in an orderly fashion admiring the scenery and works of art and family plate in a subdued and awe-struck way, he was speechless with chagrin and called the party off as soon as he could get breath enough to speak at all.

Our camp site at Romsey was used for a camp by the armies of the Angles and the Jutes during their invasion of England thousands of years ago. They had a kind of a bed there which

consisted of a couple of pieces of 2x4 with some rough boards on top. On top of this was a rough mattress of straw cut to the shape of a human figure. I could balance myself on it all right but I could not balance on the pallias as the mattress was called, hold the boards from sliding off the 2x4's, and sleep at the same time. If the Angles and the Jutes could do it, it is little wonder that they were a hardy race. The site was also once used by the Romans as a rest camp and Cromwell's army carried on some activities in that vicinity.

The town of Romsey is south of London some seventy miles. It is very old and full of things of historical interest. It is now almost as it was in the time of Dickens. The old Cathedral where Capt. Mills, Capt. Fenton, and I went to church one Sunday afternoon is beautiful, Romsey Abbey it is called. It was the scene of a battle between Cromwell and the King's men. The old mossy walls still show bullet holes and other signs of the conflict. Under the floor of the Abbey is a cemetery, outside in the church yard are tablets bespeaking the faithfulness of wives, the valor of husbands and sons, and the virtues of maidens buried hundred of years ago.

We took many hikes along the country roads. In England you must keep to the left of the road instead of to the right as you do in France and America. The roads of England are all well kept, and the whole country

is beautiful in a cultivated, well kept way.

Winchester, not far from Romsey, is another historical old town. It has been the scene of battles and sieges, for centuries. It also has an ancient and beautiful Abbey, more older they say than Romsey Abbey which was built in the year 1100 A.D.

In the church yard at Winchester there is a monument to a Crusader. The tablet is inscribed as follows:

"Here lieth Johnne York
A verie valiant Crusader
Who dyde in Asia from drinking
Too much colde bere when he
Was exceedinge hotte.
Let this be a warning to all who
Goupon the Crusades not to drinke
Ye cold ale or stout when they
are hotte."

After a few days at Romsey we shouldered packs, which at that time included everything in the world except a kitchen stove and started off on foot to Southampton where we were to embark immediately for France. It was a long, hot march of about eighteen miles and the packs certainly got heavy. As we passed through the villages the English women and children would lean on their front gates and wave and shout, "Good-by-ee," "Good-by-ee." And then they would laugh at McArthur's bowed legs.

The people of Southampton, which is called Suth'ton, lined the street on both sides, cheering and wishing us "Good-luck." We passed a school

where the teachers had all of the little boys and girls lined upon the steps shouting, "Hip-Hip-Hooray," as long as we were within ear-shot. One little girl gave Capt. Lohman a nicely written letter in which she prettily expressed her thanks to the American boys for coming over to help her father win the war.

When we finally arrived at the wharf at Southampton it was only to find that our boat had had engine trouble and we had to turn around and march about five miles back to an English camp. But we faced about and with Dr. Morrison's band playing "The Old Gray Mare" we finally arrived at the Camp. Here the band played "The Marseillaise," "God Save the King," and "The Star Spangled Banner" while we all stood at attention and then we went to bed. Battery B did especially well in that long "hike." Not a man dropped his pack, although "Rabbit" Micham, who once got drunk on lemon extract, wanted to badly enough.

A good many officers proved themselves in that day. "A" Battery's chief mechanic, George Stewart, had just got out of a long siege in the hospital and was quite weak. Lieut. Sherman H. Culwell and Lieut. Nels A. Anderson, who was then commanding Battery A, carried his pack and rifle and scabbard the whole march. In this Camp we saw our first German prisoners and in the opinion of all of us they were treated much too nicely by their

British guards.

Southampton is quite a large seaport town. Its wharves were covered with airplanes, trucks, boxes, bundles, and bales for the front. The city is divided by a large gate called "The Bar" that used to be a gate of the city wall in feudal days. Everything in the city is designated as being above or below, or west or east of "The Bar." Up in this Bar Gate is a couple of rooms where it is said the Pilgrim Fathers first met to talk over their plans for going to America. In England we had quite a time getting used to pounds, shilling and pence instead of dollars and cents. It was strange to hear barmaids, and store-girls calling out, 1 and 5, 2 and 6, 4 and 8, etc. They had a law that one man was not allowed to treat another.

We rested in Southampton two days and then hiked to the docks again. This time we were lucky and boarded the British Channel steamer "Mona Queen." Just at dusk on June the 8th, 1918, we sailed down the river past the Isle of Wight, the beautiful summer home of the king, through the intricate and wonderful coast defences and out into the choppy sea of the English Channel. We rolled and rocked about all night. There was no room for any one to lie down and just at daybreak we passed the French coast defenses and pulled up to the dock at LaHavre, France. On June the 9th, a beautiful day, we early set foot for the first time on the soil of that wonderful

France that we had looked forward to so long and to me at least the worst thing of the war, which was the fear that we might never reach France, was over. I played a rather shabby trick on Charlie Lohman that night. In Southampton we had purchased a large basket of strawberries on the shares and that night he fell asleep in his chair and Jim Pendergast and I ate all of the berries leaving the empty basket and the stems sitting in Charlie's lap.

LaHavre was the Belgian Capital at that time and it was full of Belgians. We all had a bath and that afternoon marched in review before Brandt Whitlock, U. S. Minister to Belgium, and some English General. My quarters were on the bare floor of one of the big boxes that they ship air planes in and right opposite the British Headquarters. The English blow a bugle call about every five minutes. I don't know why.

Now again we had trouble with our money—not that we had much left of it; but we had to change from pounds, shillings and pence to francs and centimes. The French have bills for every amount from 5 centimes worth (about 2 cents) up to 20,000 francs and probably more. These bills are beautifully engraved and water marked but are not tough and durable like our American paper money and if the bills are not folded and carried carefully in a book they soon become worn out. The smaller bills are issued loc-

ally by Chambers of Commerce so that if a fellow finds himself in Angers with a pocket full of LaHavre money he soon finds that he has no money at all. They also have silver 5 franc, 2 franc, 1 franc and $\frac{1}{2}$ franc pieces and large copper pieces that the boys called clackers. Americans could never look upon French money seriously. If a fellow had an American dollar he would guard it with his life but a 100 franc note was merely a shin plaster to be spent as soon as possible.

Capt. Arthur Mills went into a little old French-womans store and made a few purchases. In payment he offered her a 1,000 frank note—she threw up her hands and said, "Take the store it's yours." He then fumbled around and pulled out a 100 frank note, she still declared that it was too much. Much to her consternation Mills tore the bill in two and offered her $\frac{1}{2}$ of it. She wouldn't take this so we poorer fellows found some smaller money for her. Later Mills gave the two parts of the torn bill to a poor little French girl on the street. She ran off to tell her mother about the rich crazy Americans that were giving their money away on the streets.

Speaking of the streets of LaHavre, they were filthy. All the sewerage ran down open gutters at the side of the streets. We thought it terrible but the natives seemed to thrive and keep happy and healthy on it.

We had very good food at LaHavre—much better than we were able to se-

cure in England. We had our officers mess in a French restaurant presided over by a couple of very nice looking French women whose husbands were away at the front. In fact in France every young man and even the older men and boys were away at the front. Nearly every family had at least one gold star in its service flag. Our food was good. Those French women can take a few lettuce leaves and do something to them that makes them the finest kind of food. We had plenty of fine cheese, hard brown bread, country butter and even some meat and wine.

We had one fellow with us, Capt. Pomeroy, who had made quite an impression on us with his so called French. We really thought he could speak it; but at this restaurant he said something to the French women which she could not understand. He repeated it several times and still she shook her head. Finally he took out his little French dictionary which we all carried as a part of our equipment and turning the pages he pointed to a word. "Oh yes, my captain," she said in perfect English. "You wish a spoon."

They tell the story of an American who went into a French restaurant and tried to order a beefsteak. He talked and made signs but did not seem to be able to get the idea across. Finally he called for a pencil and a sheet of paper and tried to draw the picture of a cow and then at one side

what he hoped would look like a nice big juicy steak from the cow. "Oui, Oui, Monsieur," exclaimed the delighted Frenchman, because a Frenchman really likes to please. He disappeared to return in a few minutes with an umbrella and a package of Bull Durham.

On the money proposition we finally got so we would pick out what we wanted from a store or restaurant and then hold out all the French money we had, trusting the proprietor to pick out what was coming to him. One thing right here in favor of the French. I don't believe that a Frenchman ever knowingly cheated an American soldier. They have been accused of profiteering but our American friends about the army camps especially at Lawton, Oklahoma, could give them cards and spades and beat them at it.

That night a lot of us went to the theatre at LaHavre "Folies Begere," it was called—we couldn't understand a word of it but it was a gay scene for war time. The theatre was full of uniforms; English, French, Belgium, Italian and American. The French seem to have a queer idea of humor. The thing that seemed to make the audience laugh most was to have an actress stand out in the middle of the stage singing or something then have the comedian stumble in and give the unsuspecting lady a kick. I have seen this done in many French theatres and it always seems to call for a laugh from the audience.

One thing that I did like though was the fact that whenever an artist on the French stage sings a popular or patriotic song the entire audience joins in with her. France is a singing nation and America can take lessons from her in community singing.

We finally went home in a "sea going hack." Fenton, Buff, Wagoner, Ritter and I had to go to bed in our little packing boxes. I had lost my baggage as usual and had no blankets.

The next morning we got up bright and early and prepared to leave. Shortly after dinner, we marched down through the flag bedecked streets of LaHarve with the French people lining the streets to give our huskies an admiring glance or a cheer as they passed (American soldiers were mighty popular in France in June, 1918) and down through the center of the town to the railroad station where we took a train for Angers, which was our first training district.

This time again our men rode in third class coaches which was the last time they traveled in passenger coaches of any kind in France. We rode all night and all of the next day crowded up in the train. No lights were ever allowed in a French or an English train at night on account of the danger from German airplanes. We finally arrived at Angers at about four o'clock in the afternoon of June 11th, 1918.

The first battalion under Major W. W. Thurston was camped in some cow-

barns surrounding an old slate quarry near Trelaze. The second battalion under Major Wm. H. Brady were quartered in the village of St. Sylvian. Major Brady familiarly known as "Jake" was the ex-regular army sergeant who for years had been Sergt. Instructor of "A" battery at Topeka. At the outbreak of the war he was commissioned a captain and put in command of D battery. At Doniphan after the resignation of Major W. W. Pattison who had been with the regiment almost from its very birth and whose relief at the time when there was such a need of men with experience and ability in commanding men was inexcusable, Gen. Berry sent for Capt. Brady. "Captain," he said, "they tell me you know enough about artillery to be a major but you don't use the English language very well." "Well sir," Brady replied, "it's just this way, if you are going to fight this war with English grammars get some one else; but if you are going to fight it with guns I guess I'll do as well as anybody." Brady got the promotion.

The third battalion was located at Pelleouailles under command of Major Thos. H. Jennings.

The regiment at this time was put under command of Lieut. Col. Roy Waring who had crossed in April with the advance detail of the division and had been promoted from Major to Lieut. Col. while overseas. This threw consternation into the heavenly twins—Jennings and Thurston who

had figured on promotion and command themselves. It raised the spirits of all of the rest of the regiment several hundred percent. All ranks were tickled at the change and started to work with a vim and vigor for the new colonel who had already been up to the front. The very obvious disappointment of Jennings and Thurston tickled us also, I am not ashamed to admit.

On the boat going over the captain asked Major Thurston what state the outfit was from—"Oh," said the Major, "the men and most of the officers came from Kansas but Major Jennings and I are from California."

We now had a fine lot of men and officers return to us who had had six weeks training in some of the best military schools in France. These men now pitched in and helped to train the regiment for active duty.

They were Frank T. Priest who had been largely instrumental in organizing battery F of Wichita and who now being promoted to captain took command of "A." Lieut. Thos. Wooley, Capt. Harold Speidel, Lieut. Moore A. Stewart, Sergt. Jim Carnaham, Sergt. "Jew" Reed, Sergt. Fred Beerbohm, Sergt. Frank Fable, Sergt. Wm. Reese Corpl. Marion Smith, Corpl. Allen, Major Warring, Lieut. Thomas, Lieut. Terkeile, Capt. Bass, Capt. Curran, Sergt. San Jarrell, Carl Lang, Otto

Critchfield, Chas. McArthur, Ed Bell, Chas. Blades, John Schwab, Arthur Engle, Sergt. H. Jones, "B" Bat. Sergt. Zell Fletcher, Pvt. Thompson, Corpl. Brubacker, Corpl. Fred Taylor, Sergt. Axline "F" Bat., Sergt. Glen Thompson "F" Bat., Sergt. John Wafford, "C" Bat., Corpl. Robt. Winters, Corpl. Thos. Lee, Pvt. Louis Truax, Pvt. Howard Perdue "A" Bat., Pvt. Ralph Morgan, Pvt. Ben Fuller, "C" Bat. (killed in action.), Corpl. John I. Lewis, Hdqt. Co., Sergt. Wolfe, Sergt. Richard Lindeman, Pvt. Joe Hall, Pvt. Harry Smith, Pvt. Thos. Laughlin, Pvt. George Wallace "A" Bat., Corpl. Justice and many others whose names I wish I could remember. Packy McFarland, Lieut. Irwin Bleckley and Lieut. Charles Sutton were transferred to the aviation and never came back to the regiment.

Bleckley later, after making several trips over the lines, lost his life in the Argonne Forest while using his airplane to carry food, water, supplies and messages to the lost battalion of the 77th division. He flew too low and the anti aircraft guns and machine guns from the German lines below got him. He lost his life but won a glowing citation for his gallantry and the memory of him will always linger with his brother officers who knew him so well. He was a fine fellow.



PART
IV

FRANCE AT LAST

THIS chapter opens with the regiment in strict training near Angers with Frank T. Priest in command of "A" myself commanding "B" Capt. Walter Richards of California with "C," Wm. Bass of Eldorado with "D," Victor H. Wagoner of California with "E," Capt. Fred Olander of Kansas City, probably the most popular with the officers, best loved by his men and most efficient captain who ever wore the silver bars, commanding "F" of Wichita. Olander had been largely instrumental in raising and organizing "E" battery of Kansas City, along with Carl Anderson, Early Poindexter and "Bones" Smith the popular 300 pound supply sergeant, tenor and entertainer. He had enlisted as a private and formed what was called "The Wrecking Crew." This crew would go out and bring in likely soldiers and have them enlisted before they had time to figure what it was all about. Olander's rise from private to captain is about the swiftest on record and well deserved. Jas. Hughes commanded Headquarters Co. and Capt. Arthur Mills headed the Supply Co. Richard B. Porter was still regimental Adj't. and was the only original officer who yet held the same position to which he had

been assigned when the regiment was called out in Kansas. Lieut. Col. Waring was our 6th commanding officer. Waring was smart as a whip and worshiped by his men but erratic. In his old regular army days he had been known by the nick-name of "Nuts." He was also selfishly ambitious. It was a bad thing to stand in his way.

About this time a detail was picked from the 2nd Bn. under command of Major Wm. H. Brady to scour that part of France for horses for the regiment. The country had been scoured for horses so many times by the French army and the English army that there was not much left; but the French government is efficient. In an office in Paris they can tell you just where every horse and every cow and every garden patch and every tree is in the whole of France. No one is allowed to cut down a tree even on his own land without a government permit.

About all this detail was able to purchase was big husky stallions, which had been family pets, and brood mares, most of them in foal. They had some great times with these powerful stallions most of which were about as gentle as a hungry lion when handled by strangers and had never worn a piece of harness. They tell many stories of

Chow Line





"Retreat" at Doniphan.

about them—about wild rides over French country roads to recapture those which had broken off the picket line,—of destroyed property, of broken arms and legs in handling them,—of little French box-cars kicked to splinters in shipping them,—of one which broke loose and ran into the ladies waiting room of the railroad station at Le Mans where he caused a wild scramble among the ladies and an acrobatic exhibition which greatly entertained the soldiers present, of one which jumped out the door of a box-car and was dragged many miles by the halter shank, which meant a loss of \$1,000 to the U.S. government,—of James Reinhardt of "B" battery picked up in the jaws of a giant black stallion and shaken like a rat until he fainted away.

Angers was a beautiful country about that time. The sun shone all the time yet it was never hot and the rain fell just enough to lay the dust. The land was full of birds and the poppies and roses were everywhere. Of a detachment marching up the street every soldier would have a bouquet growing out of the muzzle of his rifle. As I said before the men lived in some ancient and dirty cow-barns near a slate quarry but there was a nice clean deep pool of water there and swimming was the order every evening. Every day was drill and school, drill and school, varied by hikes over country roads and through the tiny villages of the "Garden of France." One

day we hiked clear to the Loire River—that famous river at the mouth of which it is said back in the revolutionary times, the ruffians who had control used to load barges with their political enemies, fair ladies and brave men and even innocent children, and pulling the barges out into mid-stream, they would there sink them with all on board. It is a beautiful stream just below Angers, wide and rippling but not deep.

It was a beautiful sight to see my Indians dashing through the woods like deer; splashing in the water naked as the day they were born, with their well made, bronze bodies glistening with the water in the sun. There was Kalama, Bear, Black-bird, Pretty-boy Chuco, Dove, Half-moon, Harjo, Kill-buck, Murie, Neanomantoby, Peacock, Pepper, Pickett, Romero, Sockey, Yardy, Deer and Spotted-horse. These original Americans, sons of chiefs, who had enlisted for the Great Crusade. It made me think of early America and the wild-west but no—to the right was an old bent little woman, almost as old as America, with her little lace cap picking up faggots and trudging along with her great load on her back. We were in France.

I had a very fine place to live at Trelaze, but in spite of all of its advantages I did not like it very well because I had to room with our Bn. commander. The Chateau de la Guillaberdie was a beautiful place however, surrounded by beautiful parks and lawns.

lakes, streams, gardens and strawberry beds. The whole estate, as is usual in France, was surrounded by a high stone wall, the top of which was covered with a mixture of mortar and broken glass.

The only entrance was through a high iron gate where a bell had to be rung and then after a decent interval the old gardener, who with his family had fled from Belgium, would come hobbling down to unlock and open the gate, accompanied by three dogs who barked a menacing welcome; Piton, Rosalie and Cedes. Rosalie bit the Major one day and after that the boys used to save up all of their scraps and send them over to her with the compliments of the battalion.

Madame Michou, a Belgian lady and wife of a wealthy French carriage manufacturer was our very amiable hostess. I did not hate the husband when I first met him but after I had some experience with the rattle-trap fourgons, ration carts, etc., that he turned out and sold to our government I would have gladly dusted off the electric chair for him.

Simone, the bright little seven year old, laughing, singing, playing prattling daughter of the house-hold, was my especial friend. She could talk French so fast that not even her own mother could understand her. I took the whole battery over to the chateau one day and Simone was very much impressed with the big husky American boys and especially the Indians

which were the first she had ever seen.

At the table there was an abundance of garden truck, fresh eggs, fruit and grape-wine; but our hostess looked pained every time I helped myself to the bread or sugar. Finally with the aid of our little dictionary we learned that every one in France was on a very scant bread and sugar ration so after that, whenever she invited us to a meal, we brought along our own bread and sugar.

A French bed is a wonderful affair. One must have a step ladder to get into it and after this is accomplished he sinks down in the many soft feather filled mattresses so deep that he never wants to get out. The whole thing is curtained off with rich hangings which make one feel that he is in a Pullman sleeper. A big bolster is placed under the pillows which if used would make one sleep sitting up—we used to hide it. On top of the cover a mammoth, soft silken pillow is placed which is very warm and a trifle heavy and so evenly balanced that the slightest turn in bed will knock it off onto the floor—I don't know what they are called, but every one, even the poorest people in France have them on their beds. The linen is always real linen even in the poorest families.

On June the 18th the Colonel figuring that we were too far away from Regimental Headquarters ordered us to move to Le Plessis Grammoire. So we packed up at a minutes notice and

started off on foot over the French roads which had been cooled by a light rain the evening before, through several little villages and after a walk of about ten miles we arrived in Le Plessis. We were the first American troops to be quartered in that village and they welcomed us with open arms. The women and children handed bouquets of flowers to almost every soldier as he passed and the town was virtually ours. The men were quartered in two large bowling allies and the officers had quarters with the French families of the village. McClurg with the mayor, Priest with a fellow who seemed to take the part of town constable, Lohman with one of the town councilmen, the major with the village doctor and myself up over the village butcher shop, in the home of Madame Mitivier whose husband Jacques the former village butcher was a machine gunner at the front. Here we received our horses and our big 155 millimeter guns, and we had hikes and drills and schools. Lieut. Wooley and Capt. Priest, who had come to France in advance of the regiment acted as instructors for the battalion officers and they were good ones. The French people ride around in two wheel carts drawn by one horse. When we went to town in a four wheel buck-board drawn by two horses the crowd turned out in the streets of Angers as though a circus parade were going by. Madame Mitivier had a daughter Antoinette seventeen years old. I took her with her mother

to a picture show in Angers one Saturday and it was the first moving pictures she had ever seen. The officers had their mess in a little old cafe run by Madame Madiot for travelers on foot or horse back. We fared pretty well there. Madame Madiot had a little daughter about four years old who could sing "Madelon," for the soldiers. She used to sing it often. One day I gave her a bar of sweet-chocolate, she carried it about in her hands. Thinking that she did not know what it was, I tore the wrapper off and broke off a piece for her to eat. She began to cry violently and I learned that I had broken her heart because she did not want to eat the candy herself but to send it to her father who was at the front.

Antoinette came in one evening with a little old cigarette in her hand that she had picked up in the street. She seemed as pleased as though she had found a gold piece. She was going to send it to her father at the front. All French women and children were like that. Everything went to the loved fathers on the firing line even at great personal sacrifice. Little waifs four or five years of age would tearfully beg for cigarettes and tobacco to send to papa at the front.

Major Thurston made a rule at the officers mess that no one should sit down and begin to eat until he himself got there and he was always late. If any officer came in after Thurston did, he had to give a satisfactory excuse or miss the first half of his dinner. On

one occasion after Lieut. Lohman had been out working all day in the hot sun bringing the big guns from Angers he got in a few minutes before supper; he washed and sat down. He was so tired that he fell asleep. He came late to supper and the Major would allow him to have nothing but lettuce. This aroused the indignation of all of the officers and I was chosen to be the goat and tell Thurston what we thought about it.

The next day at noon I waited until five minutes after I had seen the major go into the dining room. I entered, sat down and grabbed the soup just as it was leaving the table. "You are late captain" said the major in a deep stern voice. "Yes sir, a little, sir" I replied. "What's the matter?" "Nothing is the matter with me sir," I answered, busily ladling soup. "You must give an excuse," he commanded sharply. "Yes sir, I answered as respectfully as possible, "my excuse is that I have been eating at this mess nearly a month now and have never seen a meal started on time. We have not only wasted a great deal of good time waiting for you but I have gone out in search of you several times to remind you that the officers were waiting. We all have men to look after and our time is valuable. While military courtesy demands that we wait for you, military duty requires that we begin our meals promptly and get back to our work promptly. The officers here will be at meals at whatever time you dictate but

we insist on always beginning promptly at that time." The major got to his meals on time after that and so did we all.

The major used to buy bottles of fancy wine and have them placed in front of him for his own private use. In reaching for the ordinary bottle I used to often make a mistake and take mine out of his private bottle to his great irritation. Thurston set himself up as an authority on French pronunciation and woe to the man who Americanized his pronunciation of franc, centime, vin rouge, etc. One could neglect his men, let his guns rust and his men starve but he had to pronounce French words correctly to be a good officer in Major Thurston's Battalion.

He used to sit and regale us with stories of his great social triumphs, of his wonderful family and forbears, of the royal and near royal weddings that he had attended until it got to be a great joke. He would ask if any one there had ever been in Cincinnati or some other town and upon being informed that several officers had lived there all of their lives, he would say, "Well I visited there with the Jones family once,—the leading family of the city; but of course you wouldn't know them."

We celebrated the 4th of July by having the entire regiment get together at St. Sylvan for a big athletic meet. Battery B did not win it but the big Indian Rafe Sockey won in the one mile run. The big crowd of French

people gathered upon the hillside certainly enjoyed the American sports, especially the tug of war, shoe race etc.

In the afternoon we had boxing, after a big chicken dinner as the guests of Col. Waring. McClurg and Capt. Mills put on a farce. Hughes and I boxed two rounds, then the big bouts began. Bennett of "A" got a decision over Neanomantoby of "B" and Kopp of "A" finally got a decision over Zell Fletcher of "B" although we had all backed Fletcher to the last centime. Fletcher broke both hands in trying to get the best of Clarice Kopp who now held the undisputed lightweight championship of the regiment.

One afternoon Col. Waring had us out to a chateau as big as the Whitehouse and with grounds more beautiful. Here I found that French ladies smoke and think nothing of it and what I hoped would be ice cream for refreshments was only chocolate pudding. I also got called down for wearing a white collar. Once afterwards some higher up jumped me in Angers for having on a white collar but I explained that I had a boil on my neck and what he took for a collar was only a white rag. Only swivel chair soldiers were allowed to wear white collars in the A. E. F.

After awhile the ladies at the reception wanted us to get out on the lawn and show them some American games, so we gave them several forms of O'Grady. When we came to that part where you stand around in a circle like drop the handkerchief, only in-

stead of dropping the handkerchief someone drops a strap into the hands of the fellow next to you and he belts you at every jump all the way round the circle, Major Thurston was right next to Capt. Dick Porter and Capt. Porter loved him like a brother (?) and every one knew it, so by hook or crook the strap got to Dick every time and the strap got to Thurston good and plenty amid the wild cheers of the assembled officers.

Everything went along pretty smoothly for the month we were in LePlessis. It was fun to see our soldiers playing with the French children and teaching them American words, American drill, and American games. In return they were learning French. We all got pretty well acquainted with the French people there. We had no trouble except one night Rafe Sockey and Spotted-horse, two Indians, got too much Vin rouge and started a fight. In order to get quicker action they grabbed rifles and stepped outside of their bowling alley. Spot drew first and knocked the rifle out of Sockey's hands breaking it at the small of the stock. Of course this was just a little play for two Indians but when the crowd inside the bowling alley heard the shots fired they started for somewhere away from there taking all doors, fences and other obstructions with them. They had come to France to be killed by Germans, not by Indians and they flattened out a three acre field of wheat as they wen

along, of course all of this had to be paid for and it cost 300 francs to square it with the French people.

On July the 7th, the mayor of Le Plessis with his council and the citizens gave us a big welcome and farewell reception, speeches were made, large bouquets of flowers were presented to Thurston, Priest and myself. Three pretty little girls dressed to represent America and France with the Goddess of Liberty sang some patriotic songs in French. The band played French and American airs and the best of all our "B" battery Indians put on a war dance in the approved costume of war-paint and breech-clout, nothing more. This greatly delighted the French people who must have it repeated again and again from the passing of the piece pipe to the last wild shriek. The boys did it well too and it certainly seemed realistic but a strange sight for a staid old French village.

After the program, led by the band, the mayor and the citizens we all marched to the town-hall or "Maire" to partake of the "cup of honor." Here goblets of rare old white wine were passed about and the success of French and American arms were pledged in a dignified manner. On these state occasions the Frenchman is nothing if not dignified and formal.

The Mayor's Proclamation

Plessis Grammoire

July 7, 1918

To the officers and men of the 130th Field Artillery;—Greetings

In the name of the Municipal Administration of which I have the honor to be president and in the name of the inhabitants of the village of Plessis Gairmoire, I wish to express to the American Expeditionary Forces, to Honorable Sir, President Wilson, and to the American people, the warmth of our hearty sympathy for the generous help which they bring to France and her Allies, in such a painful moment when an arrogant enemy is striving to destroy France and overrun the whole of Europe.

We know that the American people having associated themselves to defend our noble cause and that of our Allies, have done so because they have found it right and equitable, and we know also that you do not come to conquer nor for personal ambitions, your only aims being to assist in stabilizing the European Nations, so that they will be able to govern as they wish, according to Right, Justice, and Liberty. That is why in a patriotic spirit we say; Hurrah for America, France and the Allies.

(Signed) LeMaire E. Eaunier

The most interesting thing in Angers is the Vieux (old) Chateau. It was started by the Romans in the time of Caesar and every person of historical importance since that time has had some connection with it. It is a great castle now with moats and drawbridges, crumbled and gray and green with age. It has its torture chambers and underground dungeons with

grooves worn into the stone the shape of the backs of men who had been chained there centuries ago. It was the home and stronghold for many centuries of the Dukes of Anjou.

On July the 6th an order was received stating that Col. Waring had been relieved of command, and that Thurston was to take command of the regiment. Thurston was our 7th C.O. This threw me into command of the 1st Battalion for the first time. Close upon the heels of this order came the order to move the battalion at once to Coetquidar, France, for our final artillery training. We had in our Battalion the harness and horses for the entire regiment besides our eight big guns, caissons and personal equipment.

We planned to start for Angers (3 miles) on foot at midnight. At six o'clock the men received their first pay in France. At nine when I came out into the street there were fourteen fights going on. The Indians and their friends had mixed with vin rouge again. We finally got them all together. Those that were unable to walk were loaded in a truck indiscriminately mixed with filled barracks-bags, and sets of artillery harness, a layer of Indians, a layer of barracks-bags, another layer of Indians and then a layer of harness. Then those who could stand up, part of them leading horses, started the wild midnight march. I followed along in the rear. I got be-

hind four Indians with arms inter-linked helping each other along and I heard one of them say, "Capt. MacLean likes us red-bellies." I did too—for they were a fine, willing, brave bunch and this was their first and last mistake of the kind.

We had no guide and I was unfamiliar with Angers so we lost the way and wandered about the town an hour before we finally found the station. It was then three A.M. leaving us just three hours to load up an entire train of heavy guns, wild horses, regimental harness and 500 men onto little toy cars the like of which we had never seen before; but Lieut. Wooley with Sergts. Parry, Carnahan, Reed, Dunkley and Randall with a few willing men and a lot of pep, soon had the entire train loaded and we pulled out one hour late. If it hadn't been for a little French corporal who was with us, I can't remember his name, we never would have gotten out.

Just as we were pulling out of town an auto with a little one starred red flag pulled up and we all gave thanks that we had not been ten minutes later. We got the famous, "Never let it happen again," lecture when we arrived at Coetquidan.

On unloading, our fellows made the French railroad people mad because they worked too fast. They turn their cars on a little turntable worked by hand. I suppose one is required to have an order from Paris or somewhere to use it but our boys slammed

those little cars around and turned them for a fare-you-well. They never could be taught to regard a French freight car as anything but a plaything. Two soldiers would take hold of one car and give it a slam that would send it half a mile. A little French station agent four feet tall with his little red flag was going to lick McCiurg, seven feet tall.

Camp Coetquidan at Guer, near Rennes in Brittainy is an old French artillery school founded by Napoleon. In the iuns and cafes round about are hanging marks and momentos left by the various classes from year to year. There was much of interest in Coetquidan, of course there were many French soldiers; there was a German prison camp, there was an Algerian camp, which, by the way, the medical inspector said was the cleanest on the place; but the fellows themselves with their red turbans and baggy pants looked pretty lousy to me. There was a Chinese labor colony, jabbering fellows who always kept to themselves and carried song birds in cages and umbrellas to work with them.

It was here that I again met Col. Luke Lee of the 115th F.A. and formerly a senator from Tennessee, who had been in my class at the school of Fire. It was Lee who with a handful of kindred spirits made their way into Holland on Christmas night after the Armistice and tried to kidnap the Kaiser. He almost got away with it too! Some kind of fluke right at the

gates of the Kaiser's home spoiled the plan. Of course Lee and his crowd got into a lot of trouble over it; but he showed a lot of nerve at that.

Brittainy is a neck of France that juts out into the Bay of Biscay and it rains there all of the time. Every day, day after day—there was a cold wet drizzle, but we worked hard.

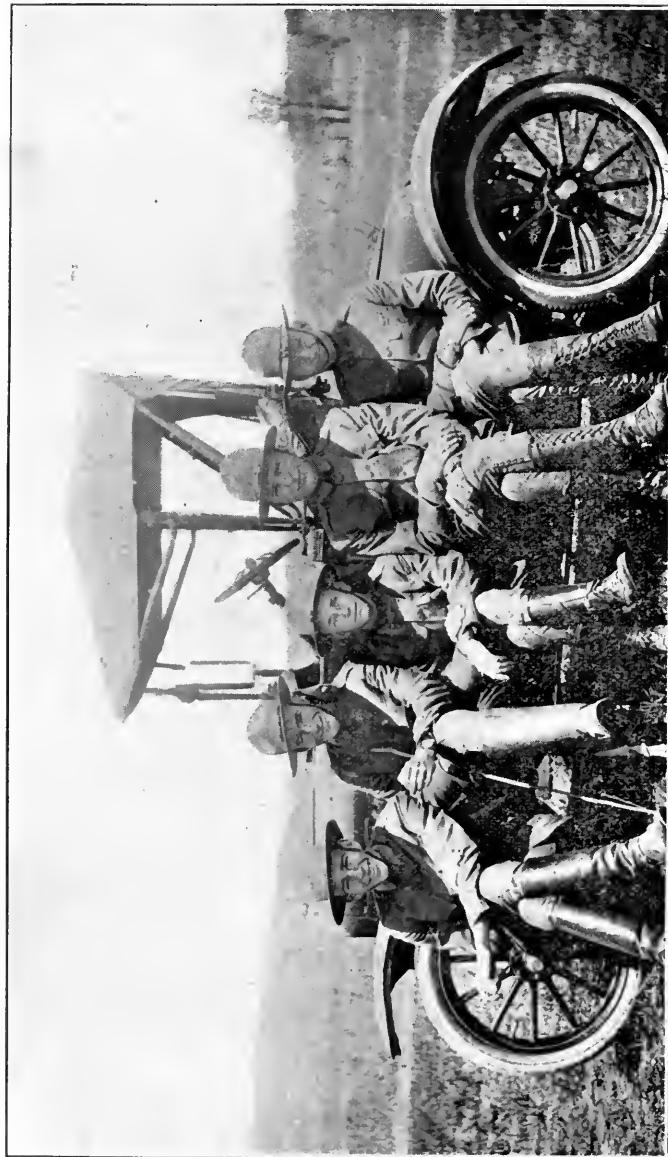
Classes early, firing the big guns at real targets with actual ammunition out on the range every morning, reconnaissance rides all over France in the afternoon, lectures, school and study at night, helmets, gas masks, field glasses, maps, rules, plane-tables etc. always with us.

Thos. H. Jennings in command again, No. 8, Jennings to a Sanitarium and Thurston in command No 9, Thurston out and Col. Klem of the 129th in, No 10, Klem back to the 129th and Jimmy Wilson in command, No. 11, Thurston drinking tea in the Y.M.C.A. officers club and Lieuts. Marin and Wiener of the French Army working their heads off and doing everything in their power to teach us Artillery. Wiener was certainly a fine man and a wonderful artillery officer. He always stood ready to help a fellow day or night. Chief Mechanic Geo. A. Stewart of Battery A made some new parts and repairing a big gun after the school and French mechanics had given it up as a bad job.

Battery firing problems, battalion problems, regimental problems, brigade problems, night firing, firing with



A street in the Tented City of Doniphon.



A Bunch of good "Yanks."
Olander, Anderson, Robinson, Lohman and Culwell.

airplanes, firing with balloons, searching or O.P.'s, firing in gas-masks, our men handling the guns like veterans. Long rides, trips to St. Malo, trips to Guer, trips to Plelan le Grande, trips out over old Brittany where we saw old men and women threshing wheat with flails. Trips to Rennes where stands the beautiful Palace of Justice in which is a wonderful Gobelin tapestry showing the wedding of Anne of Brittany to the dauphin of France which joined Brittany to France. Opposite the tapestry is a beautiful painting of the same scene. When

one stands midway between the two, the tapestry is so perfect that one cannot tell which is painting and which is tapestry. Perhaps the boys in our rug factory will weave something like this some time. At last orders, up at midnight, pack up, march, load up and Aug. 13th we were off for the front. The guns were on little baby flat cars and the men in the bandboxes on wheels that boast they can carry forty men and eight horses. We have forty homes bring in your eight cheveaux.

We are off for the front.

(From Topeka Daily Capital of January 27, 1919.)

MacLean Writes Topeka School Children of Children of France

"French children are little Americans," writes W. P. MacLean in a letter to Supt. A. J. Stout, and the children of the Topeka schools. MacLean formerly was a teacher in the the Topeka schools, but he is now with the 130th field artillery in France.

"We are all glad the war has come to a successful end." he writes, "but this period is more trying than the days of great excitement, noise, long night marches, sleepless nights and sometimes eatless days.

"You know all about the war and the four campaigns we had a part in—Vosges, St Mihiel, Argonne and Ver-

dun, so I shall only attempt to tell you some of the more peaceful aspects of our travels, some of the experiences I have had with these foreign—altho not so very foreign after all—little children that I have come across. In the first place, I judge a school, a family, a city, or a nation by its children. The little French children are little Americans in their good sportsmanship, cheerfulness, love for each other and love for parents and country. The only difference is that of language and customs. You can play with them and they could play with you and, altho they might not understand your language or your games

they would soon learn them for they are a very bright little people, and are so kind hearted they would rather play the games that you know and prefer. France and America differ only in the little artificial things of the big people. In the important, elemental things that children alone are concerned with, French and Americans are exactly alike.

They Greet the Yankees.

"I will first tell you of the school children of Southampton, England, who gathered on their school house steps and sang out 'Hip Hip Hooray' as we marched by, no doubt thinking it was the Yankee national anthem or yell. One little English girl handed us a nicely written little letter telling us how pleased she was that the Americans had at last come over to help her father win the war.

"Some Belgian boys, who had been driven out of their own country, ran along the beach at La Harve skipping flat stones out into the sea. They wore little uniforms with the tassel on the cap just like their daddies wore in the gallant defence of Liege and Namur.

"Little Sminoie Michou, of Tre-laze, near old Angers, laughed, danced, sang and played with her dogs. She loved the Americans and was chosen as the daughter of our battalion. Little Miss Madiot, of Le Plessis Grammoire, three years old, could sing the

"Marseillaise" and "Madelot." She saved the cake of chocolate I gave her, every last bit of it, to send to her father

in the trenches. Antoinette Metivier was seventeen years old, and I took her to the first picture show she had ever seen. She was only twelve when her big father, Jaques, the village butcher, closed shop and marched off to be a machine gunner for France.

Carry food to Trenches

"We visited a little family of refugees living in an old canal boat on the Meuse, and then the trip up the Moselle with happy villagers, smiling mothers and playing children at first, and then as we advanced, no smiles, later no people, just ruins. A small boy in the soldier's uniform in the Vosges was driving a slow, lumbering team of oxen and calling out 'heepf' to them, just like a poilu. We saw the lace makers in the valley below the Vosges, the beautiful wooded hills of many clear streams and lakes, who had their linen spread out over the green grass like cement walks in a well-kept park and youngsters, in their bare feet splashing water over the linen continually in some process necessary to its manufacture.

"There were flocks of little trench burrows with baskets on their sides carrying bread and wine to the French fighters. In St. Malo, near the Forest De Paimpont, in old Brittainy, we found Marie Salmon begging cigarettes from the soldiers to send to her brothers in the trenches.

Little Shepherdess Works

"Lois Robin, in Ourche, helped her mother in the 'epicerie' or village

grocery store. She was very good looking and sold such good cheese. Old Madame Remy, at Hargeville, cooked me a chicken. She was a refugee from St. Mihiel, which she had left five years ago. She now thanks the Americans and hopes to go back and find her old home and perhaps her daughters, from whom she had become separated in the flight for safety. A very old, little woman, with a white cap, in a quaint little house in Nancois le Petite, kissed my hand when I gave her a few francs. She had lost a son in the great war and I believe her mind was affected a little. Marguerite, a French girl, rested from her hard work with the big scythe long enough to watch the Americans march by and to offer my horse a handful of grass, saying, 'Tres gentil.' By the way, my horse is a Frenchman, too, but I named him Bob, after the best little boy in America.

"We saw the shepherdess of Resson, who collected the sheep from the various houses of the village each morning, took them out to pasture and kept them all day, then returned each sheep to its proper owner at night. The sheep helped the shepherdess in this seemingly impossible task. As she passed a certain house, the sheep belonging to that family would voluntarily leave the flock and scamper into their own abode. I said 'family' purposely, because in certain parts of France the domestic animals live in the same house with the people, entering a large entrance right next to the front door.

Coming Back Home

There were the drummer boys of Luddres near the brave old city of Nancy, who, after unbearable noise with their drums on the corner, would announce in an important voice to the Assemblage that hereafter each family could have two pounds of sugar per month instead of one and one-half pounds.

"We are now in a ravaged village in what was a few short weeks ago the danger zone. The former inhabitants are now coming back, trudging along the hard, wet roads in family groups, grandpa, father, mother and children all carrying packs and bundles. They are tired, but their eyes are lighted with hope, even joy, that peace is here. They are homeward bound. They often find the loved home wrecked by a German shell or in a heap of ruins, even so they settle down in the cellar. Some go into livable unclaimed houses near by and prepare to pick up the tangled threads of life and start out anew. You can't beat these 'frogs,' as the boys call them.

Don't Let Up on Patriotism

"If you should ever come to France you must call upon the fat old mayor of Le Plessis and his twittering little wife and sit out in their rose garden, and let him tell you how he fought the Boche in 1870. If you ever want some honey, some real bee honey, go down into the country near St. Amie where the Vosges begin to spread out to make a valley for the Moselle, and

there you will get it, anywhere, for every farmer has some.

"Now that the war is over, I hope that the American children will not

let up on patriotism. Let the good things which this war has brought, live. There are many, if one only considers them."

Militaires en Permission 25 grammes de SUCRE	Militaires en Permission	100 grammes de PAIN
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des DENREES ALIMENTAIRES et des BOISSONS

Vendues a la TROUPE et a la POPULATION CIVILE

dans la Zone de l'Armee

A PARTIR DU 1^{er} AOUT 1918

Prix maxima autorises, y compris les droits d'Octroi

DENREES ET BOISSONS	QUANTITES	PRIX
Vin blanc	le litre	1 70
Vin rouge	—	1 50
Lait	—	0 35
Beurre frais	le kilo	8 30
Œufs frais	la douzaine	4 50
	le kilo	2 05
Sucre raffine	les 500 gr.	1 05
	les 250 gr.	0 55
	le kilo	1 85
Sucre cristallise	les 500 gr.	0 95
	les 250 gr.	0 50

Au Q. G. A. le 1^{er} Aout 1918

Le General Commandant l'Armee.

PART
V

THE FIRST SHOT FROM KANSAS

About this time something happened that was bad for the regiment and bad for the fellows concerned. Nels Anderson, one of the best experts in field communication in the regiment, if not in the A. E. F. Lieuts. Linney and Thomas W. Wooley, two excellent executives, and Lieuts. Ward, Buchanan, Gregory and McArthur were all ordered to leave the regiment and report back to America to act as instructors for the new divisions being formed. Anderson was an especially popular and efficient officer. He had been with "A" on the border and had risen rapidly from "Buck" to captain. As in civil life he had been district wire chief for the Bell Co. there was not much that anyone could tell him about communication. It was a sad Sunday evening for himself and his friends when the word came that he was to go—yet while each fellow sympathized with Nels, each was sneakingly a little glad that it was Nels instead of himself. Such is human nature. Lt. Frank McFarland who had spent months of time costly to both himself and the Government preparing himself to be an aerial observer for field artillery now returned to the regiment and was made

a horse officer. Chester Bobo who had graduated with honors from the balloon school at Omaha was made ammunition officer. Lieut. Fuller, another aerial observer was made intelligence officer, and every other fellow was as far as possible placed in that position for which he was least fitted by training and temperament. Not that these young officers did not make good in the new positions assigned to them, they would have made good anywhere, but it seemed such a waste to train men for aviation and put them with horses, and train men for horses and assign them to aviation.

Our train went through Versailles, where the Peace Treaty was recently signed, and then on to the south and east. We did not know where we were going, my orders read to Chalons-sur-Seine but when we arrived there new orders were issued reading Epinal and at Epinal a third set carrying us to Gerardemer, Alsace, in the Vosges Mountains.

The French are great people to obey orders to the letter. When we were routed, the places where we would be about meal time were picked out as points to stop and get coffee for the men and water for the horses, the

train was late and we would hit these places at 2:30 A. M. or some such outlandish hour but the French officers would insist that we wake up all the men, who would curse roundly and consign the coffee to a place where it would keep always nice and hot, and the horses wouldn't drink water in the dark, early, cold morning but orders were orders in France.

At Epinal our train had to be stopped until damage to the tracks, made by Boche bombing planes the night before, was being repaired. There were many ugly and suggestive looking holes about. At last after over 50 hours riding the men cooped up in their little horse cars, forty to a car, and men and officers alike living on bread, canned beans, and red-horse (bully beef, called by the French soldiers monkey meat.) we reached Gerardemeer. Even while we were unloading we saw our first air-battle. Boche planes too far over the lines were being driven upward and back by French anti-air-craft guns. It was hard to keep the men at work with this free show going on right over their heads and the put-put-put of machine guns and the crack of the archies quite close.

We were unloaded in a jiffy; horses, guns, rolling kitchen, equipment and all.

Then we harnessed and fed our men and beasts, hooked in and started the long drag up through fir-clad stream cut, water-fall decorated hills

to Longemer where we camped for a night and a day and a night. Some of the men lived in pup-tents scattered about under the trees, some in make-shift barracks but most of them in hay lofts up over Alsatians tables. I lived in a comfortable little room up over a saw mill.

We had our picket line in the woods to be hidden away from prying avions and our guns well camouflaged with nets and green branches.

A little narrow gauge R. R. puffed and snorted up the hills from Gerardemer to the front with ammunition. French soldiers who worked in the rear of the lines went up daily and returned at night from work much as civilians might do.

There was a pretty Inn half way between Gerardemer and Longemer set back in the woody hillside overlooking a roiling waterfall. To this Major Thurston ordered every officer of the battalion to be present as his guests on that first Saturday evening. We were regaled with a wonderful meal and well fed and comfortable with cigars and jokes and laughter, we began to think that our battalion commander was maybe a real fellow after all and then the blow fell. The daughter of the household brought the bill and presented it to "Mon Commandant," who scanned it carefully. "Well Gentlemen," said he, "this will cost us about seven francs apiece, pay me."

That night when I went to bed up in my cool loft over the nice smelling saw-

mill among the whispering pines I was disturbed by three sounds. First the everpresent sound of running water; the hills of the Vosges are crossed and crisscrossed with swift running, clear mountain streams; second the rumble, rumble, rumble, of the big guns out St. Die way (from now on until the Armistice we were to hear this rumble without cease;) and third by anti-aircraft and field guns out and up somewhere in front of us.

On Sunday Aug. 15th, 1918, I made my first trip to the front with the major, his Adj't. Curran, Priest of "A" and a few good men from each of our details. We went up to reconnoiter and pick out our battery positions. I had with me Lieut. Carl Anderson, Sergt. Jones and Corps. Justice, Fletcher and Allen and what were we thinking of as we strolled along always up and sometimes straight up the winding roads leading to La Collette, sometimes on a turn right out on the edge of things, overlooking beautiful lakes and fields laid out far below?

Well we had read a lot about the front and each of us expected at any moment to begin to enter upon some of the things we had been reading about—treacherous airplanes, bombing from overhead, scattering swift death and destruction, clouds of strangling gas, bursting shells, and the groans of dying men.

This is what happened; we trotted into La Collette and waited while Major Bouette of the French Army got

dressed. Bouette was to be our commander inasmuch as all heavy artillery in the sector was turned over to him. This was the first and only time we were under the direct command of a French officer.

It was a beautiful sunny day and finally the commandant was ready, so with him and Capt. Binet we made our way up the road through the August woods and past Schlucht (a ruined town with all stone buildings knocked to the ground.) From here on we were not allowed to progress until we had put our gas masks at the alert, that is in such a position that they could be adjusted to the face at an instants warning. In fact from now on until November 12th, our steel hats and rubber faces became literally a part of our bodies. From Schucht we turned up hill and followed a little dinky track up to what was to be "B" battery's gun position. Although a little work had been done on it, it had never been occupied. We looked it over thoroughly and then went on westward some two miles to "A" battery's position. It had been occupied before, indeed had been heavily shelled once and was already to move into even to the camouflage.

Then we made our way back to La Collette. It was a beautiful day in a beautiful place and just as tranquil as a Sunday in Kansas, except for our accouterments and the looks of Schlucht as we passed it and here and there a hole made by bomb or shell, one would

never have guessed that we were within two miles of armed enemy Germans.

At La Collete the French officers had a fine dinner laid out for us. They had everything including chicken, hothouse grapes and champagne in which they toasted the success of the American Arms. The Frenchmen laughed and joked with us like regular fellows.

In the afternoon I must accompany a Frenchman to the observation posts in the sector. So with Sergts. Jones and Thomasson and Corps. Fletcher, Allen and Justice of the detail and my orderly Pickett, we climbed up the hill to O. P. Kitchener. One approached through a wooded strip and stepped into a tunnel. This tunnel led to a big underground room with a slit or window right out through the brow of the hill overlooking the valley and the city of Munster. All was quiet out there too. Through the field glasses we could see German women and children going to church. We looked over a great many French positions.

On our left was a battery of 120 longs. These batteries had been in position for four years and certainly had things fixed up beautifully. Right near me was a battery of 75's. The captain was a stern looking Frenchman with fierce black mustaches. He was interested in our men and wanted to know whether, if let into Germany, the Indians would scalp and burn and pillage like it tells about in history. He seemed anxious to have me answer "yes."

I had supper with these French offi-

cers; they were very hospitable. They now all felt that the allies would win but laughed at my prediction that Germany would be licked within a year. When we first landed in June the French would not concede that Germany could be licked at all. I shall never forget Madame Mitivier's words as she was talking to me in Le Plessis, in June "Capt. we can never win, the Germans are too strong. Are they not at the gates of Paris even now?"

The French officers had a scanty breakfast the next morning, only black coffee and rolls and they ate it standing. We figured that everything was in readiness and as Monday was a cloudy day we decided that we could bring the battery up the hill and put it in position. So I left Carl Anderson and the detail in charge of locating our positions, drawing maps, and laying wires while I went down after the guns and their crews.

On the way down I passed many ox-draw vehicles. Oxen seemed to be chief form of motive power with the Alsatian peasants. We started up hill,—on the maps our gun position was only about one mile from the rear eschelon at Longemer, that is horizontally but it was about twelve miles nearly straight up, vertically.

Chas. Lohman who was then in command of the rear eschelon brought up the guns, leaving 1st Sergt. Randall in charge of the camp. Randall afterward graduated from Samur and became a lieutenant. It took twelve horses

to each gun and even then they had to rest frequently. La Collete was on top of the hill. We got up the hill alright and were just pulling through Schlucht when the sun popped out and the sky cleared off and a couple of avions took the air over our heads. We hid away under the trees by the side of the road as much as we could and the French anti battery got after them.

After a little shooting one boche plane was brought down in flames. In all of the war I only saw three planes brought down by anti-air-craft guns. This German in the Vosges, an American in the Argonne and another German at Verdun. It is just like shooting at a gnat with a rifle. You can bother him and keep him up in the air but it is mostly luck if you hit him.

Major Brady taking the second battalion into position at Cruth was rather hard-boiled and laughed at the idea of wearing a helmet in a quiet sector. He didn't wear his. About halfway up the hill when an airplane flying low let loose with a machine gun on his battery the major put his arms over his head and beat it for shelter.

We finally got in position just at dark. I don't know whether "A" battery beat us into position or not but at least we were second. "A" battery fired the first shot fired by the 60th Field Artillery Brigade in the war.

One fine afternoon Capt. Priest opened up and registered on some front line German trenches down in Munster valley. The French officers who were

always very much interested in U.S. soldiers pronounced it very fine shooting. There was a lot of work to be done about "B" position before we could do any firing. Trenches and dugouts had to be dug. Many trees had to be cut, for which it was necessary to obtain permission from the French goverment, maps had to be drawn, telephone lines laid, O.P.'s. constructed etc. everybody fell to work with a will.

Lieutenant Carl Anderson was in charge of the engineering work, Sergt. Reed in charge of the ammunition and Sergt. Dunkley in charge of the details.

We got permission to cut ten trees and finally cut twenty-five. We cut these trees off and wired them up in such a way that we could let them down when we wanted to fire and pull them up again when we had finished. When they were down the bare stumps were covered with moss. This was to keep our position from being discovered by aeroplanes. The French praised this expedient very highly. Corp. Hoar our camouflage man kept all paths and earth-works covered up in fine shape with pine branches.

We lived in little frame cabins stuck about in the woods. Not a light was to be shown at night. At first Major Thurston picked himself out a nice stone house on a crossroad about halfway between A and B batteries' positions. Some French officers were living down stairs and they started to move out in a hurry. Thurston in-

quired why they were moving. "Why," said the Frenchmen, "you Americans have moved in here with your guns and you will be shooting all over the German lines and they will fire back and as this house stands right out here on a crossroad they will shoot at it first, we're going." Major Thurston went too. In fact he beat the Frenchmen out, although they had a head start. He came down to our place and we had to crowd up and make room for him.

Our 35th division Infantry which had been in reserve with the English upon the Flanders front had occupied the trenches in this Vosges sector supported by French Artillery for some six weeks before we got there. They were glad to see us. They would say, "Now we will see some shooting done." They say that when our Infantry first took over the trenches in this sector that the utmost precautions were taken to keep the Germans from finding out that the Americans were coming in. In spite of all of this, on the first morning when the Americans looked out over the tops of their trenches there stood a big sign in front of the German trenches opposite, printed in English and reading: "Welcome 35th Division."

Between the two sets of lines there was a little lake. The French when they held the trenches used to use it one day for a swim and allow the Germans to swim in it on the following day, all by a sort of tacit agreement.

The Americans had not come to swim, they came to fight and that morning when the Germans went down for their little swim, the Americans waited till they had their clothes off and were splashing around in the water and then they opened up on them and peppered them all the way back to the trenches. The swimming season in that sector was over. There were many beautiful lakes around through the Vosges and the men at the rear eschelons enjoyed swims every day.

Capt. Mills was supply officer for the regiment and he used to have a hard time getting supplies around over the hills to everybody. As Capt. Hughes remarked, "Colonel, it isn't the quantity that I'm kicking on, it's just that we don't get enough."

Mills had a great many horses dying and getting killed. He would have a detail of men bury these horses and then later find them lying out on top of the ground. He would send for the Sergt. in charge and call him down for not properly burying the horses. The sergeant would swear that he had buried them good and deep. An investigation proved that the Alsatian women were so hard up for meat that they dug up the carcasses of these horses, most of which had died of disease, and cut steaks from off the flanks for family consumption. Guards had to be placed over the horse cemetery to prevent this.

The efficiency of the 130th sentinels was proven by an unfortunate fellow

in French uniform. This Frenchman (?) approached "F" battery's gun position about dusk one night. He was ordered to halt three times but kept advancing. The sentinel shot him dead. The queer thing about it was that nobody could identify him absolutely as a French soldier. There were lots of German sympathizers in Alsace country.

They tell a story about one captain who approached his battery position when he had a new recruit on guard. The recruit called out, "Halt." The captain halted. After a little space of time the recruit again called out, "Halt." "Well" said the captain. "I have been halted for five minutes, what are you going to do next?" "Captain" said the recruit, "I'm sorry but my orders are, when anyone comes around here at night to yell halt three times and then shoot." All this time "B" was fretting for orders to shoot at something. The little French captain with the big black mustache called me "William the Terrible," because I was so anxious to shoot.

But at last our chance came, Major Bouette sent word that we should register on Montag, a little group of farm buildings at the right and a little short of Stusswuh. The first shot which "B" battery fired in the world's war hit in the road leading to Stusswuh and burst with a crash. The second fell just short of Montag and after that we got our fair share of shots on the village. The intelligence report

of next day showed several clean targets. Lohman knew how to lay the guns and Dunkley, Tracy, Hill, Randall and the boys knew how to fire them.

All the men and officers wanted to be on the front all of the time. None were willing to take charge of the rear camps, so we had them take turn about. Lohman came up to act as executive and Anderson was to take his turn at the rear. In order to have everything clearly understood Anderson stayed with Lohman to show him the geodetic points, landmarks etc. in regard to the position.

We were all very anxious to get down into the front lines and also to locate an O.P. up close enough to the German lines so as to be actually able to observe the full effect of every shot fired as well as to be better able to find targets worthy of our fire. We had everything planned to take a trip of exploration that night along with Sergt. Jones and Thomasson, our detail and telephone men; but we did not want Thurston to know about it for fear he would raise some objection.

We were just about to start up toward the new O.P. we were working on when the Major called out and asked us if we were going up. Upon receiving an affirmative answer he told us of an order he had just received explaining that the Infantry all along the front was to try out all of their rocket and flare signals and

he asked permission to go up to the O.P. which we were constructing in order to observe the demonstration. (In order to prevent too much going and coming about an O.P. and thus giving away its position to German observers they had a rule in the A.E.F. that even a commanding-general must obtain permission from a battery commander before visiting his O.P.)

This was a nice courtesy but nothing more inasmuch as no one has ever heard of an officer refusing this permission to an officer of higher rank.) This permission was given but rather grudgingly this time for it looked bad for our plans. We all went up across the international line marked by stones set every one hundred yards apart with an F on one side, for France, and a D on the other side for Deutschland.

We went through a little grove and into an old dugout that had once marked the French front line trenches. (A drive in 1914 had driven the Germans back over the hills some few thousand yards and put them on the defensive and well into the territory that had been theirs since 1870.) From this dugout a trench led to the brow of the hill and right on this brow protected by underbrush and over-hanging trees, we were building our O.P. All the digging had to be done at night and the new dirt carried back through the trench and dumped into the woods so as not to be noticeable. The men set willingly to work digging out the O.

P. to which telephone lines had already been laid while the rest of us watched the fireworks. It was beautiful; rockets, flares and parachutes of every color and description. We also tried to remember what each rocket called for. One with two white stars was for a barrage, one with three green stars meant shoot a little farther, your barrage is falling short etc.

About ten o'clock the fireworks had ceased.

The Germans got quite nervous during this display and they would open up with machine gun at the points where they thought the rocket was going up from. They also sent up starshells which lighted the whole country within a radius of a mile.

Soon everything had quieted down to normal and we decided to break away. I quietly gave orders to the digging detail to dig until eleven and then if I was not back to hide their tools and go back down. I told Thurston that inasmuch as there were some important points for Anderson and Lohman to go over together that we would start out to do this work.

Thurston asked if we were coming back that way and we replied that we were. We had a wonderful hike over the hill in the moonlight. There is a path that follows along the line of stones that then marked the dividing line between French Alsace and German Alsace. On the map it is queer because all of the towns to the north of this line have French names, and those

south of it have German names. We followed this path for about a mile and then struck off up the hill through the huckle-berries and mountain heather. Some times we came to the edge of a cliff so abrupt in its descent that we would almost fall over. Down below would be a level space walled in by the hills, so smoothly covered with green grass as to give one the impression of water in the moon-light. In fact into one or two of these places we hurled stones to test if it was not actually water. All about big bare, huge, gray boulders pushed up out of the earth all by themselves to give the traveler the impression of towers and castles.

Suddenly we came around from behind a hill and smack in front of us stood a machine gun nest surrounded by fields of barb-wire entanglements and wire horses.

We fell flat on our stomachs and waited. We were as afraid of being shot by some American doughboy sentinels as by any one else. Nothing happened; we got up and started, stealthily toward the little cover, when suddenly "Crash" and we went down pell-mell in a trench six feet deep. We had attempted to walk over a trench covered with branches and camouflaged so as to look like the ground.

We boosted each other out and discovered that we were in what had been a German stronghold back in

1914. There had then been some terrific fighting about there and the Germans had finally been driven out and back further into the hills.

We went on a little until we came close enough to hear the tramp and challenge of the Infantry sentinels and, deciding that it would be embarrassing to explain our presence there at that time of night, we started back. We passed the clump of trees where our O. P. was but as everything was perfectly silent we went on down the hill, rustled a dawn lunch and went to bed.

About an hour afterwards my field telephone which hung right at the head of my bed made a terrible noise and I answerd to find Major Thurston talking from the O. P. It gets pretty cold up in the moutains in late August and there was a chilly shiver in the Major's voice as he inquired "Is Mr. MacLean there?" We had a rule on the front that no one was to be addressed over the phone by title or rank. I answered "Yes." I thought the major was going to have a fit. He had been sitting up there in that cold damp hole all of that time waiting for us to take him home and put him to bed.

The next morning we registered again on Montag and then upon the order of Commandant Bouette we picked and located several one gun positions. These were fleeting positions, that is we were to move a gun into them before daylight, fire during the day and then move back out and to our old

position that night. This was for three reasons; first as we did not fire from our regular position the Germans had no way of locating it and in an emergency we could fire from it without first giving the Germans a chance to locate it; second, if by sound ranging or balloon, or airplane observations the enemy located these fleeting positions we would be out and away before they fired back and they would be simply wasting ammunition. In the third place it would give them a false idea of our Artillery strength. Lohman, with our detail which was a crack one if I do say it myself, worked out the exact map position of each of these places. This in itself was some job. If you don't believe it you try it. Run out here somewhere into the state of Kansas and then take a map of Kansas and with a pinpoint prick on the map the exact spot on which you are standing. The coordinates for these positions were then sent to Bouette; he approved of all of them except one too near LaCollette. He did not wish the dutch to fire back and spoil his playhouse. He then sent us our first job.

From a fleeting position near Schlucht we were to destroy the little village of Kilbel to the left and short of Stusswihr. This village was surrounded by a high cement and stone wall and had three buildings still standing. These buildings were in such a position as to directly overlook our front lines and the Germans had been using them for a fleeting position for machine guns. The general wanted them rendered useless for this purpose. Capt. Binet was to put me on my target through sound ranging. I was to observe from a post down in the valley close to the trench and about twenty miles distant by the winding hilly roads although only nine thousand yards by air line.

I started out with Justice, as telephone corporal and Picketts as orderly. At LaCollette we had a little lunch at the Red Cross canteen and picked up a French corporal who conducted us to Camp St. Nicholas Surperior which was headquarters for the 137th Infantry. Here we left our horses and another French corporal conducted us to the O.P.

Lohman had the gun so well laid that the first shot at our target tore a hole in the front wall surrounding Kilbel. After that we cracked them good and plenty. We tore the whole front out of one of the buildings and got several direct hits on the big center one that looked something like a hotel.

After about the 80th shot, a German battery of 150's opened up on our O.P., which was a little frame structure, covered with boughs, upon the side of a hill; and they certainly made it uncomfortable for a while. The crash and roar of the bursting shells was in itself enough to knock a man down. The third shell struck right near the O.P. Dust, stones, sticks pieces of steel were flying everywhere. The noise was deafening; a piece of shell struck an Infantry Lieutenant who was standing just outside of the post. He was struck in the leg and knocked down. Everyone who was not absolutely needed in the O.P. took the wounded officer and sought the safety of a nearby dugout.

We kept sending them as good as they gave. Our whole gun crew, although they were back where they could not know what was going on, seemed to warm up to the fight and were putting them into Kilbel with miraculous accuracy. Those shots which were overs landed in the German trenches, so were not wasted.

I finally ordered Corporal Justice to leave his post and take to the dugout.

He got insulted and cussed and I thought for a while he was going to lick me so I gave him back his telephone and he seemed happy again. So we stood shutting our eyes when we heard that mean, low whistle—automatically ducking when the crash came, coming up again, observing, figuring our changes, recording our shots and telephoning down the new orders. This kept up for about ten or fifteen minutes and then one came right over our heads. We prayed a little thinking that this was going to be about all but nothing happened until we tried to use the telephone and we found it dead. Shell fragments had cut the wires. We then made our way down to the camouflaged road and toward the Infantry P.C. (Post of command) when a big one plomped down and tore all the camouflage off the side of the road. I felt like a man who finds himself in a public place with important articles of clothing missing. We finally made our way to the Infantry telephone and got through to our battery. We still had ten rounds of our 150 to fire so we gave Corp'l. Smith at the other end of the line, "ten rounds elevation the same," and Charlie let her go. As we walked back towards the O.P. old "B" had already opened up and the shots were singing back and forth over our heads both ways so we did not know when to duck. The Germans kept it up for a half hour and then we took our instruments and started for home; but first the Infantry fed us up good.

When we got to St. Nicholas Superior our French guide had gone and we had to make our way back ourselves. Before we mounted our horses I found a French sergeant and asked him for a drink of water. He looked at me queerly and said, "I will give you a

drink, my captain, most certainly; but do you really want to drink water?"

It was black as pitch and winding through the hills with a thousand foot drop off always yawning at our right was no fun. If it had not been for that Indian Pickett keeping us straight we would have been there yet. We got to our camp at about midnight and groped our way to bed, tired but happy. We had been under fire, and Commandant Bouette had praised us by saying, "It was a fine shoot, I shall tell the major."

I was awakened the next morning at about six with orders to ride over to Altmarkopf, the other side of Hohneck and find an observation post from which we could shoot up minnewurfer's (German trench mortar guns) on the opposite side of the Klange. It was cloudy, cold and rainy. Pickett, Fletcher and Smith accompanied me. An infantry sergeant was assigned to help us locate our target and a place for observation. He took us to some pine trees that I declare were a mile high. We climbed nearly to the top.

He, in a tree near me, tried to locate the "minnies." Our maps attracted attention and the Jerrys in the front trenches cracked in our direction occasionally with their rifles. Fletcher called up to me that it was a half mile to a telephone line and we only had a quarter of a mile of wire. We decided to make up the interval with runners. Fletcher borrowed some men from the infantry and strung them out. I gave my orders and waited and froze and cramped and nearly died for fear of going to sleep and falling out of the tree and my feet went to sleep and finally Fletcher went back over his line of communication to find that it wasn't there. An infantryman

won't take orders from an artilleryman any more than an artilleryman will take orders from an infantryman. Fletcher found some more and we ordered another shot. After awhile an infantryman came crashing through the brush calling, "One a day, one a day." We knew he meant "On the way," which means the shot has been fired, look out for it. I looked but never found it. We ordered another one but never got it. I had been roosting up in that cold, damp, hard tree since 2 P. M. and it was now 7 P. M. and getting dark so I gave it up and crawled down as best I could,—stiff and shivering all over.

As we were making our way back that night our road was lighted by the flash of our own guns. The 129th and the 128th F. A. were putting on an attack with gas shells and they certainly peppered them. Star shells and rockets were going up everywhere along the German lines, betraying the nervousness of the enemy.

When I got home Lohman reported that the Germans had been throwing a hail of shrapnel from Schlucht to the left apparently in search of us and he thought for awhile that he was going to lose a mighty good section so we decided to use a new position on the morrow. The next morning early we were ordered to have another try at the minnies. We rode over to an infantry company where the captain fed us up and treated us very nice. I remember that we had

lemon cream pie, something I hadn't eaten for months. The captain was glad to see us and glad to hear that we were going after the trench mortars because, as he said, they had been throwing over "ashcans" into his position all night the night before. The Germans had gotten nervous at our gas attack and had started a charge. They were driven back.

One doughboy saw a stump where none had been before so far as he could remember, so just for luck he popped it with a hand grenade and got a German captain. The Americans were very anxious to get his body for the sake of the papers and information that might be on it, but the Germans had so far checked their attempts and the body lay out in "no man's land." The captain found us a nice place to observe from not five hundred yards away from the target. The first shot was close enough to bring three Germans out. They ran about in circles and then cut off through the woods. A trench mortar position is a small thing and hard to see. There were three of them and we only had 25 shells for each one so I doubt if we did them much damage but we certainly stirred them up a little. A 155 M. M. long shell with a fuse, weighs 93 pounds and bursts with an explosion like the crack of doom and as the scattering splinters of steel cover an area one hundred yards square it isn't any Sunday school picnic to have them dropping about. Our last shell dropped right where the

body of the German captain was lying and I am afraid scattered him about even more than the doughboy had. I never heard for sure whether our Infantry got him or not but I'll bet they did.

A French battery which had been on every front and in every battle during the war without losing a man went into position next to "A" battery that day. The Germans opened up on them and they had eight men killed. The Vosges wasn't any too safe a summer resort at that.

The night of August 31st, we got orders to pull out and go after bigger game. By September 1st, we were to be out of the hills and on our way. We turned our position over to a French captain and pulled out for Longemer.

I was a little nervous going through Schlucht because the Germans had been firing on it daily and they had an uncanny way of finding out everything, but we got through all right and down over the hill. We had left our first front.

The next A. M. I got the following letter from Major General Traub who was then in command of the 35th division, Wm. Wright having been temporarily moved up to the command of a corps.

Captain:

I have received from your battalion commander a report in which he states that during the conduct of fire of your battery for demolition of an enemy strongpoint, the observation

post occupied by you was shelled by the enemy and your communications cut; that in order to restore communications you proceeded in the open over ground subjected to enemy shell fire to an Infantry telephone and gave the necessary orders to assure the completion of your mission, returning immediately to the observation post to observe the final shots.

I desire to express to you both my pleasure and appreciation of your spirit and bravery, and congratulate you on your excellent work.

Peter E. Traub, Major Gen. U.S.A.
1st Ind. Hqrs., 60th F. A. Brigade,
A.E.F.

Sept., 7th 1918.

1. I take great pleasure in transmitting to you the official commendation of the division commander.

L.G. Berry, Brig. Gen. U.S.A.

I was glad to get this but as Joe Major said, I just did what any other fool would have done had he been in my place.

The following score for firing of the various batteries of the 130th in the Vosges:

Battery	Rounds	Battery	Rounds
B	692	A	51
E	178	D	0
C	138	F	0

Total rounds fired in the Vosges 1059 or 90,000 pounds of steel.

On Monday morning, Sept. 1st, we were up before daylight with wagons, fourgons, ration carts, etc., all loaded, horses harnessed and hooked in to guns

and caissons and we were on our way down hill to Gerardemer, skirting that beautiful lake and around and down into open country. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining and everything seemed so nice and fresh and green.

Everywhere were Alsatian women making hay in the sunshine, cutting with scythes and raking by hand or women, boys and girls squirting water on miles and miles of home made linen laid out to bleach in the sun.

Everyone had a pleasant word for us and the soldiers stopped in the wayside stores and farm houses to buy cheeses, jam and nuts.

The only thing that worried us was that even at this stage of the game we were short of horses. Our horses had been brought in from the farms and never properly hardened. They had been dying off fast and were never replaced in any way. It was quite a problem to move and this problem loomed larger from day to day as horse after horse dropped dead and no new ones were to be had.

At about 4 P. M. we pulled in and made camp along the roadside near Julian Rupt. This was a veritable land of milk and honey in a pretty valley where the men could scout around and buy milk, eggs, honey, fruit, cheese, nuts and chickens and pick all of the big, ripe, juicy blackberries that they wanted from the bushes that grew thick at the side of the road.

While the first battalion was at Juli-

an Rupt. the second battalion had pulled down from its firing position at Birbis near Bassat to Oderon which had been their rear eschelon under command of Lieut. Culwell. From Oderon they hiked to Saulxures and on Sept. 3rd, joined regimental headquarters at St. Amie. The third battalion had had much the same experience except its rear eschelon had been maintained at Ventron.

Upon riding over to St. Amie we got all the dope from the officers of these battalions concerning their experiences while we were separated. Col. Wilson had apparently gone crazy. No officer in the regiment was ever sure of being in the same place for five minutes. Most every officer held from five to twelve different jobs in one day. Ritter and Speidel even beat this record. Speidel was trying hard to do what was right for the regiment; but the whole outfit was in a turmoil. It got so that when an officer was assigned to a new battery he didn't go because he knew the order would be changed before he got there.

Wilson issued about 300 field orders daily. He had a corporal named Bender who was nicknamed "Col. House of the 130th;" because Wilson did everything through him. He literally acted as regiment adjutant while Capt. Speidel who was supposed to be double zero or operation officer acted as regimental errand boy. Whenever the colonel got his officers together for instruction, which was about five times

a day, Wilson would have Bender at his elbow taking notes. One night Wilson was delivering an unusually pompous lecture on liaison and Bender was busy scribbling by the light of a lantern out under a tree—"Look colonel," suggested Major Brady, "aren't you afraid the light of that lantern will attract airplanes?" "That's so," said Wilson "that's so," and he brought out a table, had Bender get under the table with his lantern and notepad and the officers gathered about in an effort to keep the light from being seen overhead.

No officer was allowed to have more than one hour and fifteen minutes sleep in any one night. They were called out for the most trivial things. Speidel to have his job changed and Bobo to walk about five miles through the dark at midnight to make a recount of all the ammunition, because he was one shell short. Gunners were made runners, and captains were bell-hops at the hotel "Jimmy Wilson."

Wilson was an expert on camouflage. He ordered all battery commanders to prepare white sheets to put over the guns so as to make them invisible in a snowstorm. This was in August.

D battery got hungry and butchered an old white-faced cow that they found roaming about near the German lines. They figured that she must be a spy so they ate what they could and buried the rest so deep that neither hide or hair has been found yet although some one is probably still writing letters a-

bout it. Sergt. Jumb Hynamian killed it and Jack Logan cooked it—all of "D" ate it.

Bobo couldn't toe up to Wilson's standard of accuracy so he was reduced to battalion ammunition officer. After he had reported to the first battalion he phoned back to Capt. Mills in command at Oderon, "I've been here fifteen minutes and still hold the same job I started with. Oh! This is heaven."

In the third battalion Capt. Porter, battalion commander, and Phil Sproat, his Sergt. Major, were special pets of the enemy on this first front. Sproat had won the tallest gray mare in the company for his private mount over all rivals but every time he got out in the open on her she attracted all of the German machine guns in the sector, so forever after he rode a little black mule.

Porter and Mills were being driven up to regimental headquarters in the colonel's car. All of a sudden Porter spied the north star, "Stop this car! Turn out that light," he cried, "That's the same plane that was after us last night." Corp. Bender was running towards regimental headquarters when a Jerry plane came flying overhead and opened up with his machine gun. Bender quickly grabbed a bale of hay from a pile near the picket line and rolled over on his back with the bale of hay on his stomach and there he lay, perfectly camouflaged until Jerry had gone to roost. As Lieut. Marin

said, "When a German plane gets over your head dropping bombs or spitting machine gun fire, all you can do is to get down on your belly in the ditch. Of course it makes you feel pretty small; but you always wish that you were a darn sight smaller than you feel."

On August 28th the 129th moved into position right in front of the position occupied by the 2nd and 3rd battalions. From here they launched their part of the famous Artillery gas attack and then immediately pulled out, leaving their cussing and chagrined friends and comrades of the 130th to stand the German return fire as best they could. It was uncomfortable but no one was killed except several of the supply company horses.

Major Willie Mc D. Rowan now full colonel visited Capt. Mills at Oderon. He asked the captain what command he had. Mills answered "Fifteen minutes ago I was in command of the supply company but I don't know what I am now."

The time came to move. Wilson got out a dozen field orders on the subject, none of which mentioned the hour of moving, where they were to move to, or by what roads or even in what direction. Wilson was rushing about rubbing his hands and saying, "We'll make a move that will open the general's eyes." "Where are we to move?" demanded the officers. "Down that road there," Wilson replied pointing. "Well," said Xavier C. Marin, French

officer with the regiment, "That is an indication." Everything was in a mix and at 8 o'clock, Wilson called Brady and told him to take charge of moving out the four batteries and two companies scattered all over the mountains. At 8:15 Wilson sent for Brady again and threatened to court-martial him for not having moved all of the batteries out of position. "Look here Sir," said Brady, "You are not dealing with a boy now. I was in the Army before you were born. Now you prefer charges against me or I'll prefer them against you." A German shell or two fell then and Wilson jumped into his car and sped away in a whirl of dust leaving the regiment to untangle itself the it could. At St. Amie where the regiment finally caught up with Wilson she again showed to the officers that war was what Sherman said it was. Inside of one hour he had had four different men acting as operations officer. Fenton, Speidel, Pomeroy and Ritter.

About midnight of Sept. 13th, General Berry came around, questioned a few of the officers, read several of Jimmy Wilson's famous field orders, took a look at him and relieved him on the spot. Major W. W. Thurston was placed in command of the regiment and I was called up out of the depths of my featherbed where I had just sunk for my second nights sleep after a drink of kirche and sugar with my Alsatian farmer host of Julian Rupt, to take command of the first

battalion, move out to Remiremont and there entrain for somewhere. Boots and saddles had sounded again after about thirty hours rest.

During our stay in the Vosges we received 150 new men, among them two of the best fighters in the regiment. Sauter of D, and Mischkaousky of A; also three new officers, Lieuts. Voorhees, Glotfelter and Naylor.

Note: I am indebted to Sherman H. Culwell for notes on activities in the 2nd and 3rd battalions during this period.

W.P.M.

Following are some notes on the activities of this period, contributed by members of the regiment.

"An amusing event, and one which has always brought a smile at the recollection, happened on the first days journey going to our first front. Our detail, the Regimental, had left Oderon and passed Kruth, and climbed along, long hill on foot to the supply station at the top. Most of the baggage was sent up on the cable tramway, and some was brought up in the fourgons.

By the time we reached the top it was late evening and a little hard tack and willie and canned tomatoes was a real treat, shared alike by our one officer and the few men. We unloaded the baggage and prepared it for the next haul.

While waiting for the fourgons which were still on the way, we heard the whir of a plane, and knew instinctively that it was a Bosch. By this

time the sun had been down some time and a very bright moon brought out the white rock roads with an uncanny brilliance and threw shadows with contrast. The plane followed up the road as soon as it emerged from the hill side forest, firing at every fourgon and lone horseman on the road. He came directly over the upper terminal of the train and the gunner, back of the pilot could be very plainly seen firing and swinging his gun from side to side. Some of the boys had taken refuge under the canvas top of the one fourgon and when the plane passed over this wagon, at an altitude of possibly a hundred feet, he dropped a magazine of empty shells. They lit on the canvas top like hail and the three occupants came out over the back gate with a promptness that was as amusing as it was speedy. It was this same plane which caught up with Sergt. Mr. Sproat who was riding a big gray or white horse and after a race of a half mile the sergeant fell into a roadside ditch.

Sproat claims he was brushed off by a low limb and then jumped into the ditch. About the same time, Pvt. Geo. Bender got from his horse—he don't know how—and lay flat on his back with a bale of hay held high above him. The plane however did no damage except to shoot a hole through the roof of a Red Cross Kitchen and then through a pot of cocoa being prepared on the canteen stove.

A member of the 130th."

The First Shell.

When F. Battery of the third battalion received orders to move into position in the Vosges mountains August 26, 1918. I had just returned to the Battery from a few months absence in the hospital with the mumps and was assigned as a driver to the first gun section of the battalion.

The morning of the 26th we rolled packs, harnassed the horses to the guns and by ten o'clock were standing by our teams awaiting the order to mount and start on our long expected, first trip to the front.

The camping place where we were located was in a mountain valley, well protected from German shells by a mountain which we must cross before reaching our gun positions on the opposite side. It was in crossing this mountain where our danger lay, as there were two miles of open road directly on top, which the Germans took especial delight in shelling.

We spent the whole day climbing the mountain which consisted of a zig-zag road leading higher and higher. Long before we reached the top the horses began to play out on us. I dreaded a stop because it seemed we could never get the guns started again and it took all the men pushing and rolling on the wheels to get them started.

Just about dusk we reached the ledge of the open mountain top.

Here it was thought best to wait until about nine o'clock before trying to

cross the bald top of the Mt. We were ordered to dismount and here we stood by our teams, listening to the dull boom of bursting shells fired by the Germans, at our tramway line which ran across the mountain to supply us with food etc. Here an ambulance passed us and the driver cheerfully told us that only twenty men had been killed that day in crossing this Mt. top. The ambulance passed on and we stood there in the darkness, kidding each other about what was to happen. It seemed to me like I suppose it seemed to all men the first time nearing shell fire that the first shell was sure to hit dreadfully near to me. I had visions of a shrapnell shell exploding just at the proper place and spraying the whole road for two hundred yards, with its deadly contents. I had read so many newspaper accounts of the German efficiency that I was expecting the worst. The French had said that all the people living near our last camp were spies so of course I expected them in some way to inform the Germans of our movements, and the exact time that we would be on the mountain.

At last the order came to mount, then the trying time of starting the guns. After much trouble we were finally on our way again, and soon were leaving the timber and the protecting mountain ledge far below us. At last we were on the mountain top. We made several stops to let the horses blow and then started out on a

smooth road, with a long gradual ascent. On one side was camouflage. On the other shell holes, trenches, barbwire, etc. This was the most dangerous place. It seemed that the horses just creped, I was afraid to strike my horse for fear he would stop and balk the team. I could tell by the horses movements that they were going to stop. We had just a little farther to go to reach the level road. But no, the horses would stop. The boys started beating, but of no avail. We were stalled.

Here we stuck for about two hours. It seemed an age to us. Finally we unhitched the horses and brought teams from another gun which pulled it to the top of the rise and there we hitched on to it again. From there on it seemed smooth sailing with a level road and enough moon-light to see the shell scarred road sides and the dugouts built into the ground at intervals. Soon we came to a fork in the road. One road led to the right over a little rise, the other to the left, behind a high bank. We took the left hand road, but had only gone some hundred yards when our detail Corporal rode up and informed us that we had taken the wrong road. What were we to do? We could not turn around. The Lieut. we had with us seemed lost. He never said a word. The boys all had different ideas. Finally one of the boys asked the Lieut. why we couldn't unhitch the horses and back the gun back to the

fork in the road by hand.

At this time an unearthly sound was heard. We had none of us heard it before, but we knew instinctively what it was. It was the whistling of a shell. And sounded to me like a giant sausage grinder cutting through a tough gristle. It passed over our halting place and burst in a shower of sparks, as we judged at the place where we had been stuck up so long. This one was soon followed by another and another. Then all hands grabbed the old gun and started her back towards the fork in the road. I for one was scared of that fork in the road. It seemed to me like a likely place to drop a few shots. But I grabbed hold and did my best, and we were soon hitched up, and moving again. By this time the Germans had ceased firing, and all was quiet, a heavy fog had enveloped the mountain top and day was breaking.

As we began the descent, the two lead teams were taken off, and as I rode the second of these teams, the two of us were soon some ways ahead of the gun, and riding along somewhat relieved and very happy. The top had been crossed at last and the first shells had hit only an empty road.

By ten o'clock we were down the mountain and our guns into position. Just one year to the day from the time that we landed in training camp, at Old Fort Sill.

Pvt. Fred M. Williams,
Battery F, 130th. F. A.

Some "A" Battery Boys; with "Bill" the Mascot





In the Vosges, August 1918

PART

VI

CAMPAIGNING AT NIGHT

AT about midnight of Sept. 3rd, the first battalion struck out for Remiremont. The battalion was pretty well strung out along the road, our idea being that the first section to arrive at the train could be loading while those behind were coming up; but all of the higher ups we passed seemed to take a delight in calling our attention to the fact that we were strung out. We didn't take time to explain but saluted, said "Yes sir," and pressed along. One A battery man, Vonnine Hall, was run over by a gun carriage and nearly had his back broken, which finished the war for him as he was sent back to the U.S.A.

About 2 A.M. we arrived at the loading platform and without waiting to take a breath we began to load our train. Everything went well except that as usual the nice clean roomy cars were placed at the ramps for the horses and the men had the little dirty ones covered with dung; but we had no time or engine to change them and made the best of it.

Charlie Lohman dropped a horse down underneath a string of cars and she lay there eating grass at the side of the track. The men had to move almost a whole train to get her out.

At last with the usual warnings about everything in general we pulled out and back up through Epinal all wondering where we were headed for now. We had just had a few bites and were settled for a little sleep when the train stopped and we were ordered to unload. We were at Bayon and were warned that we were in dangerous airplane country. We now heard rumors that the other battalions following us had been bombed by heavy planes and utterly wiped out. When they caught up they told us that they had heard the same about us.

Speaking of airplanes reminds me of the prettiest air battle I ever saw. It was back in the Vosges. The Germans had sent up a giant drachem or sausage balloon from a base back in the hills so far back and so high up that none of our guns could reach it and yet he was up high enough so that on a clear day he could see everything that happened for miles on our side of the lines. Planes were sent in after it but were always driven back by the avions and antis. Finally one bright August afternoon a big French battleplane took the air and along with it was a little scoutplane. The battleplane made all sorts of starts and maneuvers toward the

balloon but each time it was hounded back. At last when all of the air defense of the whole German line seemed to be concentrated upon the big plane, the little scout who had innocently played about in the air apparently undisturbed and uninterested in all of the hubub, suddenly came to life, swerved about, darted into the balloon like a flash, where it opened up with machine guns and was back behind its own lines before anyone could realize what was happening. Then the big fellow untangled himself from the several boche who had engaged him and they wandered off through the air apparently laughing together like the couple of gay dogs they were. The boche balloon burst into flames and disappeared, the balloon man making his way to earth in a parachute.

We were unloaded as fast as the sleepy men could well move, and horses and men were hidden away along the banks of the Moselle just below Bayon. It was a fine fall day and we had a good rest down under the trees and as the water was handy for the horses there was not much to do but prepare the food and eat it and talk and sleep.

At 6 P.M. just as dusk was falling we hooked in and started up the hill toward Nancy with orders to camp at Ludres about thirty-five kilometers distance.

That was a terrible night. Jimmy Wilson, the deposed colonel, who was

traveling with Thurston and his staff on a few miles ahead of us, fell off his horse and had a fit or something and we had to load him upon the water-cart along with old Ike Ladd and Ike was certainly the best soldier of the two.

That was a terrible night and at first the road was so full of traffic that our column could scarcely move and later we were too much by ourselves, for there was absolutely no one of whom to ask the way and our maps were faulty inasmuch as we came to many roads that were not shown on the map and there was certainly no guide board pointing a friendly finger toward Ludres.

We followed the Moselle up through Fleville and about midnight we stopped on the road and made coffee. We followed many roads which we were sure were right but which after three or four miles left us in the middle of a plowed field or a wood. About 4 A.M. it began to rain a nasty cold drizzle. We wandered about trying every road we came to with the detail and guessing as to which was the right one as there were no markers, which is unusual for French roads. Major Thurston and his detail were riding on ahead but they left nary a mark for us. Finally I rode over into Messein and found a road leading out to Ludres but before I could get back the column had passed on up the hill to the Nancy road.

In one way we were fortunate that

it was raining and cloudy because if a clear day had caught our slow moving column out in the road, airplanes would have quickly finished us. Our horses were nearly dead and the men were hardly able to move. They had been on the go now for a day and night and a day and a night most of which had been passed in hard labor.

At last just as Lohman, Priest, Curran and myself after a short conference had decided to pull in and make camp at the first shelter we came to, we spied a little walled town around a curve in the road which proved indeed to be Ludres.

We pulled into a walled inclosure where we found a French battery of 155 longs already encamped; but they told us that they were going to move out that morning so we pulled in beside them and hid our horses and guns away under the trees. Some of our horses fell dead as we were taking the harness off; but soon we had our work done and began to scout around for something to eat.

Mess Sergts. Kemper and Coons told us that on account of the wet wood they could not possibly prepare anything in the rolling kitchen before noon, so we started out to see what the city afforded. We found that no cafe served meals, only beer and wine but that we could buy cheese and eggs. We got bread from our own ration carts and looked about for somebody to cook. When you want something to eat in the Army always

follow the soldier. I saw Link, Dunkley, Goshorn, McGee and Gracey headed up a stairway so I followed them up. I followed the lead of the others and handed my half dozen eggs over to a good-looking young lady who met us at the head of the stairs. We sat about a table in the bed room. I was so tired that I fell back on the bed and went to sleep to be awakened by the cheery voice of the landlady's daughter, "Your eggs sir." I got away with my six easy enough but I'll swear that Link and Goshorn ate eighteen a piece.

I stumbled over to meet the colonel who cheerfully informed me that we were in the wrong place after all and that we would have to route out our exhausted men and dead horses and move to Messein about three kilometers distant; but not until after we had had a square meal.

Ludres was a cheerful but a dirty hole. It was full of cafes and nice people and manure piles. These piles were displayed boldly, even proudly, right out at the front door of each house. In fact they were a good indication of the degree of prosperity of the dweller within. An old established family of real importance and dignity would have a pile that would practically cover the whole front of the house and reach clear up to the windows. The medium fellows, small farmers and cafe owners had fairly respectable piles and then here and there one would run across a house

with a very small and meager pile out in front and he at once knew that here dwelt a young fellow, perhaps only recently married and just getting a start in life.

The village like most French villages had its public wash-house and the red-handed women were even now beating their clothes about in the ice cold water. There was a great commotion and clatter of drums at a corner of the street. Everyone made his way thither to find three school boys making a terrible clatter. After attracting an audience of what was deemed by him to be of the proper size the oldest boy signaled the drummers to cease their clatter which they did reluctantly; whereupon he read a document stating that hereafter each inhabitant would be allowed a quarter of a pound of sugar instead of three-eights and also listed the prices to be charged for wine, cheese and butter in the future. They have not many newspapers in France and this is the method of spreading the news in the small village.

Regimental and battalion headquarters were maintained in the school for girls and boys in Ludres. Battery headquarters were at Messein. Brigade headquarters at St. Nicholas near Nancy. I had a room up in the third floor of the school building in the house of Madame Remy who was the teacher in the school for girls.

We lived in Ludres and Messein some five days and had a good rest and a rather pleasant time even though

it did rain every minute of every day while we were there. I took a trip to Nancy one day to buy some Piny compasses and saw a boche plane which had been brought down in the square of Stainslaus. Crowds of French people stood about exulting. They were having some revenge for the many stores and beautiful buildings which had been bombed. The band instruments were returned from Cornimont where they had been stored. They entertained the natives and all of the Regiment every evening; that is all except Ebo and Stuart who spent all of their evenings in Nancy.

On September the 9th, we left Ludres and moved to the north, skirting Nancy and resting in the little village of Tomblaine. B battery was camped in an old mill and A battery quite a distance out in a wet woods. Here again we rested for about twenty-four hours. Here Culwell was made executive officer of "D" battery.

On the night of September 10th, we had orders to pull out and up. Now we knew that we couldn't move up very much without getting into things and there had been many rumors about the enveloping of Metz and cutting across to Strasbourg so that we all figured that we were going to be in some big doings and were aquiver with excitement.

It was a terrible night—dark as pitch and the rain was, if anything, wetter than usual. The roads were

choked with everything—all moving in the same direction. About midnight we were in Nancy where we stayed until nearly morning, moving up about a hundred yards every hour and soaked to the hide.

I was sitting half asleep in a doorway. A window across the street was thrown open and a woman was framed in a square of light. A soldier called to her in his half English, half French and really neither, jargon and the woman laughed. A French woman can laugh, really laugh out loud and this laugh was a beautiful thing out there in the darkness and the wet amid the filthy streets and the stink of wet and sweating, cursing men and horses.

Nancy was a brave old town and a beautiful one. In America during the war you had your motto "Business as usual" but you did not have the handicaps that Nancy had. In spite of shells falling into the town from the big guns at Metz and nightly bombing from airplanes, business went on as usual in Nancy. The shops and stores stayed open every day until finally a store would suddenly turn into a heap of ruins or a stack of boards would mark where it had been.

The children went to school and played along by the wayside and carried giant loaves of bread home to mother just as though war was not but a few miles distant and sudden death lurking everywhere. Never a light was shown in Nancy at night

time. It was darker than a tomb, for a flash of light would bring on death and destruction. The boys of Nancy were so used to hearing the zum-m-m zum-m-m of the avions and the crack of the archies that they paid little attention and then every French child had a daddy and a brother and an uncle up at the front.

Nancy is full of beautiful buildings, cathedrals and statues. It is the capitol of Lorraine and is called proudly by its people, "The Paris of Lorraine." Perhaps the most striking place in Nancy is the Place Stanislaus; an open park entered through gates of gold and surrounded by large and beautiful buildings. About 2 A. M. we passed through the west gates of Nancy and came within ear-shot of the big guns hammering away at St. Mihiel. It was the morning of September 12th. As we meandered slowly up the road we passed by batteries which were pumping them over Pont a Mousson. The crash and rumble was continuous and the flashes from the guns turned darkness into light. We expected to slam around into position and go into action at any minute. But instead we finally tramped down deep into the forest de Haye and hid away in the trees without any thing more exciting than listening to the crack of the guns over to our left, watching air battles and ducking the spent anti-air-craft shells that fell down among us.

Our horses were in fearful shape.

The mares were sick from losing their colts through over work and the stallions, most of which had never worked in their lives, were all in. We were even now very short without any chance of getting any more.

On the way in Colonel Klem, and his operations officer put on a show for the boys by riding along the line and taking the cap from the head of each fellow who was not wearing his helmet. The operations officer was riding along with his arm full of caps, followed by the black looks of the soldiers who had been robbed because they did not want to wear their helmets all the time.

Klem also double tracked the 130th in getting into the woods, which was against the rules, and cut across so closely as to ruin a couple of our horses; but then he was a colonel and was undoubtedly in a hurry to get under cover so we could do nothing about it. We lived here for five days taking care of ourselves and our horses the best we could in the wet muddy woods and living on gold-fish three times a day; raw, baked and escaloped but always gold-fish. All the wiles of Coon, Kemper, Logan, no not even a "Mickey" Langan, could disguise it. "Slats" Goulette, my big Indian orderly, rustled a couple of horse covers. I had lost my bedding roll, and made a little nest on the hill-side under the trees where we slept together every night. It might have been alright for an Indian but I rolled

down the hill and got out in the rain every night and so I never got much sleep. "Slats" also rustled me seven eggs which were worth \$700 apiece in this gold-fish camp.

Major Brady with the second battalion was camped near a bunch of Chinese coolie road workers. The Chinese lived in a nice dry wooden billet and the American officers lived underneath. Frank McFarland was busily engaged in learning the Chinese language. Frank would be happy, acquainted and popular anywhere and everybody always liked him, even these Chinese coolies accepted him as a brother. Brady's battalion was at the end of the wood farthest from regimental headquarters and nearest the road to Nancy so the second lived high, wide and fancy during this five days—as Marin said, "My goodness you have every thing." They worked this by leaving a broken fourgon in Nancy and sending Brundage and a detail over after it every day. They didn't bring the fourgon but each time brought a bunch of supplies and had to go back again—for the fourgon.

This was a miserable period for me for I had lost all my clothing and had been soaked to the skin so many times and dried out with my clothes on that the soft fleece lining of the issue underwear fondly expected by the government to be a comfort had turned into an instrument of torture with a surface about as comfortable as the rough side of a horse-radish grater.

During our stay in de Haye we received some new officers who afterward became valuable additions to the regiment. Dick Conant, Theodore Broadwater, Lieut. Voorhees and Lt. Hugh Davisson.

On the evening of September 16th, we pulled out of the forest. While we did not take an active part in the battle, on the theory that he also serves who only stands and waits; General Pershing issued the following: General Orders No. 238.

It is with soldierly pride that I record in General Orders a tribute to the taking of St. Mihiel salient by the 1st Army.

On September 12th, 1918, you delivered the first offensive operation of the American expeditionary forces upon difficult terrain against this redoubtable position immovably held for four years, which crumbled before your ably executed advance. Within twenty-four hours of the commencement of the attack, the salient had ceased to exist and you were threatening Metz. Your divisions, which had never been tried in the exacting conditions of major offensive operations, worthily emulated those of more arduous experience and earned their right to participate in the more difficult task to come. Your staff and auxiliary services, which labored so untiringly and enthusiastically, deserve equal commendation and we are indebted to the willing cooperation of veteran French divisions and of aux-

iliary units which the allied command put at our disposal.

Not only did you straighten a dangerous salient, capture 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns and liberate 240 square miles of French territory; but you demonstrated the fitness for battle of the American Army.

We appreciate the loyal training and effort of the 1st Army. In the name of our country, I offer our hearty and unmeasured thanks to these splendid Americans of the 1st, 4th, 5th, 26th, 42nd, 82nd, 89th, and 90th, divisions which were engaged and the 3rd, 35th, 78th, 80th, and 91st, which were in reserve.

This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after it's receipt.

John J. Pershing.
General, Commander-in-Chief.
Official: Robert C. Davis.
Adjutant General.

There was a steep hill in the road leading out of Forest Haye where "F" battery rolled a caisson over, horses and all (why some drivers and cannoneers were not killed nobody knows) and "A" battery broke a couple of poles which is always the thing to try an artilleryman's nerves, just as you are in a tight place or in a great hurry somebody just naturally breaks a pole. We got out all right and on up along the rocket lighted front to Dommartin near Toul.

I had a billet with a fussy little old fat woman in Dommartin and I under-

stood that the battalion was to be camped down the road a few hundred yards; but when I started out to find them the next morning they were miles away. They had traveled until almost daylight and Lohman had parked his guns on a little track which he thought was no longer in use; but the next morning along came a little dinky French train and the French crew nearly went crazy because they couldn't get past Charlie's guns and Lohman, comfortably beded under a fourgon, refused to get up and move them. They finally found Thurston and got an order out for Charlie to move. This he reluctantly did and the train went by.

At this camp Mills finally caught up to us with some good, fresh beef-steak and we had a fine feed.

We moved out from here at about 7 P. M. and on up through Toul, making camp in a wood between Ourche and Void. We stayed here for two days in the rain and mud. The horses had to be led about two miles to water and there was a constant stream of them. The men would just about get them watered and fed for morning when it would be time to start in for noon again.

There was a large aviation camp at Ourche where "Packy" Mc Farland was stationed and he came over to visit the regiment and especially "A" battery. Packy told us a lot about his experience as a flyer and took some of the fellows up with him. The pilots

on the battle-planes had a skull and cross bones on the sides of their ships for every German they had brought down. Some of them had quite a row of these pleasant souvenirs.

On September 17th, we hiked out through Void to Nancois Le Petite. It was raining as usual. I had a billet with a little bent old woman who had lost two sons in the war. She was a little touched in the head, I think. You know I told you once before of the big feather-filled, silk pillow comforter that they put on top of every bed. Well I always put these on the floor before jumping in for my three or four hour, day-time sleep. This little old lady wandered through the house mumbling and whining to herself and everytime she came through my room she would carefully put that thing back on top of me. Upon leaving I gave her a franc or two and she wept and kissed my hand.

In this town Brady was going to kill Fuller and Walp—it seems that they always had the major billeted in a church.

In a heavy pour of rain we started out at about 7 P. M. When we reached the main road we were held by miles and miles of trucks full of Infantry. The Infantry certainly had it nice when it came to traveling. That was our great trouble, we would start out for a forty kilometer hike feeling fine and with plenty of time to get there in. Then we would come to a road jam full of traffic; we would

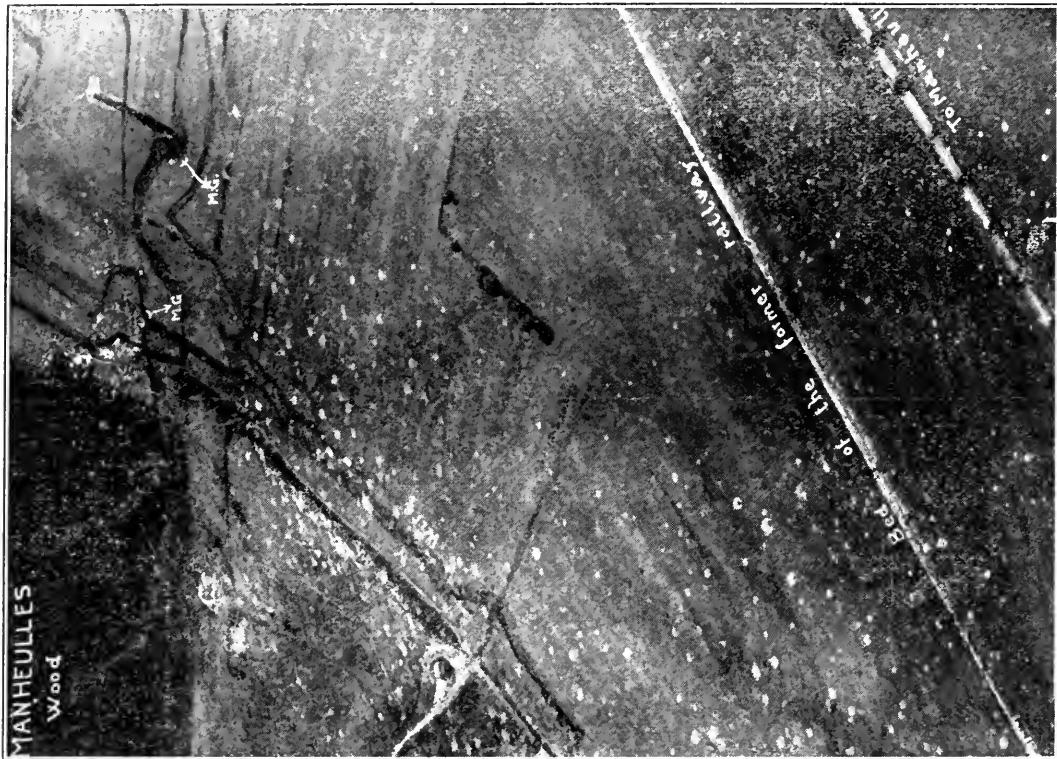


On a Breton Farm

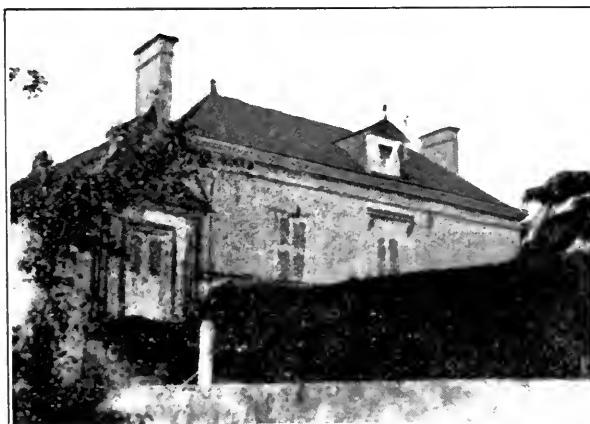


Hugh Brown
"The Old Man"

Air Photo



Positions fired on by 3rd Bn.—Nov., 1918



Where the writer lived at Trelaze near Angers

then wait for hours for a place in line and then about daylight we would start out and double time it for mile after mile and hour after hour trying to make our next stop in time and before the airplanes got us.

Joe Major was always handy at night with a hunk of bread and a can of jam or maybe a piece of cheese.

On this march we struck many hills, where the men, full packed as they were, had to get out the drag ropes and help pull the heavy guns up the slippery, muddy roads and over the hill. The men had great jokes about us being a one-night stand traveling circus. They would call us "Thurston's Carnival Company" and passing up and down the line enquire. "What town do we play in tomorrow?"

Thurston used to have a fine habit—fine for him—of riding ahead to the end of the march in his limousine. This he would make in a few hours and after a good night's sleep in a feather bed and a good breakfast, he would be out on the road to see us come dragging sleepily in and welcome us with sharp tongued criticisms about our dress, general appearance and order in ranks. It was in the woods at Void that he made himself immortal in calling down a captain for allowing his men to rest their packs on the carriages that they had to pull half the time anyhow, "Men are easy to get," said he, "they are expendable and I would rather lose ten men than one good horse."

About midnight we passed a French battery which had started out at the same time we did, putting up for the night. As we marched through Resson the rain was coming down in torrents. We kept through the woods until we were within a mile of Welleroncourt. Here a stop was made for a day.

A lot of sheep are raised around Resson, each villager has his sheep marked in some distinguishing fashion. A little girl comes around each morning and collects all of the sheep in the village from her various neighbors. She keeps them out on the pastures by the road side all day and then in the evening as she returns, each old lady is out to claim her particular sheep. Many of the sheep knowingly and voluntarily run into their own door ways.

It was from Resson that Brady and Porter took their famous trip to Bar-le-duc and were tangled up with the corps commander's motor-cycle.

We had just settled down for a good night's sleep when the order came to push on, so we broke camp and marched away at about 11 P.M. of the 19th.

Vass and Vaughan on their way from Coetquidan were reporting from place to place along the front trying to find the regiment while we were having this famous eight night march.

Our next camp was also a one day stand up near Lavallee. Now we were up where the Germans had been. Desereted and ruined villages were on

every hand, beyond here there were no women; no laughing play of children. We were getting down to business again, another night's march through the rain put us in Remer court-Aux Pots where some French soldiers were stationed.

We were out again that night and hitting the road through Triancourt, Waly and Froidos to Rarecourt; from here we ascended a hill and went into a billet camp up in the woods—it was still wet, muddy and rainy. It was while going through Rarecourt that I got my worst scare of the war—I was riding along about half asleep when we were passing an ancient cemetery. I was thinking about all the old French people that were resting there from the ages past when suddenly a figure stepped silently out of the gateway. I nearly fell off my horse; but a second look showed me that it was only a soldier who had been prowling about to see what he could see in the grave yard. The noise of our wheels had drowned out his foot steps. It was on this night's march that Colonel Klem butted into our column again and abused the Indian, Pete Murie. On the night of the 22nd of Sept. Rolin Ritter, Operations officer, took Brady, Porter and myself, Battalion commanders, up through ruined Clermont and Neuville, where the sentinel told us to have a care because the dutch were shelling the road about every half hour, and out a road which ended in the bois

de Fournimont, Forest de Hess. Here he dumped us out with orders to locate our battery positions. It was pitch dark, foggy and raining and every third step seemed to lead into a barbed wire or a shell hole filled with water. Joe Majors who was my adjutant helped me and we tramped over the woods until we were worn out and our clothes were torn from our backs. Finally we located "B" battery in an irregular position among some willow trees at the edge of the woods. "A" battery was to be on the far side of the road near the end, with the guns in a sort of a hazel thicket. The 3rd Battalion was to be up in front of "B". We found an ammunition truck hid away in the woods and climbed in to study our maps in the truck by candle light. I found a pack with dry shoes and socks tied to the outside. I traded my wet shoes and socks for the dry ones and if this ever comes to the eyes of the soldier who owned the pack I thank him, also if this ever comes to the eyes of the soldier who found the \$560.00 I lost between Ludres and Forest de Haye I hope he will be a sport and write to thank me for that.

About 2 A. M. I started out on foot to meet the batteries which should have been getting up about then. I walked to Neuville and took the turn to Clermont and I saw more guns than I ever saw in my life before. They were coming by truck, tractor, horse, mule and hand. Every size and make

in the world. One continuous parade of them.

By day light we at least had all of the guns hid away although not in position and we received orders that all battalion commanders and ranks above were to report to divisional headquarters at Clermont for a fore-battle conference.

I had lost both leggins and was in a miserable state but off I started for the conference. At the door of Gen. Traub's headquarters I saw Brig. Gen. C. I. Martin of the 70th Brigade. The first time I had met the only General from Kansas and the organizer of most of the 35th division in France. I learned from Fox, his aide, that the Gen. had been unaccountably relieved from command on this 3rd day before the big battle of the war. This turned out to be criminal Prussian ruthlessness caused by childish jealousy as there was no better man to take his place and Martin was not only provenly efficient and had had more war experience than any other General in the division; but he was held in the highest esteem and respect by every officer and man.

At the conference the chief of staff read some orders that we had all read before. Gen. Traub made a scholarly and quite impressive speech as to the seriousness of the business that we were in. He warned the officers to cure the dastardly habit of straggling by shooting a soldier who was seen to separate from his company and head the

wrong way and ordered the officers to set out in front and lead their men. He also spoke about allowing the men to use up emergency rations before being ordered to do so. General Berry never opened his mouth nor did he call a conference of the artillery officers. There was nothing of great interest to me because our men ate their iron rations the day they were issued and you could'nt get any of them to leave their organization on a bet. They had walked, carried their packs and pulled their guns about 200 miles since leaving the Vosges to get into this thing and there was no danger of any one straggling either in the 130th, or any other unit of the 35th, which was entirely a volunteer division.

After the speeches we had a display of fire works by the gas and flame division which was very pretty but not important at just that time. The best return for wandering down there in our sleepy, bedraggled condition was that Brady, Porter and I were able to purchase some milk chocolate in a well stocked division headquarters canteen, a treat which we had not enjoyed for several months because during the war there was no "Y" with our regiment.

We got back to our wet muddy hole and Major and the rest of us established our battalion headquarters under a couple of pieces of half round elephant iron with a hole in the roof. Arch Jarrell was sergeant-major at this time and all through this fracas he was on

the job every minute and rendered such valuable services that he was later recommended for a commission which he never received until he got home.

Charles Blakely, Edgar Morehouse, telephone man, Dick Lindeman, wireless sergeant, and Albert Brubaker were other members of the first battalion detail who were always on the job and who rendered a good account of themselves not only in this battle but all through our experiences in France.

It was still wet, raining and muddy which in one way was a blessing because it kept the air-planes down and gave us a chance to keep at work digging trenches and holes, to hop into for our own protection and to prepare the gun positions. Both headwork and strong arm work.

The most important of each variety is getting the exact map position of your battery and getting ammunition into place and properly prepared. Three varieties of shells, powder, seven kinds of fuses, greases, oils etc. "A" battery was blocked off from its position by a big 155m long which was stuck right in the middle of the shell torn road.

Of the old original border battery the following were still on the job and going strong at the beginning of the battle of the Argonne; Porter, Geo. and Clarence Baker, Bell, Bolibaugh, Brantingham, Coon, Crithfield, Davis, Domme, J. B. Smith, Goshorn, Link, McArthur, McGee, Mariner Norris, Parry, Randall, Tanquary, Towels,

Wilson, Woods, Murphy and Woolworth besides Brown, the two Jarrells, Ruhl and several others in other companies and batteries.

The German 77's were throwing over a harassing fire that helped to make things unpleasant. The night time was made hideous with the bursting of shells and the sounding of gas alarms. Lt. Major and Corp. Van Ness were the Battalion gas officers and they were always on the job. Lt. Chas. Robinson was Regimental gas officer. When a shell burst near, one of these gas school experts would sniff the air and give the alarm, Klaxon horns all through the woods would take it up, the dread cry of gas would leap from throat to throat and we would all put on our gas masks and try to carry on our business as usual but for my part it never worked. I could never do anything in a gas mask and I will frankly admit I was afraid of gas. Our men however set their sights and fired their guns about as well with masks on as with them off. Major Brady had a captain by the name of William Bass, Brady came out of his dug out and called "Bass oh! Bass" immediately the gas guard took up the call of "Gas"! "Gas"! and every one wore his gas mask an hour before the mistake was discovered.

On the night of Sept. 24th, we had our first casualties of the war. One "F" battery man, Elmer E. Walker, had his arm blown off while busily working on his gun—An "E" battery man had a piece of shell lodged in his

arm. A medical corps man, Floyd Whitehead, standing in the medical cart looking for supplies, had the cart blown out from under him. Clifford Schuck of "B" battery, while working about his gun, had one finger blown off, the same shell made a big dent in the gun which almost put it out of commission—Capt. Frank F. Priest of Wichita while working hard to put the "A" battery guns into position received a severe shrapnel wound in the neck, that almost did for him, and Isaac Hunter of "B" battery, a Lawrence man, was killed outright by a high explosive shell. Hunter had always been a mighty good soldier and after three days and three nights continuous work, he was in a pup tent with his Sergeant, Sam Hill, taking a little rest. The gas alarm had sounded and they had just got on their gas masks when a high explosive burst not ten feet from the little tent on Hunters side. Hunter was killed instantly but Hill luckily escaped with a burn across his chest.

Capt. Priest was brought into my head quarters fainting and covered with blood from a nasty wound in his neck—we all thought he was done for but did what we could. The place and all of us were covered with blood. Lieut. Harold Jones soon got him fixed up temporarily; but announced it would be necessary to get him back to a hospital at once in order to save his life. The bullet had lodged just between the jugular vein and the wind-

pipe. We had no ambulance—an S.O.S. was put out. Chauncey McGee of "A" battery said "I saw an ambulance back here in the woods. I don't know who it belongs to but if it has gas I can drive it." The ambulance was quickly procured, the wounded where loaded in and McGee jumped to the wheel and was off over the three miles of shell town road to Neuville without any maps or definite knowledge of the country; but with that real Yankee resourcefulness and grit that always gets there, McGee got there all right and was afterwards cited and recommended for a D.S.C. which he never got. Priest was not able to rejoin the regiment until after the Armistice.

He missed out on the big shoot but he had gotten every thing in readiness before the Boche message overtook him.

I'll never forget when McGee first joined the battery to go to the border. Top Sgt. Wilson had all of the last names. He was calling over the list and each man was told to respond by giving his first name. The name McGee was called with no respond. Again "McGee," all was silent. "McGee why don't you give your first name," said the Sergeant exasperated, "If you have to know, my first name is Chauncey," said McGee, "but by gosh you better never call me that."

Lieut. Harold Jones of Winfield and the men of his corps—Arch Brier, Whitehead, Jesse Morrison, Fred L. Jones, Maurice Kimes, Ralph Swear-

ingen, Bratton, Hamilton, Kline, Miller, Schock, Smith, Turner, Vaneock, Wilson and Yonkers certainly did some good work out under fire looking through the gas soaked brush for the dead and taking care of the wounded. Lieut. Jones was given a citation and recommended for a D. S. C. but he never got it.

The next morning as the men gathered at mess I was a little worried as to how they might take these first losses among their comrades and officers; but they seemed to go after what there was for breakfast, bully beef and gold fish, with the same relish as usual. I began to talk to them about the fact that they must not mind, we were lucky at that and we would get our revenge in a few hours, when "Zin-n-n-g!" came that long, mean, low, whistle and "crash!!!" burst a shell not a hundred yards away. We all ducked in unison like a gym class at setting up exercises. The order was given to scatter and everyone obeyed it instantly. When the next shell hit my audience had entirely disappeared and to Capt. Mill's great delight, a chance to make a speech was lost to me forever.

That morning Sergeant Hill and his section along with Floyd Hunter, a brother, buried their comrade—Ike Hunter—There was no chaplain present and as the shells were falling thick and fast near by even while they were digging the grave, no great preparation could be made. The soldier

was wrapped in a canvas paulin from off his own gun—a little silk American flag that one soldier had received in a letter, was pinned to the paulin and all took off their helmets and with bowed heads repeated the Lord's prayer as it had never been said before. Not a tear was shed—not a face quivered but the good will of all his comrades went with the spirit of Isaac Hunter, the first man of the 130th to give his life for his country. The grave was quickly covered over, well marked with a rough, wooden cross bearing the identification tag and the men were back at the sterner work of preparing for what was to come that night.

Lieut. Vass met a colored soldier who was wandering around from tree to tree ducking audibly whenever a 77 came over. As there was not supposed to be colored troops in that sector Vass watched his antics awhile and then asked him. "George, where do you belong?" "Deed Lootenant, Sir" said the soldier, each word punctuated by a duck. "I don't know whar I belongs but I knows I don't belongs no whars around here."

Notes from Sergeant Parry on the stay at Messein.

"At the camouflage billets the boys received a fine scare that proved only to be a love affair. There was a pretty Mademoiselle at the cafe du Commerce who was keeping company with an American aviator. One day he decided to send her a love note from his

plane. He descended within fifty feet of the town and dropped a message all done up in pretty ribbon 'n' everything.' The 'A' battery boys happened to be in the billets listening to a lecture by the B.C. and glancing out saw the message drop. Not being able to see the insignia the plane bore, everyone jumped to the conclusion that the Germans had sent us a message telling us that we were coming to the front and were ready for us. After the message was opened and the fellows found out what it was, you could hear them saying, 'I knew that could not be a German aeroplane from the sound.' But I noticed as it went over our billet every one ducked as if he were expecting a jerry bomb to light somewhere close.

"Another interesting feature of the camouflage billet campaign was the horse burying detail.

"After the drivers had killed them off the cannoneers had to go and bury them. It wouldn't have been so bad if they had not kidded us about it all the time we were digging.

"'Top' Wilson was always a busy fellow when the outfit was going to board a train, rounding everyone up so they wouldn't be left behind. At Remiremont after his usual task the 'Top' was standing on the platform of the station watching the Frenchman switch us around the yard. The train gave its usual toot! toot! and we started to pass the Top everyone telling him he had better get on or he would be left. He said, 'They are just going down the yard aways, the train don't leave fo ran hour.' Well we did pull out and left the Top standing there wondering if he would ever be able to tell the outfit to 'Fall in' again. When he rejoined the outfit he said, 'I would not believe one of those wine eaters again on a bet.'

"On these hikes 'Brownie' Kaufman Capt. Priests orderly never failed to go to sleep and his horse would wander up in front of the B. C. and half the time it looked as if Brownie was commanding the outfit and Capt. Priest was the orderly."



PART
VII & VIII

BIG LEAGUE STUFF

THE following extracts from one of the newest and best books published on the war, "OUR GREATEST BATTLE," written by Fredrick Palmer and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., should be of interest to everybody in Kansas and Missouri and especially to the former members of the Thirty-fifth Division. It might be well to read this general idea of the battle first so as to better understand the particular part played by the 130th F.A. the narrative of which will follow.

"On the right of the Twenty-eighth was the Thirty-fifth Division, National Guard from Kansas and Missouri, which must offer the courage and vigor which is bred in their home country in place of the battle experience which had been the fortune of the Pennsylvanians. Major General William Wright had been the first commander of the Thirty-fifth. He was a man of the world, most human in his feelings and sound in his principals of war, with a personality which was particularly effective with troops of sturdy individualistic character, who were unaccustomed by their tradition of self-reliant independence of thought to the arbitrary system which a regular army develops in the handling of recruits in time of peace.

Soon after the Thirty-fifth arrived behind the British lines, Wright's accepted knowledge of regular army personnel and his capacity for inspiring harmonious effort in any group of subordinates led General Pershing to set him the task of organizing corps staffs.

Major General Peter E. Traub, a scholarly soldier, fully equipped in the theories of war, followed him in the command of the Thirty-fifth.

The physique and good humor of the men of the Thirty-fifth had been the admiration of everybody who had seen them after their arrival in the British area.

The Guardsmen of Kansas had a fine tradition linked up with the career of Fredrick Funston, who was in the fullest sense what is known as a born soldier. He was a combination of fire and steel, of human impulse and inherent common sense.

With its left on Boureuilles and its right on Vauquois, the Thirty-fifth must storm the heights of the eastern wall of the Aire under flanking artillery and machine gun fire from the escarpments of the forest. No finer looking soldiers ever went into action. Their eagerness was in keeping with their vitality. Whoever had the lead-

(29:SPN:A48) R¹³
EST⁹ R¹³ d'HERMÉMONT 467 AL
22.8.18, 94 639
100 M



German Positions fired on by 3rd Bn.
(Air Photo)

BONZEE 3442-2572, 15-8-18, 15° 2500M, 50CM



In 1st Bn. Sector—Verdun Front.



Church at Sommedieu.

ing and shaping of such a body of American citizens had a responsibility which went with a glorious opportunity. The stronger the men of a division, the abler the officers they require of be worthy to their potentiality.

* * * The Thirty-fifth on the east bank of the Aire was meeting with deadly opposition which held it back, as we shall see when its story is told. To which division belonged the khaki figures breaking out of a ravine in an effort to rush a machine-gun nest which held them at its mercy? * * *

The same devoted offering of strong and willing men in the flush of aggressive manhood by the Kansans and Missourians of the Thirty-fifth on the left of the Twenty-eighth, which had the heaviest casualty list of any division from *September 26 to October 1*, was not to have the good fortune of such understanding direction. Kansas and Missouri took all their pride as well as their natural courage and hardihood into this battle. Their left flank was from the first on the heights of the Aire in full view of the forest edge and its escarpments. On the right they were swinging toward the heights west of Montfaucon. The two formidable heights of Vauquois Hill and Rossignol Wood were cut off by troops sweeping speedily by them on either side in brilliant fashion, and left to the battalions detailed for the purpose, which cleaned them up with thoroughgoing alacrity. Meanwhile

the frontal line drove ahead against machine-gun fire in front and flanking artillery fire from the right until it was in the vicinity of Cheppy.

The formation for the attack was by brigades in column: that is, one of the two brigades in reserve behind the other that took the lead. On that first day, when a regiment of the frontal brigade was stopped by casualties, another was sent through it. The plan was to crowd in the eager men. It was their first big fight. They had impatiently trained for this chance. The individualism of these stalwart high-strung Middle Westerners was allowed full rein. To them a fight meant that you did not give the enemy any time to think; you forced the issue with smashing rights and vicious uppercuts at the start, a robust constitution receiving cheerfully and stoically any punishment inflicted as you sought a knockout.

Therefore flanking fire was only a call to pressing the enemy harder and having the business the sooner finished. There was no waiting for guns to come up, as Cheppy on the right was taken soon after Varennes on the left. Losses, particularly of senior officers, were becoming serious by this time; units, though scattered and intermingled in the fog, only wanted direction to go on. Having been reorganized and being supported by fresh battalions, the advance continued. By night the thirty-fifth's left was well north of Varennes, its right near

Very, and the approaches to Charpentry had been gained. On the first day the Thirty-fifth, fighting against flanking and frontal artillery and machine-gun fire, had made four miles in mastering the east bank of the trough of the Aire; but it had paid a price which was a tragic if splendid tribute to the courageous initiative of its men. The artillerists were working hectically to bridge the little streams for their pieces; that one-way bridge which two divisions were trying to use through Varennes congested the other traffic. According to the division report, instead of proper rations for the troops, there was an issue of fresh meat and vegetables with no means for cooking.

The divisional artillery was expected to be up by eight o'clock on the morning of the 27th to renew the attack, but higher authority could not wait on its support.

In full realization of the strength of the enemy's artillery corps, orders to advance at 5 A.M. must be obeyed with only one battalion of light guns to protect the men in an endeavor that must be far more costly than yesterday's. The Kansans and Missourians were of the stock that can fight to a finish: and they were expected to fight to a finish. The Seventieth Brigade, whose units had already been engaged and had been all day under more or less fire and advancing behind the Sixty-ninth was put in front, with the Sixty-ninth in close reserve, ready

to take up the battle when the seventieth had suffered too heavily.

Overnight the enemy had reinforced the commanding position of Charpentry, which was the keypoint of his line of defense against the Thirty-fifth. It sent down gusts of machine-gun fire while the increased enemy artillery on both flanks played on the open fields of advance, where, after the attack slowed down, the men continued to spring up and charge, in the hope that they had found an opening, only to be met with machine-gun fire from unexpected quarters. Tanks having been brought up and reorganization effected, another general rush was made, which aroused such a torrent of fire that the infantry, without their shields for advance, could only seek what protection they could dig or find in gullies behind banks or in shell-holes.

The artillery, which had worked ceaselessly all night and day to get forward, was now arriving; and with its support a new advance, which crowded in more troops, was undertaken at 5:30 in the afternoon. The artillery silenced some of the machine-gun nests, though it could not reach the enemy battery positions; but by grace of their undaunted determination and energy the Kansans and Missourians took both Charpentry and the town of Baulny. In the darkness some daring units pressed through the Montrebeau Wood, while the main line dug in near Baulny to secure what

protection it could from the shells whose flames illuminated vigorous spading, which had an incentive in the vicious singeing of the fragments.

It had been another costly day, and the night that followed was ghastly for the wounded. They were gathered from the field under incessant bursts of machine-gun fire; and when they were brought in, the crowded roads made their evacuation horribly slow. The struggle to force ammunition and supplies forward over the main road did not relax in the area behind the troops, where all through the night the German artillery, which had the approaches to Charpentry and Baulny perfectly registered, kept up a fire shrewdly calculated to block a movement every time it started.

All the artillery was now up to support the troops being re-formed for another attack at daybreak, which was preceded by a counter-attack of the enemy which was promptly repulsed. More open spaces than yesterday must be crossed in full view of the enfilading batteries, particularly those firing from the west bank of the Aire. Ground was gained all along the front: ground important for the terrible day's work that was to follow. While the wounded, suffering from exposure, were walking back or being carried back across the shelled fields and along the shelled roads, the survivors must spend the night in leaving nothing undone to insure the success of the next morning's attack, which

was to capitalize every atom of vitality remaining in this hard-driven division. Again the men were short of regular rations; and the fresh beef and vegetables which were again forced upon them could not be cooked. It was raw fighting, indeed, on raw meat and raw potatoes which was expected of the Thirty-fifth. Incidentally the divisional transport was short fourteen hundred horses.

The loss of officers in their gallant exposure to keep up the liaison of the units had continued severe. For this reason alone the Thirty-fifth, which was having its first battle experience, was unprepared for a far less onerous task than that now assigned it. With nerve strength in place of physical strength, with will in place of adequate organization, the division was sent into a veritable alley, which could be swept by artillery fire from the forest edge across the Aire as well as from the other flank and in front. The instant the attack began, the enemy guns concentrated with a pitiless accuracy and a volume of fire completely surpassing that of the other days. In places the advance was literally blasted to a standstill.

The village of Exermont which was the main goal was mercilessly exposed in that ravine where the enemy shell-fire had the play of a cataract through a gorge. Some men actually reached the village, but they could not remain there alive. Groups charging for what seemed cover only ran into more

shell burst. The dead and wounded lay in "bunches" under the continuing blast which disrupted organization, while officers in trying to restore it sacrificed themselves. There was no want of courage; but the division was undertaking the impossible. Every spurt of initiative was futile as thrusting a finger into a stove door. Confused orders were further confused in transmission.

When night of the 29th came, there was nothing to do but for the Thirty-fifth to withdraw, for lack of any means of supporting them, its exposed units from Montrebeau Wood and Exermont. The ravine could not be held until the guns commanding it were silenced and fresh troops in numbers were summoned. A willing horse had been driven to its death. The Thirty-fifth units had been crowded into the front line until the only reserve it had were men too exhausted from fighting to move. On the 30th a defensive position was organized. A battalion of the Eighty-second Division, brought up with a view to renewing the attack, met a killing barrage which warned commanders that advancing one fresh battalion was only throwing more cannon-fodder into the ravine.

Throughout the 30th the men of the Thirty-fifth held their ground under continuous artillery fire, which could not keep many from falling asleep in their exhaustion; but they were awakened in retributive zeal by two Ger-

man counter-attacks, their marksmanship being a warning to the enemy that though they had not the strength to advance they still knew how to shoot. On the night of the 30th the Thirty-fifth was relieved by the veteran First Division. Gaunt and staggering, shadows of the sturdy figures which had advanced on the 26th, the survivors plodded back to rest billets, to find that in some quarters the view was held that the division had done badly. No more inconsiderate reflection upon brave men was ever engendered in the impulses of battle emotion with its hasty judgment.

In an advance of over six miles the Thirty-fifth had suffered 6,312 casualties. Nearly half of its infantry was dead on the field or in hospital. The other half was in a coma from fatigue. Every rod gained had been won by fighting against fire as baffling as it was powerful. To say that the Thirty-fifth fought for five days as a division is hardly doing it justice. A division may be said to be fighting when only one brigade is in line while the other is resting. All the men of the Thirty-fifth were fighting. There were soldiers who did not have five hours sleep in that period of unbroken battle strain in the midst of the dead and dying. Only the powerful physique of the men, with their store of reserve energy which they drew on to the last fraction, enabled them to bear it as long as they did. *Their courage and endurance and dash performed a*

mighty service in a most critical sector. Instead of being the object of any ungenerous reflections by captious pedants or commanders who did not know how to command, after they had given their generous all, they should have been welcomed with a warmth of praise in keeping with their proud and justifiable consciousness that they had done their red-blooded best.

Happily the prompt taking by the stalwart Kansas and Missourians of the Vauquois Hill positions commanding the Ninety-first's field of advance, which had been the object of the French attacks in 1915, removed a formidable threat on their left."

The 25th of September turned out to be a fine sun shiny day in the Forest of Hess. The infantry officers had been drilling their replacements in grenade throwing during the cloudy, foggy weather; but on the 25th, we had to stop it because the dense clouds of white smoke were an invitation to the avions who were scouting around. Some of these same men probably were to die before twenty-four hours had passed in front of Cheppy or Varennes.

Wm. Reese, Bill Moseley, Frank Fable, "Chick" McArthur and Ed Bell of the "A" Battery detail were working on a plane table, locating important points when a 77 exploded near. A fragment of the shell broke a leg off the plane table. The men repaired the leg with a handkerchief and went right on about their work.

As it was not known how long we

should fire from our present position every effort was made to locate an O.P. To that end Major and Pendergast went forward and got into trouble. Unknown to us there was an order that no one in American uniform was to be seen in the front line trenches. Those higher commanders who, in order to study the terrain, must go forward, went in French uniforms. Every precaution was taken to keep the Germans from knowing that there was any great concentration of American troops. This, after developments show was partially successful, for while the Germans knew that something was going to happen they were not able to determine until too late, at just what point it was going to break. During the day all of our preparations were perfected. To get a good field of fire it was necessary to cut down many trees. So that a sudden felling of a number of trees at one place would not betray our position to observers, we cut all of them nearly through, tied them up with ropes and wire to keep them from blowing down and waited. Homer Kennedy was now up with the infantry waiting to go over the top as liaison officer and he ate a few meals at our kitchen.

At four o'clock on the evening of the 25th, the word was sent out that all officers commanding batteries and battalions were to report at Major Thurston's dugout for the dope. I had the first battalion with Joe Majors as

adjutant. Brady was acting as second in command and Ralph Spots then a first Lieutenant had the 2nd battalion, Richard B. Porter had the third with Rollin Ritter as adjutant. James Pendergast commanded "A" Battery. He had as Lieutenants, Pike, Junior and Conant. Charles Lohman with Carl Anderson and James, had "B," Walter Richards with McClurg, Rudd, Glotfelter and Naylor had "C", Lieut. Frank McFarland and S. H. Culwell were with Harold Speidel in "D", Wagoner had "E", and later Clay McClelland took command after Wagoner got so sick and exhausted he could no longer stand on his feet, with them were Pike and Stanley. Olander, commanding "F", had Bob Schroeder as his executive officer and Hugh Davisson as Lieutenant. Arthur Mills and Gene French with Johnny Harnesbarger were running the supply Co. Hughes was now Operations Officer and with him in headquarters Co. were Jennings, Walp, Thomas, Stewart, Voorhees, Fuller, Robinson, Geo. Wall, Bobo and Leiewicke. We were short a Colonel, a Lt. Colonel, two Majors, five Captains and I don't know how many Lieutenants.

Thurston told us that a grand strike was to be made along the line from Epinal to the Channel and that we were to go on and on until every horse dropped and then the men were to drag the guns and there would be no stopping until we reached Germany or there was not a man left. These were

our vague instructions in regard to the general situation. We were however given the coordinates for our points in barrage, the hour of lifting, the points to lift to and that "J" day would be the 26th: "H" hour 5:30 A. M. We were to begin at "H"-3 which would be 2:30 A. M. The barrage was to continue until "H" hour and then lift to strong points where it would continue until H plus 3. That was as far forward as our orders at that time took us. Lt. Marin of the French Army did good work in making out these barrage orders. In fact his services were of the highest order all the way through.

Major Brady and Thomas were designated to look over all roads leading forward into the enemy territory in our sector and report as to which ones were available for heavy artillery; but so far as I know no report was ever made. Every body now got busy working out the map data and gunner's tables for the barrage. To get up the necessary amount of shells was a back breaking struggle as they had to be carried by hand for over 100 yards. Bobo worked on this until he dropped and then Joe Majors took charge and completed it. Joe had a way about him of completing anything he ever took hold of.

That night as Culwell and Speidel were sitting in their dug out waiting in the darkness for H-3, they heard something moving around near the door of the dug out and they lit a

candle to find out what it was. What was their surprise to find a colored soldier from one of the labor battalions near by, lying across the doorway with his head inside. "Here, what are you doing in here?" asked Speidel. "Well Captain" he answered, "you know them pup tents ain't shrapnel proof." The truth of this was so obvious to the officers and the argument so convincing that they allowed him to stay and began to question him about his home and life in America. He had come from Alabama. "Gentleman," he said. "How'd you like to be sitten nice and dry at your mammy's table tonight with a good dry log on the fire and eatin fried chicken, you know how she fixes em in egg batter just done nice and brown in hot butter and baked yams with brown sugar and nice puffy white cream biscuits with brown gravy with a little onion in it, an' some good ole coffee and some huckle-berry pie with nice brown crust and the juice just a oozin out?"

"Here you" shouted the watery mouthed, agonized officers thinking over a long prospect of bully beef and gold fish. "Shut up right now and go to sleep or else get out of here."

The Germans kept up an intermittent fire of shrapnel, high explosive and gas with the French 75's answering occasionally. All waited anxiously for the hour. Soon the word was given and 100 trees in the woods of Fornimont went down at once with a crash and pandemonium

broke loose. I would like to exactly describe to you the roaring forth of 3000 guns of every size and calibre at one time but I cannot. It was deafening, terrible, beautiful, awful, any adjective would have to be superlative.

Claire Kenamore in his well written account of the infantry action in "From Vauquois Hill to Exermont" says "All adjectives fail to give even a fair impression of the awful grandeur of such artillerying. No combination of words is effective. It seemed for a while the lid of Hell had been pushed back a little space. The long line on either side leaped into flame, the horizon was lit by the bursting shells, and from the trenches where the enemy had lain so long, there rose the many colored rockets with which he appealed to his own guns for succor."

Charles Hoyt in his interesting stories of the "Heroes of the Argonne" says:

"When the Artillery preparation began at 2:30 o'clock, it was as if that part of the world had been seized by the scruff of the neck and was in for the shaking of a life time. The earth jarred and trembled to the opening strokes of the barrage, rocked and rumbled and tossed as its column mounted. The lighter pieces were punctuated with the thunder of the heavies, all contriving to give that indescribable roar and whine that is a part of fire so intensely concentrated."

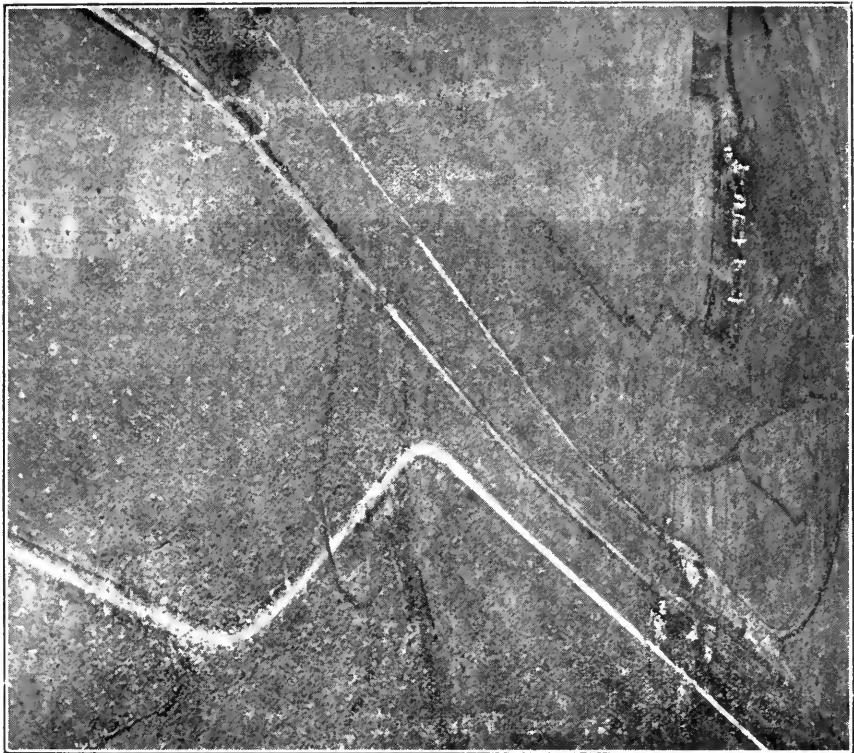
Nothing noone can say can describe it.

To have lived those six hours is worth a life time. We were filled with a mad exultation, men laughed and cursed and sweat and kept the guns hot. After weeks of marching we were again upon them. Scarcely 30 yards behind "A" was a battery of 155 M. M. longs. Beautiful things they were with their long, graceful necks poking out of the camouflage—settling down to the point and then striking surely and terribly. Fifty yards in front of "A" was "B", a little in front of "B" was "E" and "F". "Remember Capt. Priest" shouted "A" and off went four more 96 pound messages to the Huns. "Remember Ike Hunter" shouted "B" and four lanyards were pulled with a prayer that the shells would find a mark.

I don't know whether a German shell came over after the barrage started but I believe not. The 35th division held the post of honor on the sixteen mile front from the Meuse to the Aire with the 28th on the left, and the 91st. on the right. We were in the 5th corps of Pershing's 1st army and faced Vauquois hill, a wonderfully fortified strong hold which the French had tried for four years to take without success. The French probably lost 40,000 men in trying to take the hill. Beyond it the Ouvrage d'Aden was another strong point and Cheppy with the roads leading to it was highly organized for a bitter defense. Beyond was the wood of Montrebeau. So there was hard going ahead for the

35th. Nine divisions were in the battle line with three in support and three in reserve so that in all about four hundred thousand American fighting men heard the guns start the battle on the morning of Sept. 26th. The 219th R.A.C. and 282nd, 317th, and 451st R.A.L. plus a battery of light artillery units of the French army were used to reinforce the 60th F. A. brigade. From 2:30 until 5:30 we were firing on the back slopes of Vauquois, on a line from Vauquois to Boureilles and Bois de Rossignol. At 5:30 as the word for the Infantry to go over the top was given we jumped our fire to Very, Cheppy, Varennes and the cross roads and strong points on that line. This fire was continued constantly until 8:30. During the time all 24 guns of our regiment were booming incessantly at the points indicated and had thrown over 4,486 shells averaging 85 pounds each or about 381,300 pounds of steel. Figure that our 24 guns were medium in calibre, weight and speed and consider that close to 3000 guns were firing for eight hours and you realize that Jerry had a rather bad night of it.

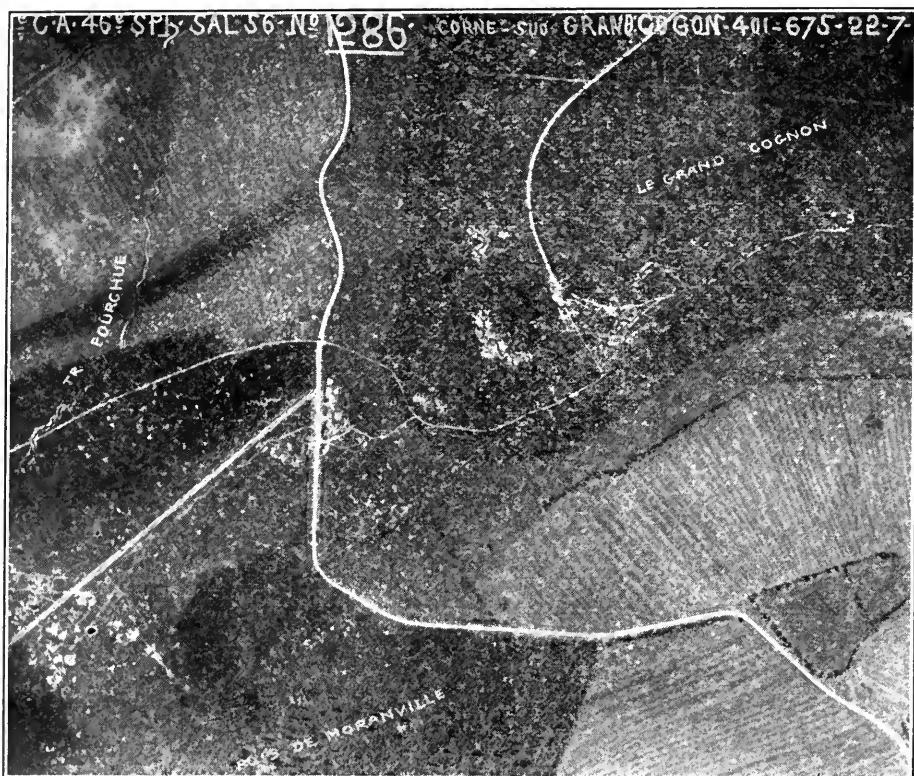
The 139th Infantry and the 138th worked around the right flank of Vauquois hill, while the 137th all Kansas regiment attacked to the left and followed the river Aire. The 140th Infantry came along behind and mopped up the hill taking many prisoners. In less than one hour Vauquois hill



Soupleville Farms near Verdun Fired on by Capt. Olander and
F, Battery. Notice Shell Holes.



Exermont - The farthest Advance of the 35th.



These Positions were fired upon by 2nd and 3rd Battalions-Verdun Front.
(Air Photo)



35th German prisoners coming through
Boureuilles. Sept. 27th, 1918.

was ours and the Infantry was marching into Varennes and Cheppy. Things were unfavorable to the Infantry from the start. First the removal of high officers tended to confuse and disorganize them. Second the divisional signal officer and two of the new brigade commanders were inefficient and third there was a dense fog that made it hard for the different regiments and even the various units in a regiment to keep in touch with one another. But they went steadily forward as brigades then as regiments then as companies, as platoons and then as individuals. As long as a man could stand and carry a gun he kept on driving toward Germany.

At 8:30 A. M. the 1st Battalion of the 130th was ordered to hook in and proceed as an independent battalion to Baulny. 1st Sgts. Wilson and Randall had brought up what horses we had and everything was in readiness. Upon proceeding to regimental headquarters to find out more definitely to whom we should report at Baulny and what missions we should fulfill upon our arrival; I found Major Thurston eating a breakfast of hot cakes and jam to which, unasked, I proceeded to help myself. Thurston told me to push to Baulny as fast as possible and there to look up an infantry post of command and get my missions from it. We pulled out about 8:40 upon the orders of the major leaving behind us all excess baggage, our kitchen, water carts and some good fresh beef and

biscuits which Mills had gotten up and which were the first we had seen for some time. It was hard to pull away from it. We had to ask the 155 longs to stop firing until we got "A" battery by, Major Brady stopped us to tie on some bales of hay and sacks of oats. I had figured that if we didn't have time for a quarter of beef we didn't have time for oats either.

We pulled down toward Neuville where we saw the first batch of German prisoners being marched down over the hill from Vauquois. The 26th was another fine day but the early morning was very foggy as has been remarked before. From Neuville we struck out towards Boureuilles and what had been so recently enemy territory. About three kilometers from Neuville we ran into a hole in which a large house could easily be buried, filled with water at the bottom and absolutely impassable for our heavy guns. The Boche had loosed a mine before retiring. Our engineers were already busy filling it in and constructing a roadway through it. We were effectually stopped in what we had expected would be a quick dash for a new position and more action. Soon the 128th and 129th pulled up. And up came ammunition trains, supply trains, and the other way came German prisoners and the wounded. It was one grand mix-up. Occasionally a shell would splash in our vicinity, machine gun and rifle fire were plainly heard in the distance and over our

head the air was filled with struggling Aircraft. The men after five days work at top-speed, without sleep or even rest fell down by the side of the road dead in sleep, and so did I. At about 11 A.M. I awoke with a start and remembering where we were, rushed to the hole to be again denied a chance to pass by the colonel in charge. While I was gone some one stole my helmet and rain coat. In the mean time Brady had come up with the second and third battalions. We went over the situation again and found that it would be impossible to cross so we found water for the horses, gave them a little feed each and sat down hungry to enjoy watching them eat. We stayed in this spot about 22 hours doing nothing. During the 22 hours our infantry was having a terrible time. They were dying in various horrible ways by the hundreds and they were suffering from lack of our support, but they were in action, noble action and were making history. While I greatly doubt if I personally would have had the nerve to keep up with them, still it was terrible to know that you were needed, to want so earnestly to do your part and yet be held up by matters absolutely out of your control. With our heavy guns it would have been humanly impossible to get one across the country in the wet soggy and cut up condition in which the ground was. We had to have a road and a hard surfaced one. To have tried a round about way would have been fool-hardy. It would have

bogged our guns and lost them for us. We thought about it enough, heaven knows, and looked the ground over with this in mind but the ground besides being soft was hilly and cut up with trenches, ravines and creeks.

A 75 M. M. with planks or sheets of metal and plenty of men and ropes could have gone cross country. We had the extra men to have helped them. Col. Drum in his after the battle critique said that this should have been done. But somebody higher up in both the infantry and artillery failed to plan for it. At midnight the 128th worked its way over through the Bois de Rossignol and got into position ready for business with one battalion before 4 A. M. of the 27th. The 129th went back and got around Vauquois and up into position near Cheppy before 7 A. M. of the 27th. At least one gun of these regiments could have followed the infantry very closely had Gen. Berry or Gen. Traub thought of it.

Back toward Neuville many American observation balloons had gone up to try to observe the action out front. There were also American and French planes scouting about. A German plane worked in, seemingly dodging his way right through them. He attacked one balloon and sent it down in flames then quick as a flash he got another one in the same way and Z Zum-Z-Zum'd his way back to the German-lines in safety. Later in the afternoon he

came back and got a third American balloon.

Many German prisoners were marched through the hole and along the road while we were there. One was left in the hole and may be there yet for all I know. A hard boiled Sergt. with pistol loaded and cocked was driving them toward the prison dens at Souilly. He had evidently given orders that no one was to look behind. A German shell hit close behind the column and one fellow looked around. It was his last look. The Germans were forced to carry the trophies of war the Americans had captured, such as machine guns, three man anti-tank guns etc. They were all well loaded down and hustled along the road seemingly glad to get as far as possible away from what they were leaving behind. Some were big fine looking Prussian Guards the flower of the German Army and others were old men or young boys who could not but inspire one with something like pity and yet there were so many things that Germany should pay for. We could not forget the bragging prisoners in England who in June had boasted that their Kaiser would be there in a month. Or the insolent fellows at Coetquidan who we thought were too gently handled by the French. A Y.M.C.A. man came along. Brady, Porter and I bought all he had and retailed it to the men. It amounted, when equally divided; to one half cake of chocolate

and two cigarettes each; But it was something. Most of us had money but money was useless. There was a fine chance for some profiteer gone to waste. A loaf of bread and a can of jam would have brought 100 francs.

As night drew on we made one more desperate attempt to get across but were turned back by being told there was a much larger hole up near Bourreuelles where we would be held up at any rate so we camped for the night by the roadside. Slats Goulette slept with me in a fourgons full of mechanics tools and camouflage nets. We expected to be wiped out before morning and didn't care much. That we were not has been the cause of my lack of respect for Prussian efficiency; However our infantry was keeping them so busy thinking of saving their own skins that they had not much time to plan for interdiction fire. Of this first day Kenamore writes, "The roads were bad in the territory captured that day, our system of traffic was not good, immense numbers of negro troops turned into labor battalions, worked constantly to repair the roads. In the tangle of traffic they plugged away bound northward to the battleline. There were heavy guns, horses or motor drawn and in some instances 75s were mounted on trucks that they might be carried with greater dispatch. There were automobiles of all kinds, and innumerable motor trucks carrying every thing used in war, there were wagons, rolling kitchens, water

carts, limbers, ambulances, ammunition wagons, ration wagons, machine gun carts, staff cars, and mixed in between horses feet and truck wheels were the motorcycle orderlies speeding through every crack in the traffic jam.

The first day for the 35th had been brilliantly successful, the artillery had done its work magnificently well; our machine gunners were effective, even beyond their own expectation; while the back bone of the division, the infantry, had proved itself to be equal in skill, address and bravery of the enemy and they had shown a big superiority in dash and boldness which gives spring and vivacity to an attacking army."

About 8:00 A. M. the day of the 27th we moved forward again. The men laid hold of the carriage wheel and taking one gun at a time we dragged them through the hole and up to the other side by sheer muscle power. After about two miles we were held up again. Now streams of ambulances and even trucks came by bearing the wounded. We pulled as far as we could to the side in order to let the ambulances by and got "bawled out" by a colonel for blocking some trucks of stone which were needed to mend the road. By this time we were quite hungry, and when "Slatts" found a loaf of bread in the mud we cut the mud off it and ate it with a relish. Joe Major was scouting as usual and back off the road he found an en-

gineers camp with a "G. I." can full of coffee on the fire. That certainly was a lucky find. At last the head of our column reached the blown out bridge at Boureuilles. Here they were building a road around instead of through the hole. I begged the colonel in charge to let me take a chance at getting through. After some hesitation he said, "All right its up to you but heaven help you if you get stuck." Just as we were about to start through, one gun (120 short) of the 108th F. A. pushed in ahead of us and tried to go into position. The whole gun crew with the drivers were working at the wheels and trying to push the gun along, directed by the colonel of the regiment. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion and the place was a shambles. The gun was blown to pieces and every man who had been about the gun including the colonel was either badly wounded or killed outright. This might easily have been "A" had we started a minute sooner. We thought it was the explosion of a large calibre German shell. I called for volunteers from "A" battery and every man who could leave his horse grabbed a stretcher and rushed over to get the injured out of the line of fire. Lieut. Harold Jones rushed in to care for them. Why some more were not killed is hard to say for soon we discovered a number of iron boxes about the size and shape of a cigar box, these were about every 50 feet and connected by wires. The Germans

had thoughtfully left a large board sign there bearing this inscription, "Achtung Minenfeld" (attention, mine field,) soon we started through and every man obeyed the command to keep himself, his horse and his gun right in the middle of the road. It was another back breaking struggle to get through that hole but soon we had every gun around and back into the road again, the men pulling equally with the horses, and we rushed for Varennes. The first battalion went in to position in an open lot just to the left of the Cathedral at 2:30 P.M. and having 24 pounds in each caisson we laid and began to fire at once (Lieut. Thomas had helped by staking out our line for us before our arrival) upon Charpentry and Baulny and the roads leading into them from the German side. Our infantry was even then hammering at the gates of these two towns. While we were firing these first rounds without having had a chance to use our camouflage nets a boche plane flew low over the battalion and dropped a bomb but too far to the left and did no harm. This plane was really a French plane which had been captured by the Germans and to mislead us more a tricolor was hanging over the side. Sergeant Lewis W. Arnold who had graduated from machine gun school at Coetquidan immediatly set up his machine guns and lay in wait for the next one. By 5 o'clock every battery of the regiment was in position and had fired. "D" moved behind the cathedral but there

were tunnels under ground and it was not solid enough to hold the guns so they moved back between the 2nd and 3rd battalions. Lieut. Walp with Sergt. Lindeman had the radio set up and their panels out ready for business. All four batteries of the regiment were in position in an area not more than 200 acres large. One good battery with a good line on us could have wiped out the entire regiment in one hour. Large calibre shells did fall about but sporadically. A large one hit the picket line and killed several horses, Lieut. Frank Stanley was standing so close as to be knocked down and buried in the dirt. He received a shock which put him out of the game for some little time.

Varennes was just a little town mostly demolished but it was of historic interest because of the arrest of King Louis sixteenth and Marie Antionnette there, when their attempt to escape the country was thwarted in 1791.

Again in 1792 Dumouriez stopped the Hessians under Brunswick at about this place.

The first thing that struck our eyes as we entered was a wounded infantryman, parading around in a German officers helmet, cape and sword.

Major and I established battalion headquarters on the altar of the cathedral, which was the only part that still had a roof over it, but the firing shook the stones down on us, so we moved to a row of dug outs back of our

gun positions. Our men had all of the dug outs but we found an ammunition pit full of German 77 shells in good condition. We moved these out thinking we had a fine dry place.

Some of the boys found woman's clothing in the dug outs so recently lived in by the Germans.

We found many German maps, letters, orders, belts, helmets, small arms, etc., betraying the haste with which they had departed. Some were still there never to depart. One had his dug out caved in on him and still had his pipe clutched tight in his hand. These had to be buried before we could live there. Those whose names we could ascertain were A. Eklent, 9th battery, 93 Regt., Arthur Klapper, Max Maerker and others. In one dug out Sergt. Bill Link found a live but badly wounded German with two dead Germans and two dead Americans. When he was asked if he had a hand in killing the Americans the live German blamed it on the dead ones.

In front of our position the road bore away to Cheppy, down which in ambulances and on foot by ones and twos and threes came the wounded. Most always with a smile and a brave report of the things that were going on up ahead. By 6 P. M. the ammunition trains had begun to operate. We were kept well supplied with ammunition, but we did not always have the powder and kind of fuses that we desired. We kept firing at strong points and cross roads on into the night. On the

evening of the 27th we passed our 2nd supperless supper time. The men lived on cabbage and cucumbers from the German gardens and iron rations from the packs of the dead both our own and German. That night in the 6 by 10 ammunition shelter, Major, Arch Jerrel, Slats Goulette, Edgar Morehouse and myself tried to sleep between times. The 28th dawned very foggy and misty, later it began to drizzle. Before day light we were called upon to fire along the line of Chaudron Farm and later on Esperance, Exermont and Fleville.

The evening before each battalion has been called upon to send a section of men ahead towards Cheppy to man a battery of Russian guns captured by our dough-boys from the Germans. From the 1st battalion I selected Sergt. George Dunkley, chief of the first section of "B" battery. I will let his own words describe the experiences of this detail from the 130th and their services.

* * * "I will give the names of the men in my section first and then recount as I can remember the incidents pertaining to the locations and firing of the Russian battery. Following is a list of the men from Battery "B";

Section Chief

Sgt. Geo. B. Dunkley

Gunner

Corp. Richard B. Randall

Cannoneers

Abe Bear

Howard Bishop
David Brown
Harry Carr
Leo. H. Lange
Louis Phelps
Geo. J. Theis
W. K. Venard

I can only recall the name of one man from the other two battalions, the name of Sgt. Budde of battery "C".

The detail of three sections from the 130th F. A. was lead by Lt. Geo. Thomas to Cheppy where he received instructions as to the exact location of the captured field pieces.

This Russian battery consisting of four pieces was located about two hundred meters to the left and front of a very small village named Very. Two of the field pieces were on the downward slope of one hill and the other two on a hill about five hundred meters across the valley.

The camouflage of this battery was perfect in detail and must have taken months of work to perfect it. The approach to the gun pits was by tunnel leading directly off the main road to Charpentry. The opening to the tunnel was completely hidden from view by a hedge which lined the road,

The steel roofing had been covered with dirt and then a thick layer of moss planted upon it; thus hiding it completely from view.

The field pieces were very old model 105 mm. in calibre with a fourteen foot barrel. The carriage wheels were six feet in diameter. The gun was shifted

about a circular iron band bolted to the plank floor. The gun was also bolted down to avoid slipping back when fired. The elevating wheel was under the tube and between the carriage wheels. When it became necessary to bring it back to a horizontal position for laying, the cannoneers all pulled down on a long strip fastened near the end of the barrel.

We only attempted to fire one piece because the other three had been put out of commission, one by a direct hit from an American battery. The projectile must have hit this one implacement just as the German cannoneers were in the act of loading the piece because the breech block was open and a projectile had been rammed home, but the crew was killed by the exploding projectile before the bag of powder was inserted and the gun fired. By means of parts of the other three pieces we managed to get one piece into shape to be fired, it took all night to tear the roof off the pit and turn the gun around so that it could be fired at the retreating Germans.

I will not go into detail in regard to the different objects we fired upon except that they were mostly German supply depots.

We had some two thousand rounds of high explosive and shrapnel stored in the tunnels and it is safe to say that out of about five hundred rounds that our crews fired some of them certainly hit the mark.

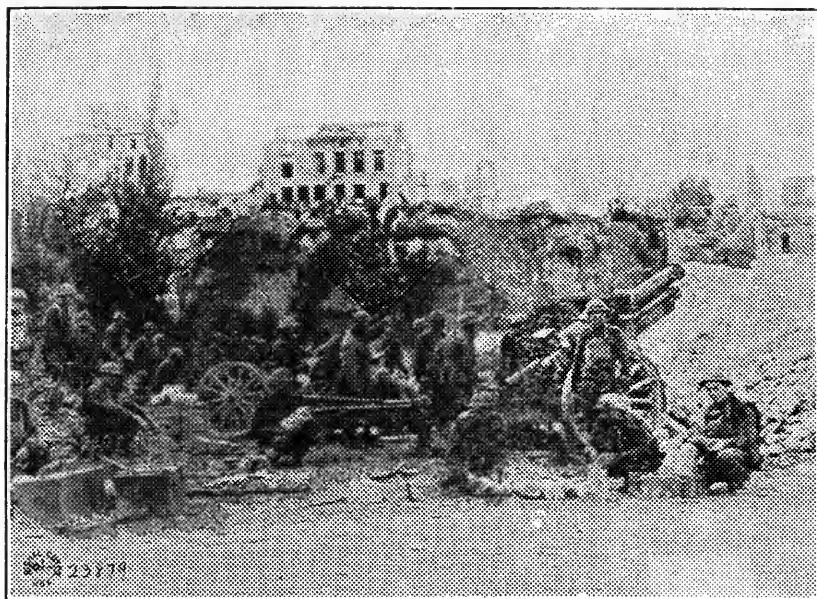
We could not stay in the pit when

the gun was fired because of the fire which burst from the breech block. It was necessary to attach a long lanyard so that it could be pulled off from outside the pit. We were only able to fire about a hundred rounds before the breech block was blown off. Some of the split rings on the breech block head were missing and it allowed too much play, especially since we were using a super charge. This happened three different times during our stay from the 28th of Sept. to the 1st of Oct. but we managed to repair the piece by taking the breech blocks from the other pieces until we ran out of breech blocks and were forced to cease our operations.

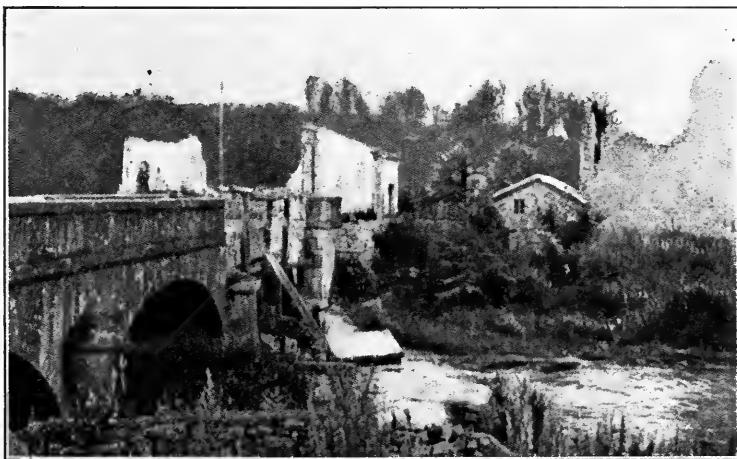
It is a peculiar thing that the noise made by the explosion of that old gun was recognized by all the straggling doughboys, as the noise made by a German gun, only they thought it was a shell exploding near and they beat a hasty retreat into the dugouts which lined the cliff along the road." * * *

By noon of the 28th we had 5th wheels and platforms built for all of our guns so as to be able to fire better. The wooden platform keeps the wheels of the guns from sinking into the mire at an uneven depth so as to throw it off in direction. The 5th wheel is a circle of wood nailed to the platform so as to fit tight between the gun wheels, this keeps the wheels from slipping or sliding on the platform and thus throwing the gun off centre on a sudden shift. That morning Capt.

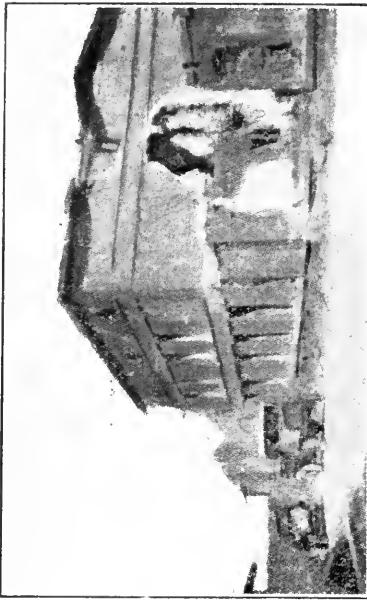
Bass and I went out in search of an O.P. We went up the Mount Blainville road out of our own division sector and over into the woods toward hill 255 in the Bois D' Apremont about half way between Mont-Blainville and Apremont and overlooking both of these villages. We had to hop-skip over many a dead German to reach the crest of this hill. In front of a little shack, in the woods lay the bodies of two 35th Division men. As they were clearly within the 28th Division sector it shows how they got lost and wandered about in the fog but always headed toward Germany no matter whose sector they were in. There was the body of a German scarcely more than a boy, with a red cross brassard on his arm, who lay alongside the little track that ran up the hill. At first he inspired one with pity. He really looked such a boy and had a rather nice face too and then one thought of Belgium and Northern France and wondered. The Prussian Guard had been there too. This hill was a wonderful place, all undermined earth, not dugouts but large chambers with French mirrors and pianos and everything for safety and comfort. The bodies about attested that it was strongly held. Many machine gun nests reinforced by 77's on revolving platforms were scattered about and potato-masher hand grenades were every where. We found a tree looking well out into enemy territory, in which the Germans had left a platform



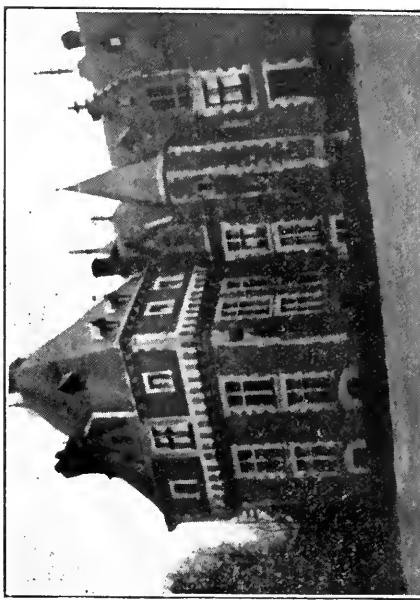
"C" Battery firing at Varennes.



Another View of the Bridge.



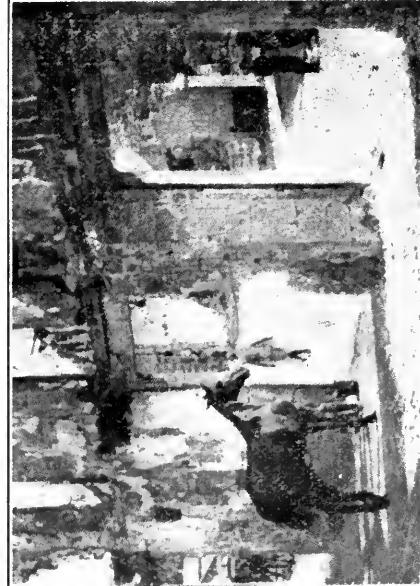
City Hall at Varennes.



Chateau at Bonnetable.



Inside of Church at Varennes.



Church at Clermont.

and aladder. We chose this as our O. P. and before evening Lieut. Chas. Walp had the wires laid and a telephone attached. Late in the afternoon we registered "B" battery on the cross roads just beyond Apremont. Anderson had the guns laid perfectly. While firing on the cross road, Majors and I had attracted the attention of the watching Germans by passing the map back and forth from his branch to mine in the tree. We had attracted a battery of 77's over behind Apremont, (probably the same battery which had been firing on our infantry from the rear.) They opened up on us and made it pretty hot for our little group consisting of Norris, Jones, Allen, Walp, Majors, myself. Porter, Ritter, and Schroeder at the 3rd battalion O.P. up a little in front of us also came in for a little of this strafing. Majors and I were up the tree and we certainly hugged that old tree close with sticks, stone, and dirt splashing up against us and not knowing what minute a little piece of steel might come splashing up with these innocent things. We sought the safety of a capacious German dug-out and waited for the storm to pass by. After registering on the cross roads beyond Apremont, we switched our fire over into the woods to the left where the shots had been coming from and the report from the Brigade intelligence officer, Lt. Tylee, showed that we caused them some trouble in their unsheltered position. On one of our trips

up this hill we saw an American plane brought down in flames by a Boche anti-air-craft battery. From its position and the time it came down I have no doubt that its observer was Lt. Irwin Bleekly who was trying to get food up to the lost battalion of the 77th, and who lost his life on that day. Going home Joe and I decided to take a short cut across a field. The Germans started to shelling the road at the end of the field and automatically we decided that we were not so very tired and would just as lief walk around anyhow.

Dick Conant with Camille Bowers, Micky Langan, Coon, Kemper and Corporal Ralph Davis had scouted around and found a German kitchen. In this were some provisions, some bread, a little meat and some chicory. Chicory is the bitterest, meanest tasting stuff in the world but hot, it helps to warm up the inside of you anyhow. With the beef and vegetables from the German garden they made up a sort of stew that didn't go bad for a hungry man.

Even after Mills got us up beef, etc., of our own, we used this German kitchen and for some time were the only battalion that did not have to resort to individual cooking.

A French soldier came hustling into Varennes and picking out a heap of stones and mortar that had once been the village drug-store, he carefully paced off so many steps from it. Then going to the bridge he paced so many steps from it on a line meeting his line

of paces from the drug-store. He then carefully sighted along both lines as tho to test their correctness. Next, he came to the Battery and borrowed a pick and shovel and, taking them to the intersection of the two lines which he had marked with care, he dug down a ways and pulled up a quite large tin box. He then returned the borrowed tools with thanks and upon inquiring he showed us 10,000 francs or 2,000 dollars, the saving of a lifetime. When the Germans had made their sweep down from Sedan, he took flight and fearing to take it with him, both on account of the enemy behind and distrust of refugees who might be his companions in the mad flight over the open road, he had buried it and made good his escape with his family. Afterward he had joined the French army and now after five years, hearing that the Americans had captured Varennes he had obtained a two day leave and come to find his buried treasure.

It was while we were in Varennes that Pomeroy, personell officer, started up to our position from Neuilly one morning to see how many horses we had. He was riding along when a large shell bounced off the road just ahead of him. He halted, looked around and turned back remarking, "O well I know just about how many horses there are any how."

A large O. A. shell with an I. A. L. fuse which is about as sensitive as the business end of a wasp, became lodged

in an "A" battery gun. The "A" battery mechanic, Stewart, made a little cup to fit over the fuse so as to bring pressure to bear on the ogyve or shoulders of the shell. This they fastened to the end of a ram rod and inserting it at the muzzle, successfully poked that bunch of sudden death out through the breech of the gun. A ticklish business. I was there not because I wanted to be, but because I happened to be there at the start and didn't have the nerve to leave.

Early on the morning of the 28th, we were called upon to clean out some machine gun nests to the left of our sector which were blocking the advance of the 28th. This we did.

A little later this same morning the brigade intelligence section sent word that a German battery was going into action in such a position as to enable it to do a great deal of damage to our infantry. We opened up on it at once and got many direct hits. One caisson was blown to pieces and the battery was prevented from going into action.

On the night of the 28th, we went to bed in a steady drizzle in this same ammunition dump, all five of us. I hung my shoes on the wall with the idea that they would keep dry. I was called out in the night to fire and each shoe contained a quart of water.

Early in the morning of the 29th, being up and every thing going good, I decided to shave. An air battle was going on over head—I had a German glass with Zum Andenken des Argonne

14—17—burnt in on the frame. This glass was placed against a bank and I was standing as close to it as I well could, when suddenly zing-g-g- came something between me and the glass and slapped in the mud between my feet. Either attracted by the glass or by accident a machine gun over head had gone off while turned in our direction.

On Sept. 29th, the Germans tried a strong counter attack on Montrebeau woods. Major O'Connor formed a thin line on the left front of Montrebeau wood to meet this counter attack. Two light attacks were repulsed and when the third, a more serious one, threatened, he called upon the Artillery for a barrage and in the words of Kenamore, "Got an excellent one which scattered the threatening German skirmish line." The 130th was called upon for this barrage and the 1st and 2nd battalions consisting of A, B, C, and D batteries responded promptly. The citation passed to these two battalions from Traub through Thurston was as follows—

Hq. 130th, F. A. Am. E. F.
30, Sept., 1918.

To Battalion Commanders, 1st, and 2nd, Battalions.

The regimental Commander has just heard through Brigade Headquarters that the commanding General of the 35th Division reported that he had observed the fire executed by your battalion in the woods of Montrebeau, and that the same was executed in a

highly satisfactory manner and accomplished the results desired by the Division Commander. It is with great pleasure that this report is transmitted to you to be delivered to the troops under your command.

W. W. Thurston,
Major, 130th F. A.
Commanding.

The following are the men who did the work.

"D" Battery Gunners and detail
1st Sect., J. Wharton
2nd Sect., John Turk
3rd Sect., Anderson
4th Sect., Dixon
Sergt. Flotman

Gunners

Corporal Leigh
Corporal Cook (Later Sgt.)
Corporal Wood
Corporal Highbaugh or Conditt
Corporal Wm. Sills
Corporal Gus Cherry
Corporal Richard Russel and Warren Timmons.
Detail Sgt, McCain
Corporal Ross

"C" Battery

Sergt. Wofford
Sergt. Wolfe
Corporal Edward Spoonhour
Sergt. Budde
Roy E. Chancellor
Goodwin
Ferguson
Robert Middleton
Arthur E. French
Goodman

Hughey
Kidder
Frakes

"A" Battery

Chief of Sections
R. E. Goshorn, 1st Section
C. E. Baker, 2nd Section
Thos. H. Parry, 3rd Section
Geo. Brantingham, 4th Section
Zoe Mariner

Gunners were

Corporal Irwin
Corporal Bracy
Corporal Schwab
Corporal Blades
Corporal Lang
Corporal Engle
Corporal McGee
Corporal Murphy

"B" Battery

Gunners
Ingles
Thompson
Kirby
Helm
Geo. Dunkley
Sam Hill
John Tracey

Richard B. Randall
Homer B. Reed
Chief Mechanic, Nothingham
Detail Sergt. Thomason and Jones
Corporals Fletcher, Justice and Allen.

Brantingham had received commendations in Camp Doniphan from Major General Wright for his efficiency in handling a guard detail and had won great praise for the manner in which he handled a section on the road.

We had been firing at the extreme limit of our range and this dropping back worried us not a little. We knew however that they would never get through our infantry.

On the evening of the 29th, Majors and I moved our Battalion P. C. over to the rooms where we found the German kitchen as our German shell shelter had become so leaky that we could not read an order much less write one and our maps were being ruined. In this new place so recently occupied by Germans, I found a German noncoms canton flannel night gown which, cut up, made some good handkerchiefs.

We also found some souvenirs including a strange German letter which, translated, reads as follows:

"Message from Heaven"

A rich man had a servant whom he wanted beheaded for B. G. H. When they were ready to cut his head off the Judge could not do it and when the rich man saw that the sword would not hurt the servant, he asked him how it came to pass that the sword did not hurt him. Then the servant showed him this letter with the following initials "B. G. F. R. F. K. N. K." on it. As soon as the rich man had read the letter he thought it good to carry this letter with them. If some one being hurt or shot and cannot stop the blood flowing they should lay this letter upon the wound and the blood will cease to flow at once. Any one that will not believe this should write these initials upon a sword or gun

and take his place ready for battle and he will not be wounded. Any one that will carry this letter with him need not fear for no harm will befall him.

K. H. F. G. are the five Holy wounds of Christ. Who ever carries this letter with him need not fear lightning or thunder, fire or water for nothing can harm them. "In the Name of Father Son and Holy Ghost" so as Christ stood in the Garden of Gethsemenae so should all weapons stand still, who so ever has this written letter with him need have no fear, for nothing can hurt him for God will protect him from murderers and theives. Any one who does not believe this letter should make a copy and hang it around a dog's neck and shoot at him, he will find it is true who ever carries this letter with him will never be harmed. Amen.

This letter was found in Holstein Germany in the year of 1724 and written in gold letters, it was not seen again until the year 1764 till it was recopied by some one and sent to all the people.

This letter contains the following: "You should not work on Sunday, whosoever worketh on Sunday is forsaken from me, you should go to church and pray earnestly. You should give from your wealth to the poor. I bid you to work six days and on the Sabbath go and hear the Lord's Word. Whosoever does not do this I will Punish them with hard times, wars, and plagues. Young and old should pray for the forgiveness of sin, and they will be forgivien. Use not the name of the Lord in vain

neither worship gold or silver. As I created you, so can I destroy you, speak no evil, honor thy father and mother then will I give you health and peace. Whosoever does not do this, I will forsake and he shall receive no blessings from me. This letter was written by Jesus himself and whosoever does not tell others the contents of this letter he is damned from the Christian Church. This letter should be written to others. If you have sinned so much as there is sand on the shore and leaves on the trees it will be forgiven. Believe truly and teach your children and who does not believe shall die. Keep my commandments that I have sent you by my Angels in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Amen

This place had been built to be protected from allied guns to the south, it was exposed to the fire of the enemy to the north and they were firing almost continuously; but either over head or hitting in the road just below us.

One bunch of infantry going up toward Montblainville to relieve in the 28th division was quite badly shot up in plain view of our doorway. Chas. McArthur and Herman Arnold deserve great praise for going up this road time after time with messages to the O. P.

On the 28th General Pershing drove through Varennes. He stopped his car at the battery position and getting out, talked to the men, telling them what important work they were doing and

urging them to keep it up. He got into his car and drove up further toward the front. Gen. Traub also spent a great deal of his time at the front. There is no doubt about his courage, but messages and reports of desperate situations which he alone might have been able to straighten out never reached him. Runners could neither reach him nor his headquarters.

The 35th division after penetrating farther in three days than any other division engaged in the Argonne campaign was able to make, after keeping so far out ahead of the divisions on either side of it as to leave itself exposed to fire from three sides, after having defeated the best the Kaiser had with every thing almost in heaven and earth, including most unfavorable weather conditions and to the ordinary mind almost unsurmountable natural defenses, against it, was relieved on the morning of Oct. 1st. Later the publication of Gen. Ludendorf's book brought out clearly the fact that the strong advance of the 35th division brought the German General staff to a decision that the war was lost and caused the beginning of the negotiations for peace.

The 60th F. A. Brigade including the 130th F. A. stayed in position Oct. 1st and 2nd and supported the 1st division which had relieved our own. During these days we fired on a line through Montrebeau and back to Exermont and the cross roads be-

tween.

In Varennes, regimental headquarters was near the end of a mined bridge across the river Aire. Those men who had dugouts had the dugouts turned the wrong way exposed to the enemy fire—Most of them lived without any protection or shelter save what the pup tents or the wet ground offered. Most of the men had hacking coughs from colds and slight exposures to gas, everyone had dysentery from lack of food or from eating vegetables from German gardens. Everyone had had cooties from French and German dugouts and a few had the French itch —We were wretched but quite happy.

My bedding roll was still lost but the saddle blanket was warm though damp and horsy. "Bob," my horse, had scared of a shell and run away with the saddle on him. I sent Slats to hunt him, not so much for the horse as for a precious sack containing coffee and sugar which was in the saddle bags. Bob was a young, spirited horse and he could never get used to night work and bursting shells.

There were many brave men in our regiment who were later cited and shaken by the hand by Gen. Wright but perhaps as brave as any was Jumb Hydman, 1st segt. of "D" battery, who took such good care of his men. On every gas alarm or bombardment he would get out and visit every post to see that his men had their gas masks on and were as safe as possible and there was the battery cook, Johnson,

who kept cooking away and tossing his pancakes in the air, a bursting shell would cause him to miss a beat once in a while but he never left his post.

Then there was that long line of fellows who carried shells day and night, night and day, theirs was the hercism of the commonplace. It takes a lot of nerve to charge a machine gun nest or best a Prussian guard in a hand to hand contest with bayonets, but through the slop and slime to trudge back and forth sleepy and hungry carrying slippery wet iron shells weighing 96 lbs. apiece which slip and twist and get heavier hour by hour, to stick at this and do your best with shoulders sore and tendons strained, to do this and smile and even crack a joke when a dud from Fritz splatters mud on you requires something akin to guts. Many non-coms, including Sergt. major Bob Beine, volunteered for this sport. Shells fell over and shells fell short but they never seemed to quite find us. Fritz sent over many duds showing either poor munitions or that our infantry was keeping him too occupied to take much pains with his counter battery work.

On the 27th Lieut. Axline of E Co. 139th was wounded by a machine gun bullet at Charpentry at about the same time as Sergt. Axline of F btry. was pumping them over that way. The queer part of it is that these two heroes of the same name were not related.

Johnny Harnsebarger was badly

wounded by the accidental explosion of a hand grenade. Capt Vic Wagnor, no longer able to stand, was put in an ambulance and sent to the rear. A shell hit the ambulance and spilled him on the ground but another ambulance got him back.

Clay McClelland, himself a sick man efficiently commanded "E" battery through the balance of the action.

Sergt. Fable and corps. Reese and McArthur were valuable instrument men.

With Sergt. Norris, Morehouse and Harold Jones and Corporals Fletcher, Allen, and Justice we had an intelligence detail that was hard to beat. They manned our O. P. up near the front day and night and brought in news that was of increasing value to us. We finally moved out and left them up there and they themselves made their way back to the battalion at Hargeville. H. E. Falham, a scout in battery C, carried messages over shelled roads to Brigade headquarters on a bicycle.

Corporals Robert Tweedy and Harvey Keim did remarkable work in setting up the telephone system under fire. Our battery, battalion and Regimental lines were always in working order, even those running several miles away across shell torn fields to the O. P. There is no possible question as to the personal bravery of General Berry and Major Thurston but why they did not use our own efficient telephone detail and runners to keep in better

touch with the Infantry, I do not know. Perhaps it was because that was not in the Field Artillery drill regulations. As a matter of fact we did get word that Col. Ristine was sending out S. O. S. calls for artillery help and we sent out James Farrish, Earl Rheinol and Wm. Langan who, showing considerable daring, made their way up to and all along the front looking for the colonel to find out definitely what he wanted, but they were unable to find him or bring back any definite information by which we could fire without danger to our own men. Sergt. Sanford Jarrell and his brother "Arch" would havd made efficent and willing liason men, they were always aching for something more to do.

The 130th owes a lot to Lt. Zavier Marin of the French Army, who was with us in the Argonne. His coolness and knowledge of war conditions helped us over many a rough place, situated as we were with only two field officers of low field rank one of whom was markedly inefficient.

On October 2nd, Capt. Mills with the help of his trusty Lieutenants, Gene French and Wagoners, Robert L. Cole, Clare E. Hewell and Chas. J. Jobe, got us up a fine mess of provisions. At about 5:30 a few good slums were stewing fragrantly in G. I. cans over rude fires. The men who could be spared from their guns had left their work and were lining up with quivering nostrils and watering mouths when a Boch airplane flying low came

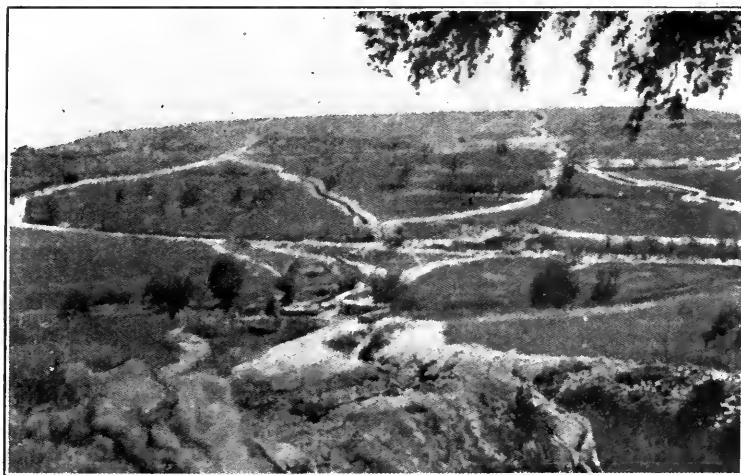
over the fire, let loose with a machine gun on the men below and dropped bombs. The position in an instant was changed from a happy, expectant place to one of destruction. Dead and dying men were lying everywhere. William B. Johnson, cook of battery C, and Benjamin A. Fuller, efficient Corporal of battery C, were killed instantly. Lt. George R. Glotfelter and Sergt. Robert L. Graham were so severely wounded that they died shortly after reaching the hospital. Others severely wounded were Sergt. Harlow Bollinger, Battery D, Fernand De Cuyper, Hq. Co., David Griffin, Btry. E, Joseph T. Lantz, Btry. F, afterward died in hosp., Wm. P. Phillips, Btry. F, Thomas W. Russel, Btry. E, Virgil Sargent, Btry. C, Floyd M. Stoker, Btry. E. Those slightly wounded were, Henry Byrd, Btry. C, Corp. Thomas I. Beecher, Hq. Co., Charley O. Fenton, Btry. C, Pvt. Calvin A. Hudson, Btry. C, Alpine N. Kent, Btry. C, Geo. A. Koch, Hq. Co., Corp. John I. Lewis, Hq. Co., Sergt. Joseph O. Marshall, Hq. Co., Fred P. O'Neil, Btry. E, Wm. F. Peters, Hq. Co., Ralph A. Randall, Hq. Co., Edward A. Sausek, Btry. C, Corp. Ernest C. Tanguary, Btry. A, Harvey M. Taylor, Btry. C.

It was a hard blow to all of the regiment to see all of these bravely efficient men removed at one sudden and unavoidable blow of the enemy.

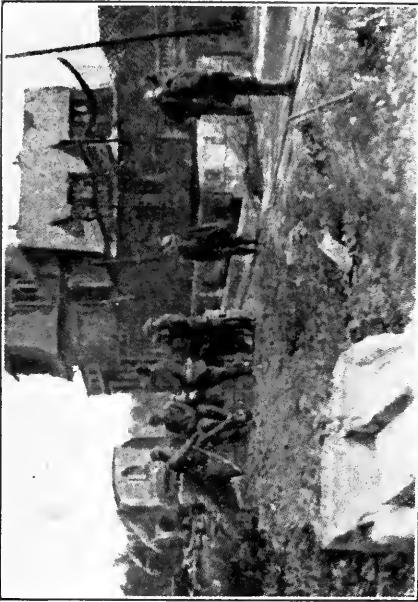
After having been attached for duty to the 1st division, for two days we were now relieved and ordered back to



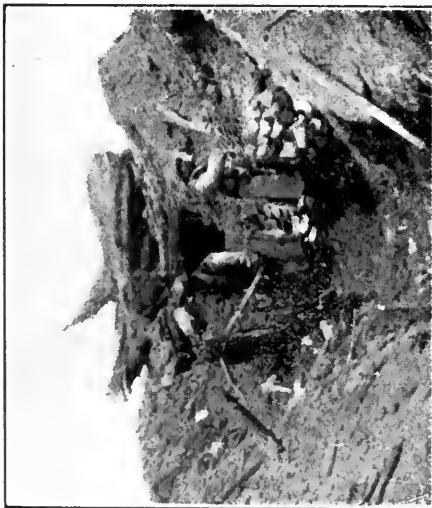
Road to Boureuilles.



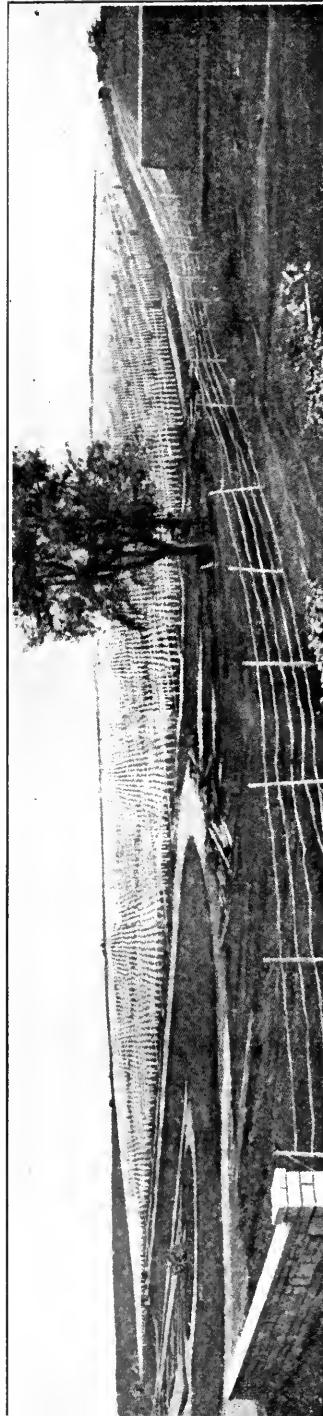
Vauquois



Bridge near our Battery Position at Varennes



Shell torn dugout on Vaquois.



American Cemetery at Romagne in Argonne.

rejoin the 35th division.

Before our departure the following order was issued—

Hq. 1st division,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France October 2, 1918.

From Commanding Gen. 1st division. Subject—appreciation of services of the 60th F. A. Brigade.

1. In view of the departure of your division from this vicinity in the immediate future, I wish to express my appreciation and the appreciation of the division for the services rendered by your divisional artillery.

2. The 60th F. A. Brigade by its alertness, efficiency and willingness to serve has made a very favorable impression on all ranks of the division.

3. In connection I wish to especially name Brigade Gen. Lucien G. Berry to whose personal influence the efficiency and zeal displayed by the 60th F. A. Brigade may well be attributed.

C. P. Summerall.
Maj.-Gen., U.S.A.

1st Division.

Headquarters 35 hd. div., American E. F., 3rd Oct. 1918. To commanding Gen., 60th F. A. Brigade, transmitted. It gives the division commander great pleasure to know that even after five days, in which the division was engaged, entailing upon your organization such tremendous and such successful efforts, you were still able to put the same vigor into your operations for the relieving 1st div. to which you were attached for duty. The division

commander is proud of you and he desires to inform your officers and men thereof.

Peter E. Traub, Maj. Gen. U.S.A.
Commanding 35th Div.

In this connection it may be fitting to add that the 35th and 28th divisions were the only ones to ever be especially mentioned in the official communique.

In his dispatches, General Pershing especially mentioned the good work of the Kansas, Missouri and Pennsylvania troops.

In the Argonne "A" had fired 900 rounds at Fornimont and 1,189 at Varennes.

"B"	760	979
"C"	810	744
"D"	692	754
"E"	737	832
"F"	804	555
	4,793	5,053

Total for the battle 9,846 Rounds from the 130th.

It may be well to inject here the names of the chief of sections and gunners of E and F batteries which have not been mentioned here-to-fore. They are Edward Amidon, George Shiller, Berle Stuessi, H. B. Smith, Fred Fisher and Fred Bratchie of E, and Glen Thompson, Segt. Axline, Fred Horn, George Thurgate, Cyril Brown, Louis Truax and Elton Frizzell of F.

They were dropping a few shells in Varennes and along the road as we pulled out. B battery got stuck and broke a pole on the bridge and A battery had to leave a couple of caissons

behind on account of lack of horses but we finally got out about midnight and pulled up to Bois de Chalade where we made camp, at 5 A. M. on the morning of Oct. 3rd. and remained until about 11 A. M. Lohman, Major, Slats and myself went to sleep on a huge pile of old clothing that the salvage squad had left and we collected several new varieties of cooties. At 11 A. M. we pulled out, led by "dizzy Jimmy Hughes" who led us all over the world and through Les Islettes and several forests. About forty kilometers altogether without a stop. We put up at about 4 A. M. in the wood above Froidos where we stayed all Sunday pulling out about 8 A. M. Monday morning. It was at Froidos that Dr. Jackson got sick and had to leave the regiment. It was here also that Majors bullied a Q. M. lieutenant out of some clean underwear and about six of us took a much needed bath in a gallon of warm water. It was at Froidos too that Majors bribed a French lady into cooking a chicken dinner.

At 6 P. M. on the evening of October 5th, we arrived at Hargeville which was supposed to be our rest billets.

We had taken part in a battle. Our first and only big battle 'tis true but the greatest battle of history and one whose out-come probably had a more far reaching effect than any other battle in the history of the world.

Later we received the following orders bearing on the battle of the Argonne.

Headquarters, 35th Division.

American Exp. Forces,

14th, October, 1918.

General Orders

No. 82.

1. It is with great pride and pleasure that I make a record and publish in General Orders, my appreciation of the courage and devotion to duty of the officers and men of the following units under my command during their seven day's battle against the picked troops of the enemy, from Sept. 26th, to October 2nd, 1918.

The 130th, F. A. Regiment.

2. The task of making of record the individual acts of courage and devotion to duty in the face of a deadly artillery and machine gun fire is an impossible one, for many of them will never be known. No greater praise and commendation to the officers and men of units mentioned above can be bestowed than to say they have performed the tasks set for them, in a spirit and manner worthy of the best ideals and traditions of the American Army. You have met and defeated picked divisions of the enemy, you never failed to respond cheerfully to whatever difficult and dangerous tasks may have been set you to perform. You have accomplished these tasks with a fearless courage and disregard of danger which fully justifies the pride which those at home have in you. Vauquois, Bois de Rossignol, Ouvrage d' Aden, Cheppy, Very, Charpentry, Baulny, Bois de Montrebeau, and Exermont are names

that you may take just pride in passing on to your native states as having been the scenes of your feats of arms.

3. The spirits of our dead comrades are with us to urge us on to great deeds in our country's noble cause. To their families and friends we extend our heart-felt sympathy. To our wounded we hope for a speedy and safe return to our ranks that they may add their great spunk and enthusiasm to those of their more fortunate brothers in arms.

4. I direct that this general order be read to all of the units of this command at the first formation at which they are assembled after receipt thereof.

Peter E. Traub
Major Gen. U.S. Army
Commanding

It was passing division headquarters in our march into Hargeville that Gen. Traub saw the "A" battery men pulling on the drag ropes to assist the horses up the hill and commended them highly for it.

G. H. Q.
American Expeditionary Forces
France, Dec. 18, 1918.

General Orders.

No. 232.

It is with a sense of gratitude for its splendid accomplishment which will live through all history, that I record in General Orders a tribute to the victory of the first army in the Meuse—Argonne battle.

Tested and strengthened by the re-

duction of St. Mihiel salient for more than six weeks you battered against the pivot of the enemy line on the western front. It was a position of imposing natural strength stretching on two sides of the Meuse river from the bitterly contested hills of Verdun, to the almost impenetrable forest of the Argonne; a position moreover fortified by four years of labor designed to render it impregnable; a position held with the fullest resources of the enemy. That position broke entirely and thereby hastening the collapse of the enemy's military power.

Soldiers of all of the divisions engaged under the 1st, 3rd and 5th corps—The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 82nd, 89th, 90th, and 91st,—you will long be remembered for the stubborn persistence of your progress, your storming of obstinately defended machine gun nests, your penetration, yard by yard, of woods and ravines, your heroic resistance in the face of counter attacks supported by powerful artillery fire. For more than a month, from the initial attack of Sept. 26th, you fought your way slowly through the Argonne, through the woods and over hills west of the Meuse; you slowly enlarged your hold on the Cotes de Meuse to the east; and then, on the 1st. of Nov., your attack forced the enemy into flight. Pressing his retreat, you cleared the entire left of the Meuse south of Sedan,

and then stormed the heights on the right bank and drove him into the plains beyond.

Your achievement which is scarcely to be equaled in American history must remain a source of proud satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the American contribution toward the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or a soldier's memory.

This order will be read to all organizations at the 1st assembly formation after its receipt.

John J. Pershing,
General Commander in Chief,
American Expeditionary Forces

Official

Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General.

No one who has ever heard the burst of a 155 M. M. shell can mistake it for anything else—There was not a 155 coming from the rear reported to have fallen on our troops in the battle of the Argonne and the 130th Field Artillery fired no other kind. It is almost a certainty that most of the shells reported as falling on our own troops from the rear were coming from Germans on right and left flanks left exposed because of the much more rapid advance of the 35th.

Henry J. Allen of Kansas was in Cheppy on the 28th of Sept. His statement that loss of life was caused by the removal of high commanders,

the inefficiency of other commanders, a shortage of line officers and lack of cooperation between generals is now a proven fact, borne out by official reports and various authentic histories. Allen far from attempting to detract from the well earned glory of any branch of the service was simply trying to put credit where credit belonged; with men from Kansas and Missouri and no where else.

So we marched into Hargeville, A and B pulling on the guns—"D" with its pet rabbit, captured at Varennes, swinging from a horse's head in a nosebag and everybody ready for a rest and a clean up.

Ottawa, Kansas.

May 3, 1920.

Mr. Wm. P. MacLean.

Dear Sir:—

In regards to your card just rec'd. for my personal experinces, will say as a pvt. and cannoneer on second piece B Battery, putting powder into the gun was some experience for me in the Argonne drive. The Jerry's shelled us very much, making it look bad at times, but on our move up the 27th of Sept. to Varennes, we had just taken our position just after 12 o'clock to the right of the church. I was sitting on the edge of a small trench which led to a dugout, resting and waiting for orders to begin firing. When all at once something seemed to scrape my head saying zu-zu-zu-o., then the earth seemed to let loose just back of me in picket line and when I come to

senses not knowing how I got into this dugout in one leap. It was full but there was room for one more because they say I made room for one more. Then our captain gave us orders to start firing. On the 28th of September my buddie (Pearson) from A Battery, on the right of B, came over to visit me and we were not firing just at that moment. It was in the afternoon. We walked around in front of No. 2 gun and laid down on the ground, on our sides, to each other so as to talk to each other. Pretty soon a camouflaged machine in the air came from the rear dropping bombs and cutting loose with his machine gun on us, but luckily we did not get hit, but hitting right between us there on the ground, those bullets, spat! spat! spat! Just as he got by, boom! boom! boom! missing us about 15 or 20 feet. A machine gun missing about six inches. We were laying close together. Our hair began to raise and we could hardly talk to each other for awhile for that machine gun was getting close and he was flying about tree top high in the air. This is absolutely the truth. Of course I had experiences firing with gas masks on, and firing while aeroplanes raids were on too, the afternoon of October 2nd for three-fourths of an hour by time. But that was the closest or "Nearer my God to Thee" as ever I care to be again.

John L. Coogan
219 S. Main St.
Ottawa, Kans.

Mankato, Minn.
May 23, 1920.

Dear Sir:—

Your card received last Thursday and in answer will say that most of the incidents of my career while with the battery will probably have been related by some other member of the battery, so after some thought I have decided to submit the following to you.

When private Weber got hard-boiled. (W. A. Dennis always asked me if I remembered the night.)

We were, as you know, stationed in Varennes during the Argonne Forest affair. This happened one night when we were called out to relay shells from the ammunition dump to the pieces, a distance of about 60 rods. We had strict orders not to drop the shells in the mud. Well after a short time some of the men began to drop out, which of course left a greater distance for the remaining men to carry each shell. A man next to me had dropped out on the right side so I had to carry the distance of two. The man on the other side was hurrying me and calling to me to hurry and take that shell he did not want to hold the d--- thing all night. Well Jerry had put over a couple of gas shells and about the time I got to him the claxtons were sounding the gas alarm, I took the shell alright and ran over to the other end of my beat only to find the next man at the other end of his beat putting on his gas mask. Well there I was with the shell in my

arms, my gas mask at alert position and strict orders from a lieutenant not to drop the shells in the mud. What could I do? Well I dropped the shell and put on my mask and went back to the other end of my beat to find the other man cussing me to beat the cars. Well right there I turned loose on him and if you want to know what

I said,—Well, just ask (Speed) Dennis of Kansas City, Kansas.

Thanking you for your kind attention, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Elmer G. Weber,
Mankato, Minn.
R. R. 2, Box 74.



IN AT THE DEATH

ON October the 5th we arrived in Hargeville and billeted with the French inhabitants and their live-stock.

On the morning of the sixth, Major Jennings galloped in from some hospital and took command of the regiment. He began at once to put "pep" into the organization. "I know," said he to a meeting of the officers, "I have been back in a hospital for three months and have heard those fellows talk about the way they do things up at the front and I'm going to teach you to do them that way." On the morning of the 7th, every body wanted to go back up to the front and take his chances there.

At my own request, I was relieved from command of the 1st Bn. and placed back in command of "A" battery, the bunch that I had left home with.

The order came putting me in command of "A" at about 8:00 P. M. on the 7th. On the morning of the 9th I was relieved for inefficiency.

Jennings had gotten out a drill schedule which was to have kept horses and men busy every hour of the day in this beautiful rest camp. One item on the drill schedule was several hours road exercise for that poor bunch of

wash-boards that had worn their hoofs clear down to the fet-locks hiking through the Vosges and from Bayonne up through St. Mihiel to the Argonne and back.

Lt. Johnny Pike was detailed to take our horses out for this exercise. Major General Brewster of the inspector general's dep't. saw Pike starting out. "Where are you going with those horses?" he demanded. "Out for road exercise," replied the Lieut. "Road exercise h-l", exclaimed the General. "They are nearly dead from road exercise now. Turn them into that pasture there and let some one watch them eat grass." Just then "Bill Sykes," as one of the men nicknamed Major Jennings, bobbed up. General Brewster asked Jennings several questions which of course the Major could not answer as he had just come up from the rear the day before. "Well then send me some one who does know," roared the General. "I don't want to talk to you." Well of course the bow and bandy legged Major's dignity was mortally wounded and it had to be appeased, and he sent for me. "Where are your horses?" I was asked. "Lieut. Pike has them on road exercise as per your instructions." "You're a liar, they are over there in some French

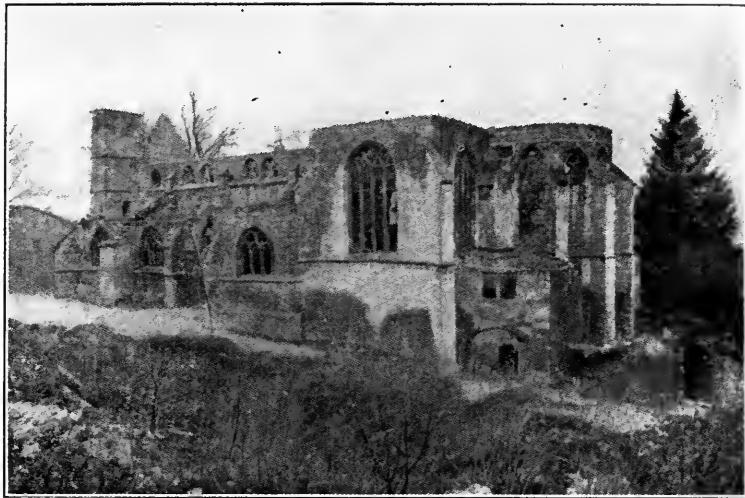
man's field eating grass". Of course I was dumbfounded and figured that the whole world had gone topsy turvy as I had, myself, instructed Pike to carry out the Major's orders for a road march and Pike was a most reliable officer. "Where are your guns?" asked the Major. "I don't know sir," was the reply and to a long list of questions— "Where are your men? Where is your 1st Sergt.? Where are your lieutenants? And where is your detail?" I could only answer "I don't know sir." "Well," said Jennings, "you're relieved from command of that battery." "Any further orders sir?" "No! only don't leave this camp until I find out what to do with you." I had no place to go any how and I was in such a condition that it was dangerous for me to stray more than one hundred yards away from a latrine so that it was easy to carry out the order. But I was in deep disgrace and I felt pretty bad about it until I found out that I had the sympathy of nearly the whole regiment. Joe Majors, who insisted on remaining my adjutant even in my reduced state, went out and got me a chicken. He came upon a French woman who was just in the act of killing a fat hen. Joe pointed to the chicken and held out some money. "Pour la General, pour la General" remonstrated the French lady pointing over to the large stone Chateau where Gen. Traub was quartered. "All right I'll take it to the General" said Joe and throwing her

some money he took the chicken and brought it to our quarters. Slats Goulette cleaned it, Micky Langan cooked it and we had a feast fit for a king or a Major-General.

Feeling much braver I wrote a letter to Major-General Traub explaining my situation and asking to be tried for my crimes or put back in command of my battery. This letter was never allowed to get past Brigade Headquarters, army regulations to the contrary notwithstanding.

It was at Hargeville that Capt. Mills issued an invitation to his coming out party. He was coming out of his pants for the first time in six weeks. The next day I was assigned as Adj't. to the 2nd battalion and the next day, October the 10th, we pulled out of our beautiful rest camp and headed for the front again.

As Major Brady was to have charge of the truck train and transportation of excess material, I had charge of the 2nd Bn. We marched along through Pierre la Fitte and several other villages, arriving toward evening at Courouve, Phil Sproat leading the way on his little black mule. We marched through Courouve, (where someone stole a barrel of beer) and on half way to Thillombois where we stopped at a French camp called Gibralter. Here we stayed all night and all day Saturday the 12th. On this trip Slats and Micky would shoot ahead to a village at about meal time and have a French lady prepare a meal for me.

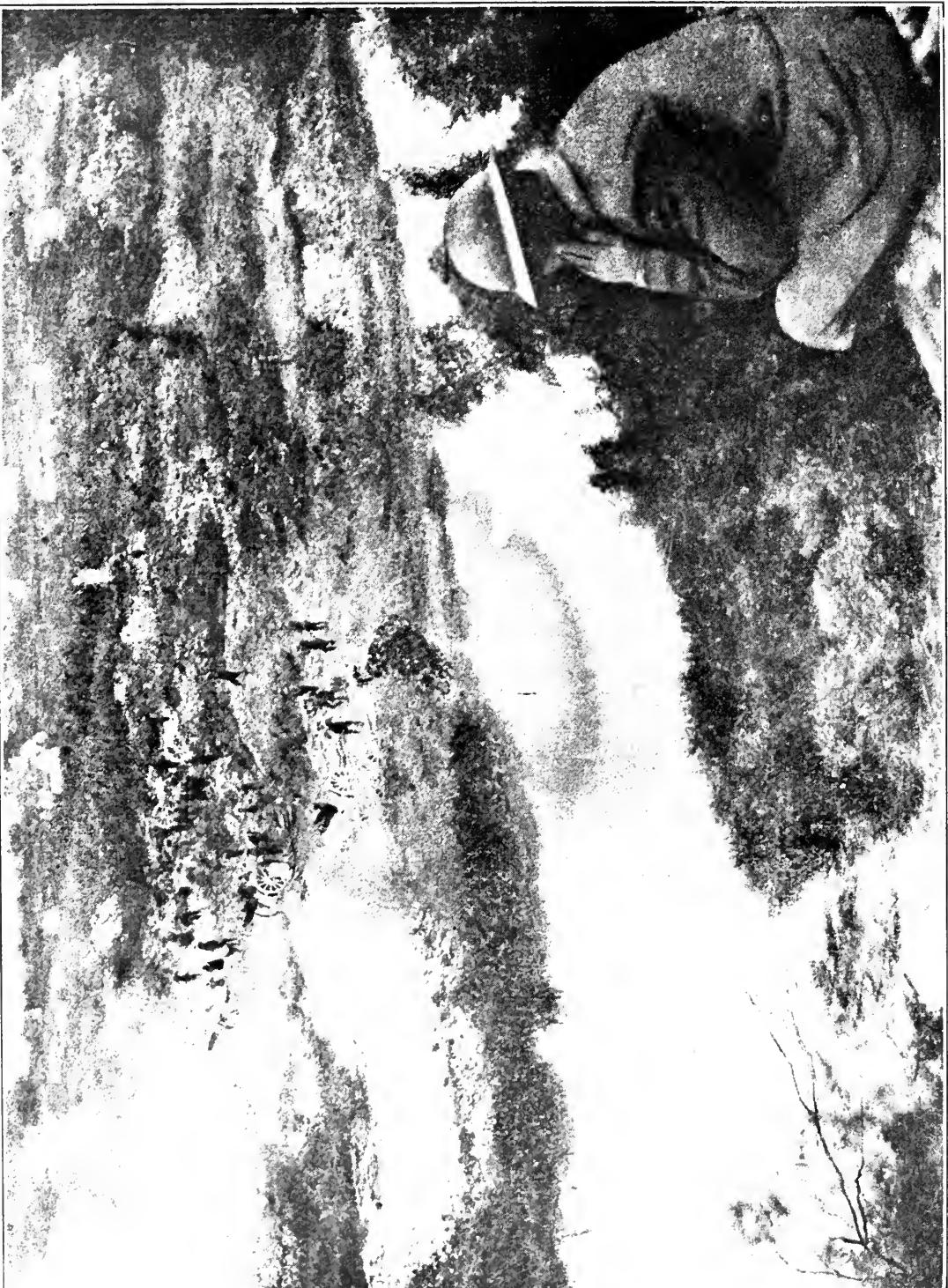


Church at Varennes used for awhile as 1st Battalion P. C.



Vauquois after the Bombardment.

2nd Battalion raising "Hell" at Varennes.



It would be already and piping hot when I got there and riding in at the head of 2nd battalion I could eat and be back in the saddle again in time to catch the tail as it came by.

At this camp every one who did not want to go on to the front were given a chance to fall out. Only those who were scarcely able to walk fell out.

At noon on Sunday, Jennings sent for me again and put me in charge of the 3rd Bn. with instructions to take it up to the front at once.

We started out at about six that evening amid rumors that an armistice had been signed and marched most of the night up through Monthairon and Ancemont to a camp a little above Ancemont. Lt. Robt. Schroeder did some fine work on this march in untangling a traffic mix-up that looked like it was going to block the whole army for some time. The balance of the Reg't came on and camped at Foret de Monthairon.

On the 13th we went forward into the Sommedieu sector and arranged to take over our new positions from the French. We were to place a battery where they had maintained a platoon. "F" was to be at camp Reunis near Fortress Rosalier and "E" further down the shell torn Metz-Verdun road toward Metz and about 1000 yards from the front. After all arrangements had been made with the French I went back to our camp to find that Colonel Fitzpatrick of the ammunition train had orders to occupy the same camp

that our battalion was in and a battle was imminent, but over a hot cup of coffee we came to an amicable agreement and Ritter and Olander went forward with me, leaving Brundage to bring on the battalion as soon as it grew dark enough.

On our trip down through Ancemont, Dieue, Sommedieu and over the hill, we posted markers at every turn to guide the guns. It was raining and was the darkest night on earth and they were shelling Ancemont when Brundage pulled through.

Before morning we had made the pull and had both batteries in position, laid on their proper targets. The French were on their way out and our extra men were pulling down the Hill toward the new rear eschelon at Rupt-en-Woevre.

As these positions had been built for two guns only, Ritter and Olander had a job of work to do in organizing them to take care of a full battery and they both set to work with a will at improving the positions and making gas proof dug-outs for E battery to care for the greater number of men.

Ritter had a particularly precarious position, situated as he was, right on the Metz-Verdun road and only 1,000 yards from the front. Not a day passed but what he received some gas or some shells. On the 14th the balance of the Regt. and Major Jennings were working up to Rupt. The Major halted the column on the stone bridge between Dieu and Ancemont.

"Whir-r-r-r-r-r Plopp" went a shell into the Meuse river right near the bridge. No one moved—Then another "Whir-r-r—bang—and one exploded on the bank. "Major," said Lieut. Culwell riding up, "Don't you think we had better move, sir? We are right on their target." "Whose target?" inquired the Major. "Why on the German's target, they are firing on the bridge." "No that's a French battery firing," said the veteran of the Psychopathic ward, but just then another hit with a smash in the road and Major Brady galloped up hardly able to speak for cussing. Jennings put spurs to his mount and left Brady and Culwell to get the column out of danger the best they could.

Everything was quiet in our positions for nearly a week. "E" Battery's positions were shelled some every day and shells dropped at intervals along the Metz-Verdun road, regularly enough to make a ride an interesting affair. Our guns were laid on Braquis a little south of Etain, and our field of fire extended from Braquis on the right to Etange Moulin over near Hautecourt on our left. We had an observation post with the French in the hills overlooking Braquis. Every effort was made to build enough dug-outs to accommodate the men and to make them bomb-proof and gas-proof.

We tried to keep up the camouflage of the positions. Olander's position was never shelled, Ritter was shelled continuously but whether it was because

the Germans knew the position or simply because the position was so near the road as to catch shells intended for the road, I cannot say.

Ritter had warning signs put up wherever a dud lit and his position looked like a graveyard.

On Saturday night of October 19th, we did our first firing on the Verdun Front. Barrage rockets went up from our lines down near Ville en Woevre and we let go—The rockets continued to go up calling for a barrage and we fired most of the night with the Germans answering along the road after each out-burst of our guns.

Barto Leinbach, Charles Lemmon, and McBratney were manning the O. P. that night and kept us well informed of what was going on both in our own and in the German lines in the way of signals, artillery action, etc.

We had our battalion P. C. in two little log houses in the woods above Reunis near where the Grand Tranchee road meets the Metz-Verdun road.

We were quite comfortable there. Brundage and myself in one cottage and Jennings with his telephone detail in the other. In the bedroom of our shack was a hole in the roof and another just below it through the floor, souvenirs of a playful aviator passing by. Mickey cooked for us and Slats kept the fire going in the French built open fireplace. Olander, Major, Vaughn and Davisson used to come over for mess with us. Occasionally Bob Schroeder or "Pop" Rit-

ter visited us from "E" Battery. Altogether it was a cozy situation. Bob Beine was Sergt. Major and San Jarrell was detail Sergt. One French soldier near us had a garden and gave us lettuce, onions and brussels sprouts.

We also gave them a can of bully beef or a loaf of white bread for a bottle of red wine. At first on this front we had difficulty in getting provisions enough. For a while everyone went short. We used to sit around in the dark so as to save our last candle for figuring data.

The French had a custom of naming their O. P's, P. C.'s, sectors, camps, etc., for their favorite actress. Capt. Perez tells of one sector that was named Pepita after a very popular Parisian actress.

The artillery officers were ordered to send into their divisional headquarters a map of the sector, coloring it so as to show what parts could and what parts could not be seen from points near their battery position.

This was called a visibility map. The Frenchmen made the map and properly colored it and sent it in with the following caption, "Map showing the visible and invisible parts of Pepita." We thought that inasmuch as our P. C. was American we would change its name from Helena to some American actress and after some discussion and studying over pictures out of old magazines we decided on Martha Hedmen.

We wrote to apprise her of this honor but the fair Martha never an-

swered.

Fred Olander dissented claiming that Martha's style of beauty did not suit him at all so he seceded and named his part of the dump, "Constance Talmadge."

There was a French Sergeant-Major living near us who hailed from near the Spanish border; had long black mustaches and English almost as bad as he probably considered our French. He would butt in on us in the morning when we were busy putting away some of Mickey's famous pancakes and twisting his mustaches say: "Oh! have you news?" receiving a negative reply, he would answer, "No it is I, always" and then proceed to regale us with what we had read in the Stars and Stripes the week before. One day he noticed a picture of Brundage's sister on the wall. "Ah! is it not beautiful? Is it married?" he asked Brundage, who replied "No" "Well if I were not married already," said the Frenchman, "I would ask you to take me home and let me marry it." Then because we burst into hilarious laughter, he thought he had said something wrong and spent the remainder of the afternoon explaining and apologizing.

Regimental and Brigade headquarters were established and our sectors and missions were changed. It was now necessary to find new O. P's. Ritter's was easy. Out in front of his battery overlooking Norveaux and Watronville we found an old French

machine gun position which we easily turned into a fine observation post. Olander, who must fire out to the left as far as Soupleville farm, was more difficult to satisfy. I started out toward Verdun with Bob Tweedy to find something that would do. We went around the edge of Fort Rosaliers down the slippiest, muddiest road I ever saw to C. P. Tunis, thence up another good pike to two infantry O.P.'s. Metz and Strassburg—We were supporting the 138, 139 and 140th infantry so they readily agreed to let us share these O.P.'s. which were on high hills—Strassburg over-looking Moulainville near Fort Moulainville and Metz just above the village of Eix. It was quite dark by this time and Tweedy and I were tired—To make matters worse we lost our way so that by the time we reached that muddy stretch of road it was a heart-breaking struggle to get through but we made it finally.

The Germans would seem to fire at a cross road until we got nearly up to it and then they would shift and very accomodatingly fire at some point we had already passed.

The next day it was necessary to go up again with Dana Jennings so as to show him where to lay his telephone wires. I got stuck in the mud as usual and after falling down and wallowing in it several times was so tired, muddy and disgusted that I would have stayed their had not Smiley, Wilson and Smith come back to pull me out. We sent a detail up from each

battery to man the O. P.'s. and make a report each day of what happened along the front. Lieut. Jennings and his crew certainly did fine work in keeping up their thirty miles of telephone lines—Often going out to repair a cut made by a high explosive while the shells were still falling. "E" battery had a detail to man O. P. Strassburg and "F" battery Metz.

The first day the "F" battery men went up they selected a dugout near the observation post, put their bedding down and stepped out to bring up their instruments. A big one came over from Dieppe way and crashing into the dugout spoiled some of the bedding. During our first two weeks on the front it rained continuously but after that the weather changed to bright sunshiny days and life in the woods was not half bad.

Olander registered on Soupleville Farm and Ritter registered on a farm just to the left of and on a line with Hermemont. I was with Ritter at the O. P. while he was firing and his gunners responded nicely to his commands and he was tearing down his target. The sun came up and we espied in the edge of the woods, not quite hidden by the trees, which were now losing some of their leaves a set of buildings, good looking and almost untouched by the hand of war.

"Von Hindenberg himself must live there," said Ritter, "what would you say if I'd drop a few on him?" "Capt. we have no authority to shoot there,"

I replied, "but if your guns were to slip off about fifteen miles in deflection, I'm sure that no one could be blamed but the canoneers. The guns slipped and a couple of volleys sent a flock of Huns scurrying out of their comfortable quarters, and into the woods.

Our sector now extended from Hermemont to Abaucourt.

General Patsy Dugan, who said of himself, "If I had to serve under an officer as mean as I am I would commit suicide," now took command of the division. It was nearly dark and Capt. Ritter was standing out in front of his battery position. He had a wonderful position too. He saw an officer coming along the road wearing an iron hat and his gas mask on at the alert. Thinking it was a friend of his from the 129th, he waved his hand and yelled, "Hi there, old timer." Dugan approached in majesty and might and delivering a lecture of one-half hour in length containing about everything that could be said, asked Ritter if he had any explanation to make. Ritter just as dignified and a lot more manly looking than the General, coolly replied, "None that you would care to hear, Sir."

We had our Liason with the infantry pretty well perfected in this sector. Vaughan with a detail of gunners was with the 140th and Lieut. Fuller was stationed with the 137th. About this time the Germans were getting tired of the war and kept scattering propaganda down from air-planes on the

American and French troops trying to get them to quit fighting. Printed in French on one side and English on the other. One read as follows;—"The German people offers Peace. The new German democratic government programme. The will of the people is the brightest law

The German people wants quickly to end the slaughter. The new German popular Government has offered an Armistice and has declared itself ready for Peace. On the basis of justice, reconciliation of nations. It is the will of the German people that it should live in peace with all nations honestly and loyally. What has the new German popular government done so far to put in practice the will of the people and to prove its good and upright intentions? The new German government has appealed to President Wilson to bring about peace. It has recognized and accepted all the principles which President Wilson proclaimed as a basis for a general and lasting peace of justice among nations.

The new German Government has solemnly declared it's readiness to evacuate Belgium and to restore it. The new German Government is ready to come to an honest understanding about Alsace-Lorraine. The new German Government has restricted U-Boat war. No passenger steamer not carrying troops or war material will be attacked in the future. The new German Government has declared that it will withdraw all German troops

back over the German frontier.

The new German Government has asked the allied Government to name commissioners to agree upon the practical measures of the evacuation of Belgium and France.

These are the deeds of the new German popular Government. Can these be called mere words, or bluff or propaganda? Who is to blame if an armistice is not called now? Who is to blame if, daily, thousands of brave soldiers needlessly have to shed their blood and die?

Who is to blame if the hitherto undestroyed towns and villages of France and Belgium sink into ashes?

Who is to blame if hundreds of thousand of unhappy women and children are driven from their homes to hunger and freeze?

The German people offers its hand for peace."

A whine and a threat which had no effect. Another one of about the same tonor started out, "Why are we fighting?"

On these fine afternoons Brundage and I would take turn about watching the office or taking a long ride.

We rode over into Verdun when it was still being shelled and bombed. That town was a wreck—Every body living in it was living under-ground—I shall describe it more fully later.

One evening we got the signal for a barrage and let go and these barrage signals kept going up incessantly and kept us firing most of the night. Dur-

ing our firing "F" was harassed by machine gun bullets from aeroplanes. some medical corps men, Louis Cagle, S.H. Davis, Lester Gardner, Wm. Miller, Arthur Scholtz, June Smith, Turner, Kenneth Bratton, and C. Wilson were carring shells for the battery and refused to leave the guns even under this machine gun fire. One aeroplane left a large ball of brightly burning fire above the battery position and we all figured that it was a signal and a marker for the German batteries and that "F" would get hers before morning but nothing happened, the barrage rockets kept going up all night and the queer thing about it all was that no one was ever able to explain who was sending them up.

Down in the valley behind us the 60th C.A.C. had two big 16 in. guns concealed, which they brought up on flat cars for night and early morning firing and took down below Sommedieu for the days. One was called "Queen Elizabeth" and the other "Revielle Kate." Their roar used to knock us out of bed every morning. A German battery at Dieppe was always searching for these guns. One evening when Brundage and I were coming back from Dieue about seven miles away, where we had ridden to buy a few smokes and some nuts for our regular evening sessions before the open fire-place, this battery started up or at least one platoon of it did. The shot were landing around Sommedieu and back up in the valley where brigade

head quarters was located in and around an old Chateau. A shell came over and a brigade headquarters man, sticking his head out of his dug-out, called, "never touched me"—but before he could get back the second one landed and took his head off. We had a hard time getting up the hill out of Sommedieu; but we finally timed the shots and found that they were coming in pairs, a minute apart and about five minutes between pairs or platoon salvos. We waited, ready until a pair had landed and then off we went. I don't know exactly how far we got in that next five minutes but I believe it could equal any of the worlds saddle records.

Major Jennings had some fine large ideas. When Olander had reported his fuses did not work very well and there had been a good proportion of duds in his last firing—Jennings asked him if he saved them all to shoot over again. But the Germans were firing lots of duds too. Ritters position looked like a little grave yard with the dud holes surmounted by the little signs with which he had marked them.

Jennings visited Richard's positions. He noticed a pile of shells scattered about in a disorderly heap. "Why don't you pile up those shells?" asked the major.

"I have all I can do to take care of my own," said Richards.

"Why don't you fire these?" "Because they are not for my guns."

"That's the trouble with you fellows,"

roared the major. "Just because these shells were not handed to you personally you won't use them and will allow them to go to waste. Now I order you to use up all of those shells." "I'm sorry sir; but I can't," Richards answered. "What's that? What's that? You refuse? Why can't you?" blustered the Major. "Because Sir—" Richards answered calmly, "They are for a 155 long gun and have two rotating bands and they won't work in a 155 Howitzer."

The Major left.

The heavenly twins were "off of" Ritter because he did not sympathize with their views as strongly as they wished, and nothing that he could do was right, altho he was a fine engineer and had worked out, under extreme difficulties, what was probably one of the best organized battery positions on the front. His machine guns were, in my opinion, extremely well placed, in good cover, on the flanks and a little forward of the guns. But of course the twins objected. There was a rise in the Metz-Verdum road about five hundred yards ahead and they insisted that the machine guns should be beyond this rise so as to be able to shoot at their full range.

"But," objected Ritter, "we have our big guns for the long range and would hardly use our machine guns at all except against air-planes or for the close defense of the guns."

"Makes no difference" said Thurston "you have the machine guns and should

plan to use them as a regular machine gun battalion would do." "But they will be cut off from the rest of the battery out there. They will be exposed to the guns of the enemy on that forward slope, and they will not get the protection that the rest of the battery could have given them nor will they be able to protect it's flanks so well." "That's just it, always worrying about your men," said Thurston, "Don't worry about them. Each time you send them out there, just say good-bye to them."

So forever after twice each day Ritter had a ceremony of lining up his machine gun detail and solemnly saying good-bye to each one of them before he sent them out to their posts.

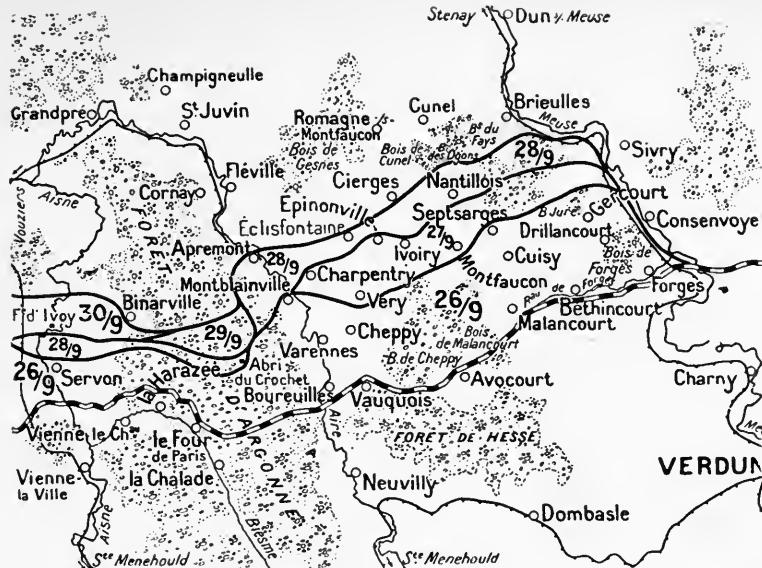
One bright Sunday afternoon the men at the E battery O. P. saw a bunch of German horses come in, hook up to a battery and pull out with it in plain view. We tried to get permission to shoot at it, but by the time we got permission it was out of sight. The colonel of the 137th infantry pointed out to us a battalion of Germans marching from Abaucourt to Hermemont. We made all our plans to sweep this road and waited for permission but by the time we had asked Regimental, Regimental had asked Brigade and Brigade had asked some one else, the Germans were home in bed. So that when the 140th reported another working party along the road between Hautecourt and

Abaucourt we divided up the road between Olander and Ritter and soon put them out of business, writing our letters of explanation afterward. The greatest and most valuable characteristic of the American soldier is his individuality. Our system instead of developing and making the most of this, strives to crush it entirely. There is no reason why a battery commander should not have the full authority and responsibility for his own battery in an emergency. Of course it would be up to him to give a good explanation of his actions afterward. If this were allowed, a battery would be a more effective fighting unit.

The 1st Bn., which was well up toward Verdun and Moulainville, was shelled often. One night they got a shower of 105's. The next morning they reported a bombardment by 210's but of course no one blamed them for counting each one twice.

Lt. Carl Anderson went out in a shower of H. E. to make his way to his observation post and showed considerable bravery in sticking right to the business in hand in spite of the shower.

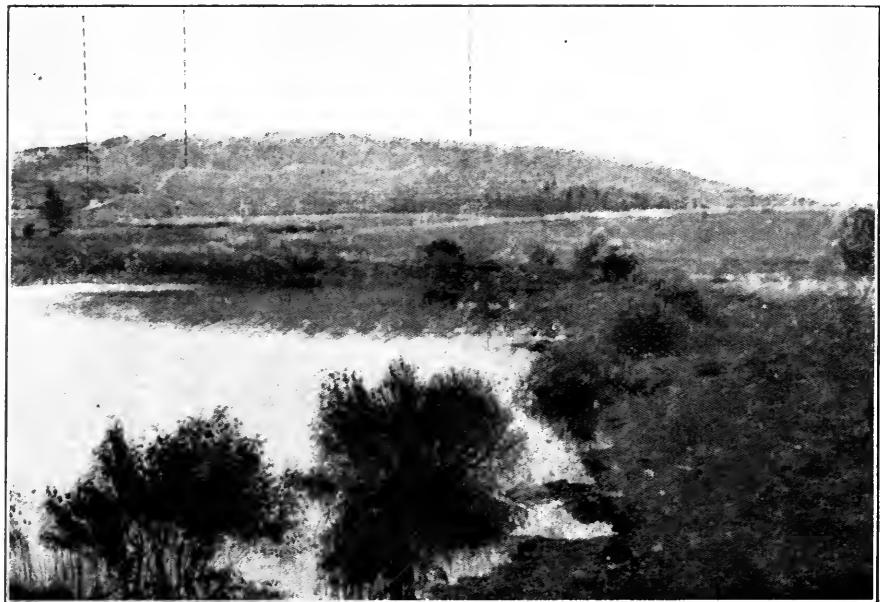
Clarice Kopp, the famous light weight boxer of "A" battery, was battery runner. While taking reports from the battery to the Bn. P. C., he got caught on a cross roads. He was knocked down and almost buried by the first shell, but he says that while they were coming fast, he had himself out, was on his feet and five hundred



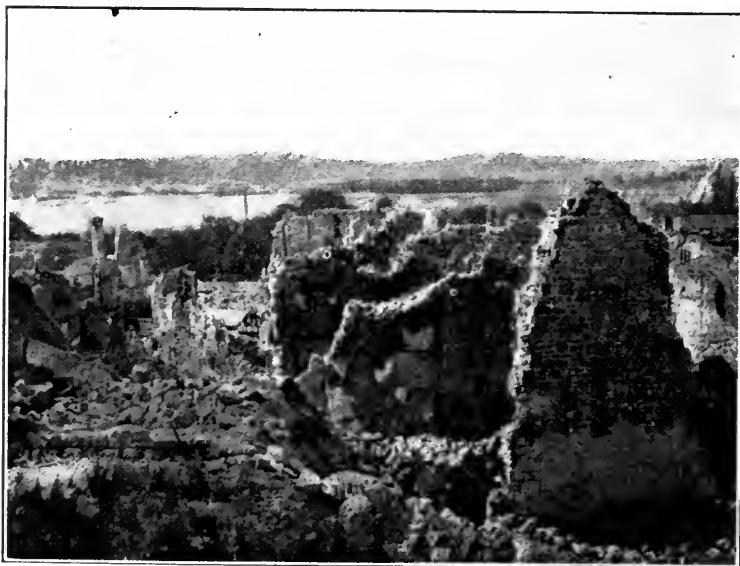
Map shows 35th positions in the Argonne



River Aire near Varennes.



Vauquois Hill,



Ruins of Clermont.

yards up the road before the next one hit.

Two days before Hallowe'en, 1918, the Germans put on quite a party. They started in as soon as it was dusk and kept it lively with H. E. and gas all along the front until early morning. The H. E. were shaking the whole earth and the gas shells were pop popping along the road like thousands of Champagne bottles being opened in rapid succession, in an old-fashioned New Year's celebration.

We had to sit tight and wear our gas masks. If the Germans started to shoot in a certain place we were never afraid of them because they were so cock sure that they never changed their range. So that while some of their overs for the Metz and Verdun road were falling within fifty yards of us, we went to bed and tried to get a little sleep with our gas masks on. The stench of gas was pretty strong and the terrible mustard gas could be easily detected. We hung wet blankets over the doors and went to bed. I was wearing my own gas mask but Brundage insisted that I try a teso. I got it on but could not breathe, so I took it off and put my own on, keeping the teso handy. I must have gone to sleep for when I next awoke Brundage's bed was all a-fire. In turning over I had pushed the teso off my cot, it in turn had knocked over the candle. With San Jarrell and Beine's help we soon put out the fire.

We kept trying out our telephone wires and whenever there was any break in communication Jennings and his faithfully efficient detail were out over the shelled roads to find and mend the break. "E" battery's position got a terrible strafing and several men were gassed. Fuller and some of his liaison detail with the 137th were gassed and we had to send Voorhies up to relieve him; but the direst calamity of all was that the gas got into Mickey's pancake batter and we had no pancakes for breakfast next morning.

The next day, General Berry made his famous visit to our Battalion position, when we were trying to catch up, and nearly scared us all to death.

That day and for several days after, the whole area reeked with gas. On Hallowe'en we started in all along our front to treat the Heinies to a Hallowe'en party. Every gun worked hard all night sending over gas and H. E. of every size and description and we wobbled her about enough so that everybody within range got some of it.

We fired steadily for nearly 10 hrs. German planes zoomed over but our own planes and the French anti-batteries kept them pretty well up in the air. The French worked with us in this demonstration.

A few days afterward Olander and I rode with Mickey Clinton out toward O. P. Strassburg. As we hit the muddy stretch past Rosaliers we saw a

German plane come down in flames, struck by a French anti. This was the third and last plane that I saw brought down during the war. It looked to us as though he had landed in the woods just ahead and to our right. We searched the whole woods in vain. Upon arriving at Metz we found that he had landed between the lines out in front of Moulainville and that the rival machine gunners were busy keeping the other side from sallying out to get him.

On this trip we lost our way in the trenches and got up above Eix. The Germans were shelling Eix with gas and we got to sneezing and crying so that we could hardly see our way. When we got to Fort Moulainville the Frenchmen there were all sneezing too. On the ride back, Clinton got quite tired and sore, Olander and I wanted to get back before dark so we rode along at a brisk trot with Clinton bouncing along behind, begging us to take our time,

A German aviator got tangled in the wind and had to come down near "A" battery's position. His plane, clothes and everything dissappeared for souvenirs.

About this time the 105th balloon Co. moved into Belle Rupt and we made arrangements to fire with them.

Jennings and detail got busy again and laid our wires for us. Jennings had an uncanny ability for finding old abandoned wires with which the front was covered, testing them out, look-

ing them up and thus saving himself a lot of time, trouble and wire. For a few days it was too windy but finally came a nice day and we were just getting along fine, firing on the nice, juicy spots that the balloon man picked out for us when along came a German plane which set our balloon on fire and caused the observer to take to his parachute.

It was while we were on this sector that Beine, Tweedy and a bunch from each battery were given seven days leave to the Grenoble area and lived and acted like the kings they were for awhile amid the entertainment and adulation of the French population, mostly feminine.

On November 1st the 35th Division, Patsy Dugan and all, passed into the French 17th Army Corps. On the night of the 5th and 6th our infantry was relieved and the 81st or wild cat (although nobody knows what drove them wild) division moved in. We of the artillery stayed on to support the wild cats as their artillery was still at Coetquidan. Our men had a great time selling army equipment, dug-outs and ammunition to the new-comers and making their eyes pop out with tales of brave deeds and horrible experiences. But like all Americans the wild-cats were good soldiers and brave men as they amply proved in the last two or three days of the war.

A little before this Thurston had been made a Lt. Colonel and put in command of the regiment. This the

mighty Jennings could never forgive and it almost disrupted the bond between the heavenly twins. On November 9th, word was received that Col. Hugh Brown was to take command of the regiment and in order to make a place for Jennings, Thurston relieved me instantly from command of the 3rd Bn. with orders to report to Captain Richards, an officer somewhat my junior, army regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, for duty with "D" battery, which I had previously recruited and organized at Pittsburg and which had made a splendid record throughout the action in which we had engaged. This nearly broke me up in business and I could not wax very enthusiastic about the war or the army thereafter. The storm king came piling in three minutes after the message and before I could get my stuff moved out. I said good-bye to the good fellows with whom I had fought so pleasant a war, and with my bedding roll, several cans of jam and a few precious candles following me in a fourgon, set out for "D" battery of whose position I was not acquainted, feeling pretty blue. Our light artillery regiments were firing pretty steadily over in the Germans and there were some answering shells. Lieut. S. H. Culwell was commanding "D" at the time. Frank McFarland, who had commanded it bravely and efficiently was assigned to duty at Senegal.

I found "D" battery pretty well situated well over to right of the regimental

sector overlooking Ville en Woevre. "D" had probably gone further in the construction of permanent gun pits than any other battery. The men, especially the gunners and detail, were efficient and well trained and Jim Hyndman was the biggest and probably the best all around first sergeant in the A.E.F.

Culwell, Vass and Noble were running the battery efficiently and I allowed them to continue running it.

Early in the morning of the 10th, after a short barrage, the 81st Division started a drive to straighten out a kink in the line from Etain to Verdun.

This action was a preliminary to what would have been a general movement to envelop Metz, the strongest inland fortified city in the world. The armistice was signed just in time to block what would have been one of the greatest pieces of military strategy in history.

While both the officers and men of the wild-cat division showed a lack of experience in liaison and coordinating the various arms of the service, they went to it over swampy land and against a well entrenched enemy with a dash and bull-dog tenacity for holding what they gained that surprised the Germans off their feet. Through that day and night we fired intermittently on Braquis, Ville en Woevre, etc.

Albert Brubaker did great work in maintaining regimental telephone connection during this battle. For "D"

battery, Tommy Nicholson also did fine work along these lines.

Pvt. Floyd A. Johnson, acting on the liaison section, went over the top on a bicycle which was shot from under him.

Harry Vaughan was also cited in 81st Division orders.

The 81st were meeting stubborn resistance and were suffering many casualties. On the morning of the 10th we had been called out early to fire and so we had our maps, candles and instruments all ready for the morning of the 11th, but nothing much happened until about 10 A.M. when we received a hurry up call that an entire battalion of Germans were lined up in Ville en Woevre for breakfast. We at once opened fire with all the guns of C and D batteries and threw over nearly two hundred shells in less than ten minutes. Afterward the infantry counted 250 Germans dead in the village. With the hard surfaced roads and stone walls they had been caught in a veritable death-trap. All firing ceased at eleven o'clock and the Germans were very excited about it. The French also put on quite a celebration, but the Americans on the front had very little to say. The most impressive thing to us was the wonderful silence after the weeks of din and noise. We could hear the crickets chirp and the birds sing and the rats crawling about at night and the cooties chasing each other playfully around. It was too quiet to sleep well.

The next few days were spent in wandering about hunting for souvenirs and going brazenly up to places where one would not have dared to go before except in a charge.

Every body got to throwing hand-grenades, practicing at target shooting and setting off rockets and all sorts of fire works so that in these first few days of peace it was really more dangerous to walk or ride around than it had been during the war.

Along all roads the Germans had placed, at intervals of fifty yards, large calibre shells, set down into the ground in wooden boxes. All of these shells were connected by an electric wiring system so that one touch of a button would blow the roads out of existence. Besides there were many gigantic mines at cross-roads.

One fine thing had happened. Col. Hugh Brown, as fine a man as ever wore a uniform, blew in on the 9th, deposed the heavenly twins and took command of the regiment for the last few days of the war. Everybody loved Col. Brown and he began at once to try to change the system and make the men think they really were men instead of drudges. He opened up the guard house and turned loose the prisoners, a lot of good fellows who had served faithfully, heroically all through the Argonne battle but had committed some slight breach before.

This was so different from what we had been used to that we could at first scarcely realize the change.

To give a good contrast, I shall describe Lt. Noble's introduction to the regiment while it was under Colonel Thurston's regime. Thurston said to him, "Noble, we have one way of judging an officer here, your record seems good, but we can't tell anything about you now, after you have been here a couple of months we can tell. If after you have been here a couple of months, the men like you, we will know that you are an inefficient officer. If they all hate you we shall know that you are fit to command." This from the commander of a regiment in the American army. America the greatest democracy in the world.

Brown himself writes of his coming to the regiment:

"I had been promoted to Colonel, that was definite, although I could secure no official confirmation of it. I was in the Argonne with my old outfit preparing to move forward. It was equipped with heavy artillery. Two things were certain; It would never overtake the Infantry and get into action; nor would I ever command a regiment in action if I followed through with it.

To find my regiment was my all absorbing idea. I determined to put across the fastest possible piece of action with all concerned. No one could enter Chaumont without an O. B. (official business pass.) There was only one thing to do and do quickly I lost no time in proceeding to Souilly. After much talk and some argument the Artillery Headquarters were per-

suaded to authorize my preceding to Chaumont. When that authority was obtained, not a minute was lost in speeding to G. H. Q. Inside of an hour after arriving there I was a colonel with a definite assignment to what I considered the one best bet, the 130th Field Artillery, a regiment which had been and still was in action.

After considerable difficulty in obtaining the necessary repairs to my car I traveled most of the night to get back to the Argonne, only snatching a few hours rest in an attic room at St. Dizier; so that early the next morning I could finally depart and join my new command. Not taking any chances with property, person or time I secured a special dispensation for the use of a White reconnaissance car and was off to the east bank of the Meuse.

By noon I was with the one regiment that I would love to have once more, the 130th Field Artillery; which for interest and work, loyalty and efficiency, could not nor can be excelled."

This was our Colonel. Everybody smiled and shook hands after he paid a visit to the battery positions and said, "Oh if we had only had him all the way through."

On Nov. the 17th we pulled down and took up our billets in the filthy and partially demolished village of Sommedieu. Our guns we left at the railhead at Dugny. Rumor was that we were to join the army of occupation.

Casualties in the 130th F. A. during the last month of the war were as fol-

lows:

1st Lt. Wiley M. Fuller, gassed while acting as Liaison officer with the 137th near Watronville.

Pvt. Russel B. Harrison, battery F, slightly gassed on Verdun front.

Pvt. John R. Phillips, battery E, gassed, undetermined as to degree, on Verdun front.

Pvt. Fred W. Shepherd, battery E, slightly gassed on the Verdun front.

Lt. Arthur R. Vorys, battery E, slightly gassed on Verdun front.

Lt. Fulton Thompson, leg broken on Verdun front.

These men were all members of the Third Bn. Liaison detail and had been

stationed right up in the front lines with the infantry during the heavy gas attacks of late October.

During the months that we were in action, besides those who were injured by the enemy, we had the following men die of pneumonia because of exposure while on duty.

Pvt. Fred W. Mueller, btry. "B"

" Perry E. Weikel, btry. "F"

" Charles Kiernan, btry. "A"

" Reuben Reichard, btry. "C"

" Peter A. Schragen, btry. "C"

All of these men were buried in France.

They all had splendid records with their organizations.

FIFTY GREAT EVENTS —of— 1918, VICTORY YEAR

(1.) Jan. 5—President Wilson names fourteen points necessary to peace, in speech before Congress.

(2.) Feb. 5—British transport *Tuscania* torpedoed and sunk off Irish coast by German submarine; 170 American soldiers lost.

(3.) Mar. 2—Russian Bolsheviks sign *Brest-Litovsk* treaty, giving up one-quarter of European Russia to Germany.

(4.) Mar. 4—Rumania surrenders to Germany.

(5.) Mar. 21—Germans start "spring offensive" on western front, aiming to capture Paris and channel ports.

(6.) Mar. 23—"Mystery guns" of Germans begin shelling Paris from a

distance of seventy-four miles.

(7.) April 12—Marshall Haig, to the British troops in Flanders: "We are fighting with our backs to the wall."

(8.) April 20—Americans defeat Germans at Seicheprey.

(9.) May 4—Third American liberty loan over-subscribed.

(10.) May 5—Austrians start "drive" on Italy.

(11.) May 15—Air mail service starts between New York and Washington.

(12.) May 29—Americans capture Cantigny.

(13.) June 3—Five German submarines attack shipping on U. S. Atlantic coast.

(14.) June 11—American marines defeat Germans at Belleau Wood.

(15.) June 12—Air mail starts between London and Paris.

- (16.) June 17—Italians, British and French defeat Austrians on Piave river in first of a series of battles.
- (17.) June 26—"Flu" attacks German army in France.
- (18.) July 1—Canadian hospital ship Llandovery Castle sunk off Irish coast by German submarine; 234 lives lost.
- (19.) July 4-- American yards launch ninety-one ships.
- (20.) July 6—Austrians defeated in Albania.
- (21.) July 12—King and queen of Belgium travel by airplane, London to France.
- (22.) July 18—Foch launches entente ally and American offensive against Germans in France.
- (23.) July 20—Germans retreat across Marne river.
- (24.) July 21—Americans and French capture Chateau Thierry.
- (25.) July 26—Revolt in Prague, Bohemia.
- (26.) July 29—Inter-allied food council formed in London.
- (27.) Aug. 8—British attack Germans in Picardy.
- (28.) Aug. 9—Riots in Japan due to high cost of rice.
- (29.) Sept. 1—"Wheatless days" end in United States.
- (30.) Sept. 12—Americans defeat Germans at St. Mihiel.
- (31.) Sept. 12—Thirteen millions, 18 to 20 and 32 to 46, register in United States for military duty.
- (32.) Sept. 30—Bulgaria surrenders to allies.
- (33.) Oct. 18—Prague Czech-Slovaks declare independence.
- (34.) Oct. 20—Fourth American liberty loan over-subscribed.
- (35.) Oct 27—Germany appeals to Wilson for peace.
- (36.) Oct. 28—Austria asks separate peace.
- (37.) Oct. 31—Turkey unconditionally surrenders to allies.
- (38.) Nov. 3—Austria accepts armistice amounting to unconditional surrender.
- (39.) Nov. 4—Republican party regains control of congress.
- (40.) Nov. 9—William Hohenzollern abdicates German throne. Flees to Holland.
- (41.) Nov. 9—Ebert Socialist government formed in Germany.
- (42.) Nov. 11—Officially announced in Washington that Germany accepts armistice amounting to complete surrender.
- (43.) Nov. 12—Karl Hapsburg abdicates Austrian throne.
- (44.) Nov. 21—German high seas fleet surrenders to British Admiral Beatty. Taken to Firth of Forth for internment.
- (45.) Nov. 22—Belgian king and queen re-enter Brussels.
- (46.) Dec. 4—President Wilson and American peace delegates sail from New York for France to attend peace conference to be held in Versailles in January.
- (47.) Dec. 7—"British Day" celebrated, for first time, in United States.
- (48.) Dec. 13—President Wilson and party land at Brest, France; given unprecedented welcome and proceed to Paris.
- (49.) Dec. 25—President Wilson eats Christmas dinner with American troops in Germany.
- (50.) Dec. 27—President Wilson is the guest of King George of England, at a banquet in Buckingham Palace, London.



PART

XI

WATCHFUL WAITING

THE billets at Sommedieu had been lived in by successive hordes of French, English, Algerian, S. African and American soldiers for five years. Each contingent had left it's contributions to the original litter and filth of the French inhabitants, so that our first duty was to clean up—and clean up we did. In a very short period of time we had fairly decent homes altho' a little crowded in places and leaky everywhere—some of the buildings were partially shot away, especially those which surrounded the old Cathedral, but we made the best of this and got along very nicely. Brady was now back in command of the 2nd Bn. with Porter as his Adjutant. Curran had the 1st Bn. with Brundage as his Adjutant. Every day had its new flock of rumors—One day we were going home at once, and the very next day we were to be motorized and hiked to Germany to be a part of the army of occupation. We carried out a strict schedule of schools and training. Officers and men were going by roster for seven day leaves to all parts of France.

We were to eat our Thanksgiving dinner in France, that much was certain; so we began to prepare for it. Every afternoon two officers had to

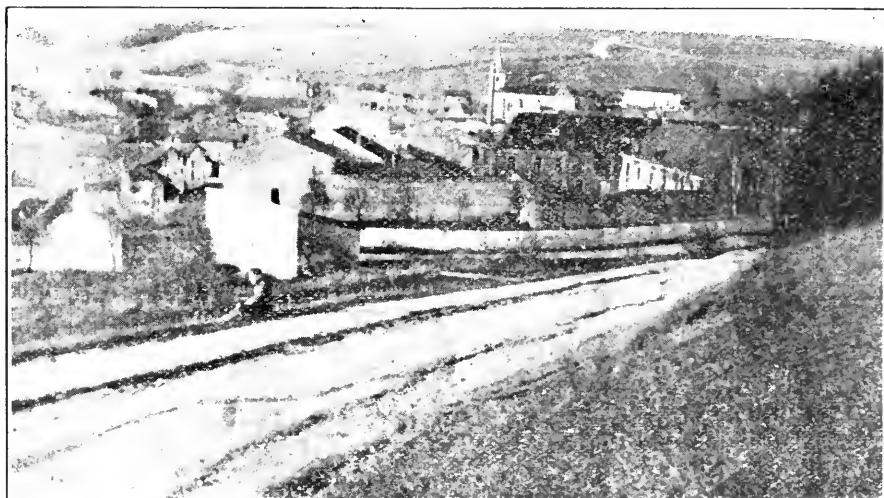
take the battery on a hike. The other officers would ride off in all directions over the country buying up eggs, fowl, fruit, wine and champagne for the celebration. Each one got just a little but added altoget her with what we could get from the commissary and cigars and candy from the Y.M.C.A. at Verdun, it made quite a showing. All but the very necessary work was called off for the day and from noon on we tried to celebrate Thanksgiving. Probably the most wonderful Thanksgiving in the world because it was not hard to think of something to be thankful for.

At the banquet that evening I was self-appointed toast-master and got along very well until I tried to hand "Major Jake" an army cup. You fellows who were in the army know how pesky those things are. The little catch that holds the handle slipped and the cup tipped forward spilling its contents all over "Major Jake." He was only a little mad the first time so I grasped another cup determined above all things to make good on the thing. The second cup performed exactly the same trick in the same way and the major got so angry that it broke up the party.

Our guns were over at Dugny some



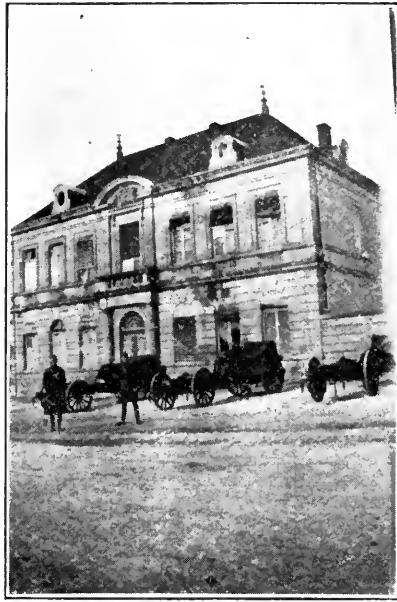
"D" Mess Hall and Cooks with Mess Sergt. "Jack" Logan at Bonnetable.
March, 1919.



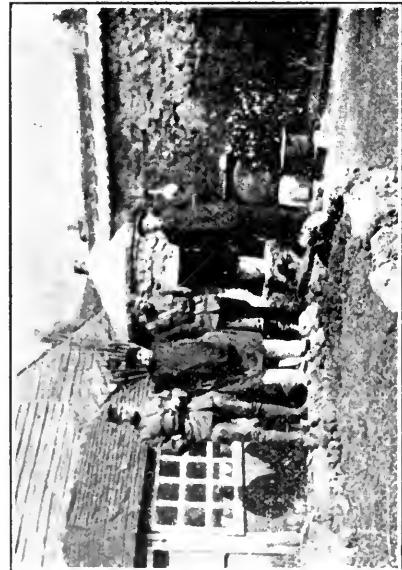
Sommedieu.



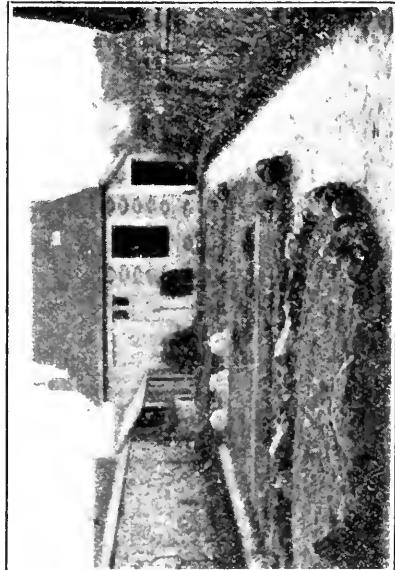
Some "D" men in Sommedieu.



Our guns in front of Hotel de Ville, Sommedieu. January, 1919.



M. Ledru, Charles, Dick Porter and MacLean.
Bonnetable.



Our Home in Bonnetable.

ten miles away, and it was necessary to send details over to guard and take care of them. We were inspected by every one in the army who had nothing else to do. Hardly a day but what we were inspected by someone and afterward had to listen to a voluminous report criticising the way we wore our clothes, laced our shoes, walked, marched, saluted or failed to salute, cooked, ate, breathed and slept.

After Thanksgiving it was not long until Christmas and as only one thing of importance happened in this interim, I will attempt to describe it to you. It was the march of the 2nd Bn. upon Verdun. It was nice and rainy and the roads were good and gooey, so somebody got the bright idea that the time was ripe for a good hike. We started out one rainy November morning for the eighteen kilometer hike under full pack. A sight-seeing tour it was.

It was a wet hike down through Rattantout, Dieue, Ancemont, Dugny and Belle-ray to some old French billets near Fortress de la Regrette and about three miles short of Verdun. We passed rollicking darkies singing of better days as they sawed lumber in the Rattantout saw mills. German prisoners dressed in every shade of green working stolidly on the railway tracks, solemn French guards and chattering villagers. We gave three cheers when we saw a real American locomotive. We saw and marveled

at pear and apple trees in Dugny trained to trail flat against the side of a stone house and pruned to the exact shape of a symmetrical candelabra.

We reached the French billets and began to make the acquaintance of a new species of cootie at about 3 o'clock. The camp was filled with small bands of Russians whom the Germans had turned loose and who had no place in particular to go and no money to go anywhere with. They were a nondescript looking bunch with the clothes of all nations and the good manners of none. There was quite a brisk trading went on between them and our souvenir hunters for buttons, caps, knives, boots and German marks.

After a little rest and some cold lunch with hot coffee, we began to investigate. Verdun is a wonderful city itself, well fortified to resist an invader with her walls and under ground fortress which is a miniature city capable of housing 10,000 defenders and protected by a semi-circle of strong forts looking out to the north and east. La Regrette, Vaux, Duamont, Moulainville, Rosalier, Les Esparge, etc. Some of these, especially Vaux and Duamont, had been the scenes of bloody fighting and terrific shelling all through the war. They had been at times actually in the hands of the Germans, only to be recaptured by the brave men of France. The ground round about them had been plowed and replowed and punished and torn by incessant heavy shell fire until it resembled no-

thing that words can picture. Men had been buried, dug up and reburied by the plowing shells. It was not uncommon to kick aside a boot, a shoe or a piece of clothing, to find that human bones were concealed therein. Forests resemble a field of stubble after the harvester has passed. No trees stand whole and alive.

The forts of Moulainville and Duamont had under-ground chambers capable of taking care of several thousand men—Ammunition and provisions were moved about by a net work of underground narrow gauge tracks—Big dining halls and museums of relics were included in these spacious underground strong-holds besides arms of all kinds.

The city of Verdun itself was surrounded by a wall and entered through gates—Its chief protection was a citadel capable of housing, in absolute safety from the heaviest shells, some 10,000 people—It had bake shops, wine shops, street cars and everything that would go to make up a city on the earth's surface. The city itself once a beautiful flourishing place of 75,000 was a wreck—Not a building was untouched. Most of them were absolutely demolished. The big municipal theatre had holes in its walls that an airplane could easily fly through. One church had lost its steeple and a most beautiful cathedral, St. Marguerites, was practically in ruins. I would like to describe St. Marguerites but I cannot. This sorely wounded but

still beautiful mother looking down upon and grieving for the ruined city below. The girls school was also in bad shape altho' traces of beauty still clung to the torn up gardens and battered halls.

It would take an artist to describe the water-line along the Meuse through Verdun, in fact an artist was attempting the picture on that drizzly November afternoon. Everything was one jumble. Only by the signs could one recognize the epicierie, the coiffeur, the boulangerie, the blanchisserie and the private dwellings and offices. I am certain that if any embryo war lord were to gaze upon this scene and in his imagination transfer it to a cross section of his favorite city, there would be no more war. The sight of a beautiful building helplessly and needlessly wrecked and torn strikes the heart almost as much as the sight of a man in like condition.

In a little park was a work of art all untouched—perhaps the only thing in the city capable of destruction, yet remaining absolutely whole. A mounted figure. A statue of Chevert, one time grand marshal of the armies of France. A poor Verdun boy who had risen to great eminence. On one side was a tablet which told of the history of Chevert and on the other a tablet admonishing the boys and girls of Verdun to be good boys and girls so that some day they might be grand marshals of the armies of France,

Fortress de la Regrette had a rapid

firing seventy-five placed in a round tower-like chamber which gave the gun a sweep of 360 degrees. Above the gun aperture and going completely around the wall was a panoramic picture of the surrounding territory and sky line—done so accurately and scaled so nicely that one could lay his gun up on the objects in the picture and have it laid exactly upon the corresponding object off toward the horizon.

It was still raining when we hiked back to Sommedieu. One bright spot in the rain and mud was the coming of Rita Gould, once of the New York Winter Garden and now a Y. M. entertainer—She told the men of what they were singing in New York and after singing all the lateat hits taught the fellows to sing them too.

Whenever we hear—"Katy," "Smiles," "Froggie" and "Homeward Bound," we will think of Rita Gould.

Brady and Porter came back and it was time for Fenton and I to take our turn at seeing the sights of France. I had hoped to spend my leave with the Michou's but their letter reached Sommedieu one hour after we had left so I was denied this pleasure. I will de-scribe our trip somewhat, as many men took the same trip and some of the high points may help to serve them as a reminder of better days. After borrowing all of the available money in camp we started out by truck to Lerouville. From here we took a train to Paris and had our first experience with regular French train

and dining car service.

In a French diner you stand in a crowd outside the door for three hours to get a ticket marked 6 ieme series then you go back to your own standing spot trying not to step on any faces and after going through all of the pangs of starvation you fight your way forward again and just as you give up all hope you get a seat and eat not what you order but whatever they give you. This simplifies everything. You do have one chance—Red wine or white. A couple of French soldiers on Christmas leave from Mayence kept us alive with "Monkey Meat" and Vin rouge so we took them in to eat with us. This little act of courtesy provcd a life saver after we arrived in Paris, which we did about 1 A. M. at the Gare de l'est in a great rain—One couldn't have a room in Paris for love or money. We started with the best hotels and went on down through the rain. Finally our friends found a friend of theirs who ran a little hotel out near the Gare St. Lazaire. He would have a bed empty at 5 A. M. he said and he put us up or down on a couch in the dining room until then. The first thing we did was to go to the A. P. O. and get our leave in Paris extended another twenty-four hours. This gave us forty-eight hours in Paris which is the most that any one without a pull could get at that time.

We put in our time sight-seeing and eating at all of the famous restaurants.

Henris, Cafe de la Paix, Cafe de Luy-
nes—etc—we promenaded and we
looked over the books and pictures at
Brentanos and Napolean's Arch and
the display of captured German mu-
nitions near the Etoile. We peeped
in at the Opera, The Casino and Folies
Begere and I must admit that even
though old and married there were
several times that I was glad I had
not lost my eye sight in the war.
There is something about Paris. We
left by another Gare buying our
tickets for Nice—President Wilson
was expected in town and we walked
to our train over the nice red carpet
that was laid down for him. We
could not get into a regular wagon so
we got into the couchette, where as
we had no tickets we argued with the
conductor about our right to stay
here clear to Dijon. Then as we
were getting tired and sleepy and the
conductor showed signs of abandoning
the argument, we got off—We were
out to see the country anyhow and
were not in a hurry to get anywhere.

At Dijon we found bunks with a
couple hundred of our compatriots in
a Red Cross flop house.

Nothing much happened at Dijon
except looking at a very old church
and eating our dinner at the Hotel
Cloc'h D'or—(Golden Clock.)

It was a fine dinner and the Ode to
Wine at the top of the bill of fare was
amusing to a Kansan. Toward
evening we started off again down
through Lyon toward the Mediteran-

ean. We found many pleasant people
to chat with on the train which was
not quite so crowded. We began to
figure that if we tried to make Nice
now we would be on a train all Christ-
mas day, so we hopped off at Mar-
seilles at about midnight of the 24th.
I will not attempt to describe Mar-
seilles. It is everything of every
country, every nationality, every
clime—Here commerce and romance
meet as Europe and Asia and Africa
meet—We stopped at the "Splendid"
where Christmas eve was just ending
or Christmas itself was just beginning.
Anyhow a dance was in progress.

Christmas day we spent in sight-
seeing. One don't have to go far in
Marseilles—He can stand on any door-
step and watch the sights go by in
one never ending parade, with good
circus possibilities. We ate noon-day
meal at the Societe Nautique which is
a big house or restaurant boat anchor-
ed off in the bay, where all kinds of
sea foods are served fresh from the
sea. In Marseilles they poke an oy-
ster with the tines of a fork and if it
does not squirm they will not eat it.
That evening Fenton went to the opera
but I considered it my patriotic duty to
go to the Casino and see Gabys De
Lys and hear the American colored
jazz band.

Back at Sommedieu they were
celebrating Christmas in this wise—
I shall let San Jarrell describe it. He
was there.

CHRISTMAS IN SOMMEDIU

BY SAN JARRELL

The dark clouds hung low over Sommedieu, France, a year ago today when the men of the 130th Field Artillery rolled out of their comfortless cots at the first note of reveille. It was just another bleak and cheerless day to them and the only rifts in the clouds were a later reveille and no gun drill. In buildings half wrecked by shell fire, in barns that had withstood the ravages of the centuries, the Kansas artillerymen were housed among their cooties.

Articles about turkey and all the trimmin's were utterly without foundation that day, as the men lined up with their mess-kits and received their rations, which was all the slum-mixers could sling together under existing circumstances. There was snow on the ground and the sun did not penetrate through the bleak clouds.

But to say that Christmas, 1918, was an empty day for the 130th would be a fallacy. A few miles away lay the village of Dieue, which was attacked with less ferocity in the Verdun battle of 1916 and to which its former residents were flocking back. Refugees who had wintered the war in distant parts of France, returned to their desolate homes and the first feeble efforts at renovation began immediately after the signing of the armistice.

Among the returned villagers were

nearly 100 children, to whom Santa Claus was a myth not to be believed in. In their lonely lives, the bare necessities of living were hard enough to obtain and Christmas was like any day to them.

A FUND FOR CHILDREN

Under the direction of Lieut. Richard Conant, of Littletown, Mass., a resident of Paris for several years and an ambulance driver in the French army the first part of the war, a fund was raised for the entertainment of the Dieue children Christmas afternoon. An enormous Christmas tree was obtained (without leave from the French authorities, by the way) in the Foret de Monthairon. Corporal Harvey Keim, and Buck Private Longecker, both of Topeka, hewed the tree down with worn out axes and brought it into camp in a fourgon.

The old town hall—Hotel de Ville—of Dieue was practically intact, except that an obtrusive shell had taken away one chimney. The mayor was taken into consultation and being a benign sort of fellow, readily gave his consent to using the hall for a children's Christmas party. For several days the boys worked like beavers behind closed doors, whetting the curiosity of the villagers, especially the youngsters.

BEERBOHM IN CHARGE

Supply Sergt. Fred Beerbohm, of battery A, familiarly known as "Coet-quidan Fred," was in charge of decorations, assisted by Sergt. Thomas H.

Parry, who was shortly to break his leg in a football scramble between non-coms and privates. Pvt. Ralph G. Morgan, the most accomplished promoter in the regiment, was given a "Message to Garcia;" he was told to police up the Christmas tree trimmings, which he did in his most polished manner.

Miss Irene Dayton and Miss Elizabeth Marshall, of New York, attached to the regiment in the "Y" service, lent their assistance along culinary lines. The 3rd battalion detail quartet, composed of Sid Patton and Edward C. Amidon, of Kansas City, Kansas; Don Tweedy, of Topeka, and Perry Whitaker, of Wichita, canceled an engagement to warble at Nancy in order to be present.

HALL WAS OPENED

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the hall was opened to the children and their parents. Lieut. Dana T. Jennings, of Topeka, was bribed with a cup of hot chocolate and a piece of Miss Dayton's cake to act as guard and keep curiosity seekers of seven allied armies from jamming into the place. One can imagine the delight and amazement of these poor French children when they spotted the gorgeously decorated tree and long tables lined with dainty edibles.

For a full moment they were silent and then all broke forth with the rapidity of a Browning machine gun.

One hundred children, some of them too young to remember their last real

Christmas five years before, were having the treat of their young lives. The 130th Field Artillery made history in Dieue that day. For generations the town records will contain the details of the event and the affair will be truly legendary in the years to come.

Several pretty mademoiselles had been gathered in to assist at the tables. Corp. Marion Smith was in charge of the detail selecting the fortunate ones and his judgment was warmly commended by the men present. Hot chocolate, homemade candy and cakes, cookies, etc., were placed before the hungry children, who devoured the "eats" with a vigor that would have done credit to Pvt. Edward A. Kiene in his balmyest days.

CONANT AS SANTA CLAUS

At a program following the meeting, Lieutenant Conant was Santa Claus, despite his slender build, and every child there received a present, thanks to the ingenuity of such policers as Morgan, Ed Bell, "Jim" Carnahan and "Wound Stripe Bill" Rees. Then the mayor, Monsieur Jean Grymaison, delivered an address in French, which was translated into Swedish by Floyd A. Johnson, of St. Marys, Kans., and then into English by Color Sergeant Arthur V. Johnson, a wealthy mine operator of Osage City, Kansas.

The quartet "done nobly." The clear tenor tones of Corporal Tweedy for several minutes stopped the merry chattering of the children. "Bones"

Smith, Kansas City, did his singing with his usual ability. Col. Hugh S. Brown made a speech. Nobody but the Yanks understood him, but the civilians clapped politely. Father Paul de Gueldre spoke a few words of thanks in English. Mlle. Antoinette Ludres, who had been assisted in pouring chocolate by Marion Smith, was introduced, and delivered in English a brief address written by Smith. No one knew when he found time to write it.

FABLE LIT THE CANDLE

Everyone who participated had something to do. Frank Fable lit the candles. Lieut. Frank H. McFarland, who was a bachelor then, was in charge of the ladies' check room. Everything, to quote from "Babe" McGee, was done up brown. Even the grim visage of Lieut.-Col. Thurston lit up with an almost human smile, when he tasted of Miss Marshall's chocolate. Capt. MacLean acted as interpreter by medium of his shoulders and hands for a distinguished visitor from Bar-le-Duc, Monsieur Joli, a member of the national chamber of deputies. It was a wonderful affair.

While the party did a great deal to cheer the spirits of the returning refugees, it also made the day pleasant for the men who were separated from their homes and firesides by the Atlantic ocean. For that reason, Christmas day a year ago will always be looked back upon with fond recollections."

From Marseilles we had a beautiful

trip down along the Mediteranean through Cannes to Nice. Nice has always been famous as the playground of the world, the beauty spot of the Azure coast, and the place where all nations meet to celebrate the wedding of France with Italy; but from 1918 on it will be famous as the place where "Jake" Brady hired all of the "sea-going" hacks in town and had their bewildered drivers doing squads left on the boulevard des Anglais before a populace that was admiring or indignant in direct ratio as to whether they wanted to go some where or not and how soon.

We stopped at the Mediteranean in a room fit for a king but not quite good enough for an American citizen with money in his pocket. We had our breakfast in bed and a breakfast that set all of the help to cursing us in three different languages. A Frenchman takes for his "petit dejeuner" a glass of coffee and a roll, standing up. We took a pot of coffee each and several rolls garnished with some fruit, some marmalade, some ham, some eggs, some more fruit, some more coffee and some toast and cussed the whole French nation because they didn't have flap-jacks. The automobile trip along the Mediteranean from Nice through Mentone and Monaco to Monte Carlo and the Italian border was so beautiful as to seem almost unreal. The lazy sea, which is really blue, always on one side and on the other sleepy villages nestling in the

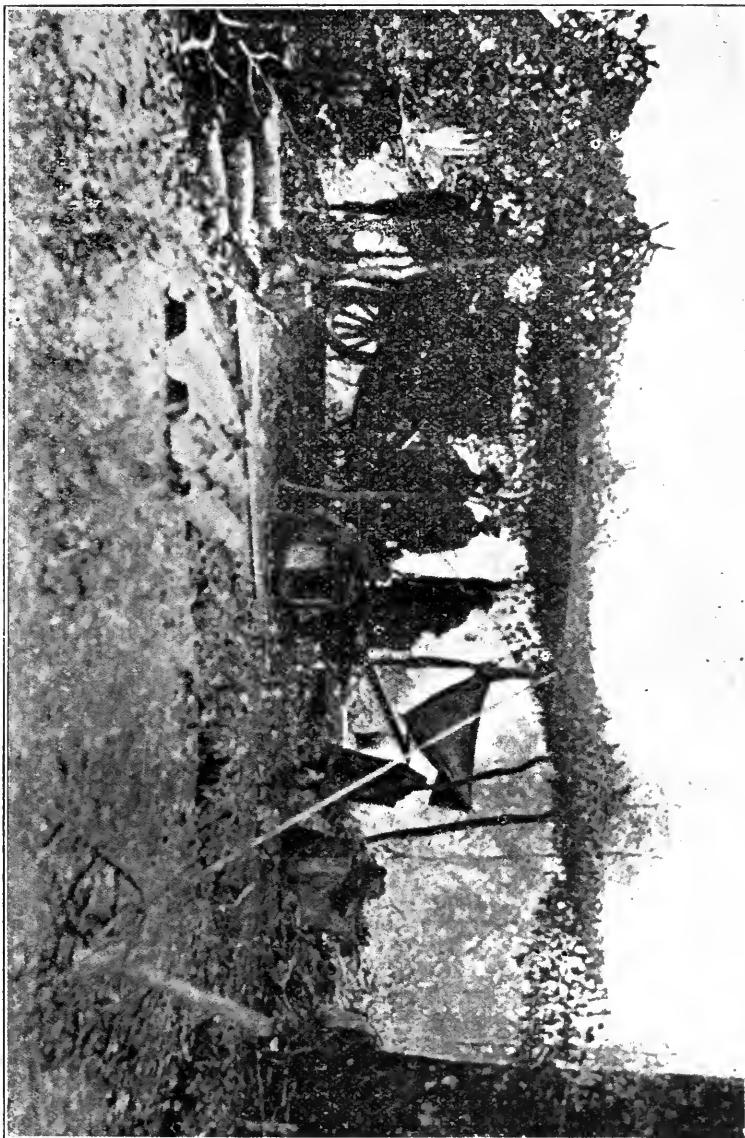
coves, palaces and castles peeping out from the hills here and there, all surrounded by flowers and palms and olive groves with a back-ground of craggy Pyreneese Alps reaching up to skies that are always clear and blue. We saw the gaming rooms at Monte Carlo, gave the theatre and the royal box the once over, had something at the bar, took a run across the imaginary border line into Italy, withstood all attempts to sell us souvenirs, took a look at the Prince's Palace, went through the wonderful marine museum and aquariums, which contained every thing pertaining to the seas of all climes and every fish that ever swam was swimming about in big glass show cases. We speculated on who the deuce Helene could be since there were so many boats and things named after her.

Then we had dinner on the back porch of Cafe something or other in Mentone, which overlooked the ocean, and ate and drank all of the good things of land and sea while a picturesque old Italian, "trum trum te laddied," with voice and guitar down on the sand below, for what "clackers" we threw him. We took the high road back. Up hill and down hill with the mountains looming ever higher on our right and the sea and clustering villages way down below. We stopped at old Roman ruins and went through the village of Bretagne which stands just as Caesar built it, with its venerable stone buildings and streets wide enough for

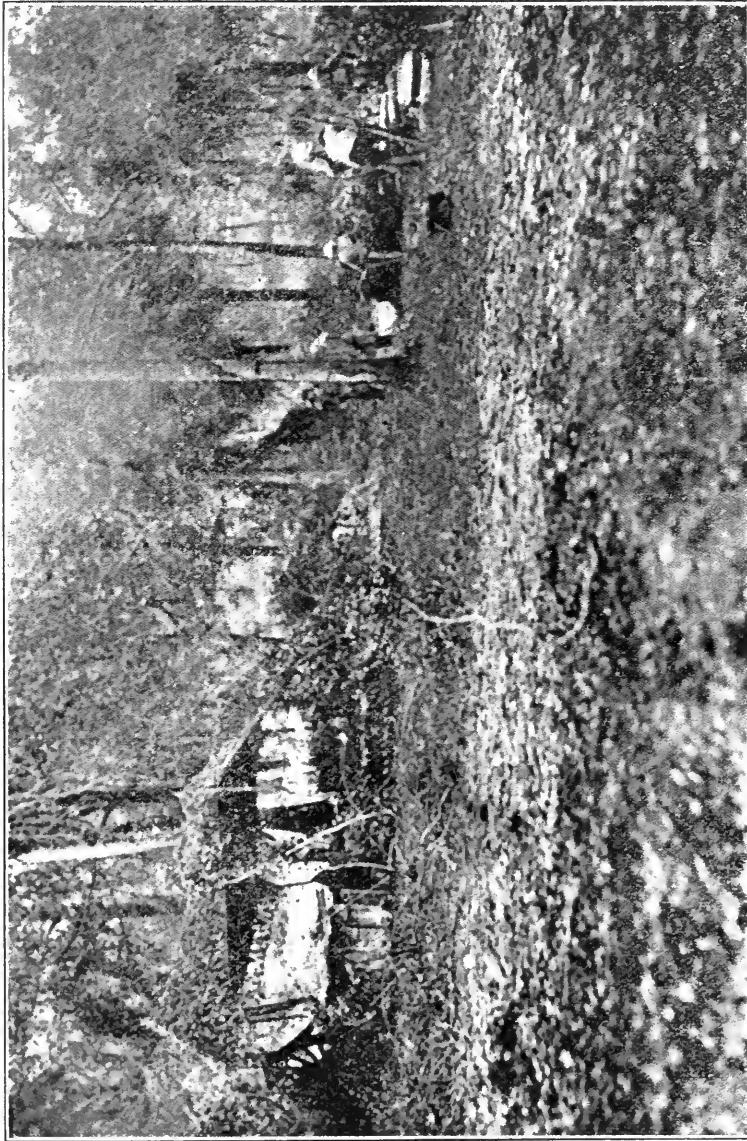
a man or goat but no wider. One stands before the doric columns which high up and over looking the sea are monument to a palatial home of a Roman Governor that once stood there, and wonder for hours over the beautiful, ugly, happy, tragic, romantic, important and trivial things that happened there centuries ago, if one happened to be of a wondering nature,

A glass of wine in a little restaurant at the very summit of the road and then down and windingly down again into Nice. Could we really be living in Nice, we who had been glad to share a fairly dry room over a butcher shop or a blanket under a fourgon in the woods of Lorraine? Yes here we are right back to the hotel in time for a course dinner and then the theatre at the Casino and after that watch the gay people come and go until the dance at the Belle Menier opens up, nothing to do but play. It is well to be king for a day or two even if months of pinching and grubbing must pay for it. There was a fellow in the hotel what always wore evening clothes in the evening and afternoon clothes in the afternoon and who put up such a good front that we thought he owned the place, upon checking out, we left the usual 10% for tips, but this fellow asked us what we had for him, explaining that he was not included in the 10%. We gave him five francs but felt just like we had tipped the King of England or somebody.

We wanted to see some more of



130th Positions near Verdun.



130th Positions near Verdun.

France so we took a train to Lyon. It was on this train that we got acquainted with Lieutenant and Mrs. Jaques Balensi who afterward entertained us at their home on the Rue Le Gendre on New Year's evening. Lyon, the second largest city in France, is beautifully situated on the Rhone and Saonne. It has it's University, it's Municipal Theatre and it's share of Cathedrals and Works of Art. The most interesting thing there is the Mus-e'e de Tissue, wherein can be found samples of cloth manufactured in every age and by every people from the beginning until now.

We stopped at the Grande. Every city in France has it's Grande Hotel, it's Cafe de Paris and it's Restaurant de Cheval Blanc (White Horse Inn.) As usual we saw everything worth seeing, both above and below. Lyon is famous for it's under-ground Cafes, etc., but at this time the Rhone was so high as to render the occupation of these dangerous, and visitors were not admitted. We made our rounds of Restaurants and Theatres. We dined on New Year's Eve at the Cafe de Berthou, p'lace de Celestine, and an enjoyable time was had by all. We arrived in Paris on New Year's evening, dined with Jaques Balensi and went to see Mle. Mastinguett at the Casino de Paris with Jaques and his hospitable wife. Afterward we walked the streets of Paris in the rain until early morning looking for a place

to sleep. The Auvergne de la Clou is a peculiar restaurant in the Bohemian district. As you go in, they hand you a hammer and a nail. The nail you drive into the wall to hang your hat on, putting your name, address and the date over it. There were many famous names there of France and England and even other countries and the dates ran from the seventeen-hundreds up.

We ran from Paris to Bar le Duc, where we waited all night to catch the narrow guage to Souilly. From Souilly we hiked fifteen miles to Sommedieu, and after those fourteen wonderful days we were back to the same old rooms, the same old smell of sheep, the same old drill schedule and the same old undecoyezied bunch that we then called home.

The next thing of importance was the big dinner that the second Bn. officers gave to all the other officers in the regiment at Sommedieu.

We sent to Paris by the French town major and got absolutely everything from turkey down. It was probably the greatest party ever staged in the old chateau which had undoubtedly been the scene of some of the highest social functions of ancient Sommedieu in her palmiest days.

The only bad part was that Gordon Brandon and Mickey Langan after cooking that wonderful dinner, drank up all the Colonel's wine.

MENU		
	"Consomme"	
Celery	Olives	Pickles
	Nuts	
Fillet of Sole		Tarter Sauce
	Roast Young Turkey	
	Giblet Sauce	
	Celery Dressing	
Brussels Sprouts		Asparagus
	Browned Potatoes	
	Westphalia Ham	
Lobster	Salad En Mayennaise	
Camenabert		Fruits
Coffee	Cigars	Cigarettes
	WINES	
Medoc		Meursault
Maluckoff		Venoge Epernay
	Moet and Chandon	

At about Christmas time 1918, Miss Marshall and Miss Dayton, "Y" girls, came to our regiment and they certainly helped out the rainy, tedious days with their hot chocolate and winning ways. There is however a story about them which goes as follows:

"But to one young buck private, it was an evening of perplexity—to tell or not to tell. It was a question that worried him considerably, and his gaze haunted the two Y. M. C. A. girls, who had come all the way from New York City to attend the reunion of the officers of the regiment. Tres chic and decidedly charming they were and it was that way in France. The ex-buck was glad to see them. He greeted them cordially and saw that his friends met them, but a whimsical, doubtful expression haunted his face as he remarked. 'I'd like to ask one question. Did they take?'

For some unknown reason these two young ladies had incurred the disapproval of this lad when they were billeted as Y. M. C. A. workers in a certain little French town. The buck brooded long over a suitable, satisfactory revenge. A dawning gleam of inspiration seized him. He had pulled off his shirt and gone industriously to work in his room in the French billet.

About a half hour later he sneaked stealthily into their room when they were absent and deposited forty-five 'cooties' in their bed. Who knows—did they take?"

Another important event happened in Sommedieu. That was the epoch making battle for the light weight championship of the regiment between Sauter of "D" and Michkowski of "A." Sauter had shaken the whole regiment by easily putting away Kopp, the idol of "A" who had a string of knock-outs to his credit as long as your arm.

So "A," not to be out done, digs up Michkowski and they groom and train and care for him like a million dollar prima donna. All under strict secrecy. After he has half killed most of his sparring partners they feel that the time is ripe and the challenge is issued. Betting was fast and furious. "D" thought so little of Sauters that they would have gladly given their lives for him and "A" thought little less of their two fisted, hard hitting pet. All the available francs and there valuables in Sommedieu were wagered

on that four round classic and the future was well mortgaged for many who would lose but neither side could possibly lose. I got into Lohman for 600 francs worth myself. Tommy Murphy of the 128th refereed. It was a go from start to finish, every corner, post and rafter in the old mill was crowded with crazy artillerymen. It was nip and tuck, both men were fighters and each had ardent supporters and big money behind him. There was no stalling, it was for blood and the honor of the battery. Sauters won, which spelled affluence for half and ruin for the ballance of the regiment for some time to come.

BATTERY "A" BOYS BROKE, THEY BET ON WRONG MAN

San Jarrell Tells How Topeka Cannoniers Raised 8,400 Francs and Backed the Fighting Pole Who Lost Scrap by a Shade.

Sommedieu, France, Jan. 23.—(By Mail)—Battery A, Topeka's own artillery unit, has met a defeat which not only tore the heart strings of the cannoneers but left a huge rent in their pocketbooks. This battery of the 130th Field Artillery, fought during the war on four fronts, and hurled hundreds, even thousands, of 6-inch shells at a discomfited enemy, and was an important part of a division which always faced and chased the foe. But the laurels won in the heat of battle were lost a few nights ago, when Joe Myscokowski, the fighting Pole, met

Young Sauter in four rounds of the cleverest pugilistic exhibition seen in Sommedieu since that historic and shell-torn old village was founded by Charlemange.

The Pole was the pride of Battery A. His physique and niftyness in handling the padded mitts won the admiration of all the boys. Sauter of Battery D, held the lightweight championship of the regiment, wresting it from Kopp, of Battery A, who fought Zell Fletcher, of Battery B, at Angers on July 4, last. The Pole, who has done a great deal of fighting around Brooklyn and New York City, challenged Sauter at Sommedieu three weeks ago.

Behind locked doors the Pole trained. Agile as a cat, quick as chained lightning in seeing gaps in his opponents' defense, possessor of an upper-cut and a shoulder jab with a punch, he was picked by the A Battery boys as the sure winner. Chef Lee, Kopp, Sergeant Fable and other clever boxers, sustained black eyes in sparring with the Fighting Slav during his course of training. "Oh, it is a sure cinch," declared all of the sporting men from the willowy banks of the Kaw.

It being such a sure thing, the boys of Battery A, or at least those of a more sportive character, began emptying their wallets of soap-wrappers, as French paper money is lovingly termed. In due course of time, a sum total of 8,400 francs had been pooled,

and an ambassador was appointed to confer with the Sauter backers in Battery D, in the hopes that a similar sum of francs might be obtained. "Jumbo" Hyndman, the "top soak" of Battery D, called a meeting of Sauter men, and 8,400 francs was immediately placed. The stakeholder had the tidy sum of 16,800 francs in his possession, enough to buy the cathedral, city hall, school and ducal mansion at Sommedieu.

Other men of the 130th became imbued with the same spirit. Other batteries, and even the headquarters company, began to awaken to the fact that something out of the ordinary was about to occur. Three battalion sergeant-majors, and all of them Topeka men, thought the Pole would win: whether they placed "beaucoup francs" on him is still a mystery, but it is a known fact that none of them have "smiled a smile" since the night of the fight.

One Topeka chap in headquarter's company, a buck private who had built up an abundant fortune the pay day before in the Sommedieu wall street (having invested in "Galloping Dominoes," and a few shares of "Common Aces Up," bet 1,000 francs on the Battery A pugilist, and it nearly broke his heart because he couldn't get another thousand placed. It is estimated that, at even money, something like 20,000 francs, or approximately 4,000 dollars was placed on each man.

On the afternoon before the memor-

able night, soldiers missed the retreat formation by lining up on the outside of the big, ramshackle structure that was to be the fistic arena. At 6 o'clock the hall was packed with officers and enlisted men. The preliminaries were good, but no one paid much attention to them. Tensely all waited for the big event.

Tommy Murphy, of the 129th Field Artillery, and widely known in the west as a fighter, was the referee. After the final preliminary bout, two young men, with olive drab blankets draped over their shoulders, leaped on the platform. When Sauter was introduced, the Pittsburg, Kansas, side of the house bellowed forth with cheers, whistling and shouting. When Mysckowski was presented, the Topeka element made more noise than the exhibits at a prize baby show.

The whistle blew. Both men threw off their blankets. Muscular and snappy was their appearance. They shook hands. And then began the fight of fights. It would be a waste of words to go into detail. Both scored one knockdown, but the fight was in doubt from the beginning.

Before the end of the fourth and last round, it was apparent to the majority of spectators that Sauter was barely outpointing the Brooklyn Pole. Nevertheless, it looked like a draw to many. However, when the farewell whistle blew, Tommy Murphy held Sauter's hand high in the air, thus proclaiming him still the undisputed light-

weight champ of the 130th.

And now the Battery A boys are going around with long faces. Even copper centimes are scarce and, instead of inhaling the delectable fumes of the Fatima cigarettes, they borrow the "makins" from a buddy.

The outfit that has been often termed "Topeka's crack military organization" does not step down the muddy streets of Sommedieu with the jauntiness of old. The men hang around their fires and talk of better and happier days, and when someone mentions the fight, he is met with chil'ded disapproval.

Battery D, on the other hand, is full of pep and ginger so correctly outlined in drill regulations. The boys are smoking 10-cent cigars and cork tipped cigarettes."

Now we were fully motorized, tractors, trucks, motorcycles, sidecars, fords, whites and everything—Everyone was certain that we were to go to Germany. We had schools and instructors. Tractor schools, Truck schools, Motor mechanic schools, etc., and then, just as we got so we could hitch up and drive the blame things, we got orders to turn them all in. So the only trip of our motorized regiment was a run over to Schwemmes one cold day where we turned in guns, caissons and tractors to the ordinance depot. Now we were going home for sure.

Speaking of school, Colonel Brown

started one at about this time for officers. We went into the Hotel de Ville at Sommedieu every afternoon and the "Old Man" gave us lectures on military law and army regulations. Almost everything he said was in direct contradiction to the way Jennings and Thurston had been conducting things during their regime. They had committed enough crimes, according to Brown's interpretation to have hanged them a dozen times each. They used to sit and squirm and we others would watch them and laugh or frown according as to how nearly, what was being discussed affected our own cases. "Are the lectures interesting?" asked the Colonel of a group of young officers. "Interesting," they cried, "They are positively exciting." Brown gave lectures to the men and took a great personal interest in their health, food and well being. "D" battery had a wonderful mess hall at Sommedieu. We took a large room in a pencil factory and after fixing it with built-in tables, we decorated it with pine trees and branches until it out did any New York roof garden, and with the comedy of Shorty Dawson, Jumbo Hyndman and Co. we had our cabaret too.

Then Rudd gave a party after which Brady and Porter had their famous mix over the interpretation of the sign on the door. On Feb. 6th in a blinding snow-storm, Regimental headquarters and the 2nd Bn. moved to Ernecourt. The 1st billeted at

Ligniers, and the 3rd at Domremy and Loxeville, Domremy is said to have been the birth place of Joan of Arc. The house of her girlhood is still standing there. (Frank McFarland, however, maintains that this statement is incorrect and that Joan lived in another Domremy.)

These were miserable towns, miserable billets in barns full of sodden hay which had been slept upon by soldiers of all nations for five years. We had below zero weather thru most all of our stay there. Hyndman was away foot-ballng and Vass and Culwell were on their leave and John Turk and I were running the battery. On an ice cold morning I would look out of my den to see Turk all alone shivering in the wind. He would about face punctiliously and saluting, report; "Battery present or accounted for, sir." "D battery present or accounted for," I would shout to the officer of the day and "D" battery would lie snug in the hay until nearly noon. Major "Jake" left for Germany at about this time and I had the 2nd Bn. again. "C" battery had a fuss which put Monroe McClurg in command. He was probably as popular with his men as any in the regiment. When he came to leave "C" sometime later they presented him with a gold watch. Propaganda was put out by the "old guard" at about this time to try to get the Kansans, especially the artillery, turned against Governor Allen for his activity in the

35th Div. investigations at Washington. Thanks to the clearheadness and bold spiritedness of "Dick" Porter the 130th stayed out of it. Col. Brown was only interested in seeing that no detracting criticism rested upon the 130th.

Patsy Dugan was now in command of the Division. A grand review was held on a big field on the banks of the Meuse near Commercy. The whole division hiked for miles through the mud under full pack and lined up in a line of regiments to be reviewed by the Prince of Wales and Gen. Pershing. They inspected us on horseback and on foot and after hours of standing we marched by the stand and through several lakes in a column of regiments. To those who have never seen 27,000 men all lined up together, I want to say it looks like all the men in the world. After the review Pershing spoke a few words to the officers of the division. Col. Restine of St. Louis sprang forward and led in three cheers for Pershing. The Prince was introduced and spoke a few bashful words like the big healthy boy he was.

We got home thinking the review was over but it had only just begun. Dugan saw a chance to work out some jealous spite on Berry. Dugan issued an order saying that the artillery brigade was in filthy condition, that their shoes were muddy (after hiking 13 miles and standing ankle deep in the mud all afternoon) and that (worst crime of all) the officers and men of

the brigade did not salute as they had been ordered to. The order had been to hold the the salute until it was returned by the superior. As Pershing approached, Col. Brown came to a salute, instead of returning the salute Pershing extended his hand to Brown to shake and Brown relaxed from the salute to accept the proffered hand. Should he have held the salute with the right and shaken hands with the left? Should he have called Pershing's attention to the order on saluting? Whatever he did it was wrong and the division commander regretted it deeply. He issued an order that the brigade commander should give all field officers one hours drill in saluting each day. That field officers should in turn give line officers one hours drill every day on saluting and line officers should give the men one hours drill each day in saluting. I'll have to hand it to General Berry—he stuck up for his Brigade—He got hold of an order which Pershing had issued complimenting all units equally and making no special mention of any particular organization as better or worse than any other. Taking Pershing's order as ammunition he made "Patsy" eat his little order, saluting drill and and all. The whole thing was rescinded by a later order in which "Patsy" played the part of a poor whipped dog with his tail away down.

"PERSHING WARMLY PRAISES WORK OF THIRTY-FIFTH BOYS

Fighting Kansas-Missouri National Guard Division Is Reviewed by Commander-in-Chief and Prince of Wales.

Great Fighters, Says Black Jack

Recalls Vital Work of the Division Which Started Ball Rolling in the Argonne Forest Battle.

By San Jarrell.

Commercy, France, Feb. 17.—(By Mail)—In a soggy, rain-soaked, field near Commercy, the Thirty-fifth division was today reviewed and inspected by General Pershing and the Prince of Wales. It was the first concentration of the division for several months and the only time since the Camp Doniphon days that the entire unit marched in review.

Troops of all arms of the service came from near and far, either in motor trucks or on foot. All wore steel helmets, full packs, including gas masks, and the divisional insignia, the Santa Fe cross, appeared on the left shoulder and on the helmets of every man and officer. The large number of wound chevrons, particularly among the infantrymen and machine gunners, was very noticeable.

PARADE AS RAIN FALLS

The sky was overcast early in the morning and by the time the first soldiers reached the field there was a steady downpour on an already sodden ground. The Sixty-ninth and Seventieth infantry brigades, which consist of the 137th, 138th, 139th, and 140th

regiment, were on the right, and the Sixtieth field artillery brigade, composed of the 128th, 129th and 130th regiment, was on the extreme left. Between were the 110th ammunition train, 110th Sanitary train, 128th, 129th and 130th machine gun battalions, and the 110th field signal battalion. The only organization not present was the 110th regiment of engineers, which is now at Brest.

The French climate was unusually coquettish today, and during the alternative hours of sunshine and the rain troops of the Thirty-fifth division waited for the arrival of the commanding general. Early in the afternoon a bugler sounded "attention," and a small group of officers, splendidly mounted, rode into the field. At the head was General Pershing, and to his left rode the young Prince of Wales. Behind were several generals, colonels and other officers of the general staff.

PRINCE OF WALES THERE

The general trotted around the division, which for twenty minutes stood rigidly at attention. A massed band in the center played the British national anthem in honor of the prince, who some day will be the sovereign of the United Kingdom, and followed it up with Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Beginning with the infantry, General Pershing and the Prince of Wales made a minute inspection of the division that started the ball rolling in the Ar-

gonne forest on the early morning of September 26, 1918. At each company, detachment and battery, the captain or lieutenant in command accompanied the commander-in-chief on his tour, and he questioned them frequently on the condition and health of the men, condition of billets, the return of the wounded, and he frequently complimented organization command on the appearance of their enlisted personnel.

PERSHING ADDRESSES OFFICERS.

Following the inspection, which lasted an hour and a half, the general, the prince, and the American staff, remounted and took their places by the reviewing stand. In platoon column of squads the entire division marched in review. Sixteen thousand picked men, selected from the ranks of the various regiments, moved off at the same time, and kept in step with the band music. Even to men old in the service, to whom martial pomp was an old thing, it was very impressive.

At the close of the march, all of the officers fell out and gathered in a large group around General Pershing, who addressed them:

"I couldn't allow the division from my own and neighboring states to leave France without reviewing them," declared the general, "and I want to compliment you on the showing made here today. It was just what I expected of the Thirty-fifth."

PRINCE PRAISES DIVISION.

General Pershing mentioned the vital work of the division in the Argonne fight and the wonderful record it had made as a fighting unit. He then introduced the Prince of Wales, who also spoke highly of the Thirty-fifth, which was at one time brigaded with the British, and he expressed his deep regret that it had not remained on the British front throughout the activities of the last few months of the war.

The officers gave three cheers for General Pershing and three cheers for the Prince of Wales, and these cheers were echoed by the troops in the field.

For the next few hours the roads leading out of Commercy in all directions were crowded with troops and trucks loaded with soldiers. It is a day long to be remembered by the fighting men of Missouri and Kansas."

Our Divisional foot-ball on which Hyndman, the Cockerill boys, Beals, Kalama and others were playing, defeated the 33rd and tied the 7th. We went to Gondreville to play off this tie and the 7th cleaned house with us. Coming home one of our trucks hit a little French girl and smashed her bicycle. We didn't want to have a repetition of letter writing as in the case of the priest's honey at Rupt or the lady's beer at Courouvre so we decided to take up a collection at once and buy her a new bicycle without waiting for official letters on the subject. Harry

Bouck was collecting the money—It was $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs from each member of the battery. D. A. Gehrkin walked in and put down five francs. "Here's your change," said Bouck—"I don't want any change," Gehrkin replied, "How's that?" asked the astonished corporal. "Well" said Gehrkin, "I was in the back end of that truck and I saw that mademoiselle turn that flip-flop after she was hit and it was worth five francs of any man's money and I don't want any change."

We brought the girl a nice new wheel and everyone was happy.

Mr. Dunn was a big red headed Texan who brought in our wood and looked after us generally. He was a philosopher, poet and soldier and many an interesting talk we had with him. Fritz Buddenburg was another fellow from Texas who was willing, bright and interesting.

I lived in a square one-story stone house in Ernecourt along with Madame and M. Maucollot, their daughters, Eva and Marguerite, and various cows, horses, chickens and pigs. Ernecourt, as is usual in Lorraine, was a village of manure piles. The Maucollots were hospitality it self. Every night I had hot tea with the family before going to bed and M. Maucollot who was a great hunter shot a sanglier (wild boar) and Major, Porter and I had a great feast. Many a pleasant evening we spent around the big open fire place smoking talking and drinking tea—Little old Maucollot sitting

quite inside the fire place and making stealthy moves for a second helping of brandy only to be checked by a quick word from his wife who seemed always on the alert.

The 3rd Bn., Fred Olander in charge, not to be outdone by the 2nd Bn. party at Sommedieu, put out invitations for a big dance in the school house at Ligny to be given on Mardi Gras.

*The Officers of the Third Battalion
One-hundred and Thirtieth
Field Artillery
request the pleasure of your presence
at a dance
Tuesday evening, March the fourth
nineteen hundred and nineteen
at eight o'clock*

R.S.V.P. Ligny, France

They made elaborate plans for music, decorations, refreshment and partners. The music, decoration and refreshment were A No 1. but the partners did not work out quite right. Arrangements had been made to move all of the beautiful nurses in the big base hospital at Toul, to Ligny by truck train. The nurses came alright but each beautiful nurse brought her own steady second Louie with her from the medical corps and aviation camps around Toul and so we sat and watched them dance. We all felt happy on this night because "Bill Sykes" was promoted from Major to Lt. Colonel. The poor fellow deserved to be because he went through a lot of hardships back in those hospitals while the war

was going on and then he was one of Berry's best Whist partners besides.

Capt. Watzcek, of Seattle, who had occupied a chair in Brigade headquarters was now made a Major and sent over to command the 2nd Bn. We turned in all motor equipment.

It was while we were stationed here in the Meuse district that the 35th Div. boxing championship tournaments were held at Commercy. Bill Gracey of "A" and Middleton of "C" worked to the top through all comers in the light-heavy weight class. Then Gracey of Topeka unexpectedly put Middleton away and became champion of the 35th. Gracey's sportmanship was the finest thing in the tournament. Middleton was clearly in his power after the first couple of rounds. Gracey could have scored a knock-out at any time but he was content to box lightly and win on points. It was great sport to watch these 35th Div. champions knock the French champions through the ropes a little later.

On March the 9th we hiked fifteen miles down through Nancois le Petite to Tronville where we entrained for the Le Mans area. This was the first step toward home and every body was happy. "D" battery had a drum and bugle corps led by Irish McManus and we certainly woke things up marching along through the little French villages. Once more we were in the "40 hommes and 8 cheveaux," but this time we were glad to be there as we were at last making a move in the right di-

rection.

After two days and a couple of nights on the train we unloaded at Bonnetable, Sarthe, near Le Mans and took up our billets on March 9th, 1919.

Bonnetable was a pretty good little town. It was cleaner than most French towns and the inhabitants were bright and hospitable and seemed really glad to have us. They tell this story about how the town got its name.

"Along in the middle ages when kings were more in style; a king, or prince, or duke or something was travelling through that region and he happened, late at night, to stop at the site of what is now Bonnetable. It was late and the good people had eaten and retired early. The prince was hungry and in a loud voice he and his retainers demanded food and more food. They did not get much. The next morning breakfast was just as lacking in delicacies "fit for a king" and so the gentleman uttered a curse or words to that effect upon the village and decreed that forever after, it should be known as Mauvaise Table (bad table) and so it was for a long time. But bad table was a name that became quite a handicap to the good villagers because travelers would take heed and give it a wide berth. And on Mardis they would go to other villages to buy and sell their wares. However the name Mauvaise Table stuck until not so long ago, when the good people of the city invited the big men from Paris to partake of a gorgeous banquet.

The big men from Paris ate their fill of meats and hams and eggs and fruits, and drank more than their fill of the good old wines of Sarthe that gurgled forth out of bottles that were family heir-looms covered with cob-webs.

Breakfast next morning was a dream of cream and honey and all that makes a breakfast good. So they rode forth declaring that forever after the village should be officially known as Bonnetable (Good Table) and so it is to this day."

Porter "Adje'd" for me when I took the 3rd Bn. at Bonnetable. He had, it was his own boast, "Adje'd" for all of the crowned heads of Europe, and we lived together in a little cottage at the end of a garden which ran behind the home of old man Ledru who lived alone save for Charl, the Belgian refugee. We had a pleasant billet there. Of rainy evenings old man Ledru in many colored clothing would come back with a bottle of good cider and talk with us for hours, so that "trop sage" "tres mechant" "vieux diable" etc. became parts of our vocabularies. Of a meal time we ate at the Cafe de Belvue conducted by Madame Fort and two buxom girls and a M. Fort who was trying to speak English. We had fine baked eggs, (I have seen one of our healthy hob-nailers put away eighteen of them at one time with potatoes and others fixins) with an occasional chicken and lots of salads and "Pomme de Terres Frites," and

Madame would sing "Madelon" for us, and her little son would recite his pieces and spell his words and old M. La Belle told stories of the war in 1870 and the two girls looked pretty and blushed and all together we had a fine time. There were lots of dances at Bonnetable and I guess the ivories danced at times and there was good wine to drink and the wonderful Chateau of the Duke de Deauville to look at and they made eau de vie right out in the streets, so with inspection, shots in arm and decootyizing, things went pretty fast. Some of the boys had become quite attached to their cooties and hated to lose them. Here is another story of San Jarrell's on his cooties.

**"THEY WILL FIGHT
COOTIES ALSO ARE GREAT ANIMALS TO
EXPLORE A PERSON**

BY SAN JARRELL

To the man who served in France the words "front" and "cootie" are synonymous. He couldn't go to the front without getting a rare collection of the industrious little vermin. He would dodge a Boche 77 shell and scratch cooties at the same time. The writer of this article is an authority on cooties, as he on more than one occasion put other Yanks to shame because of the number and variety of his 'seam squirrels.'

Cooties come in various shapes, sizes and dispositions. First in number comes the hungry type, the happy little fellows who digest the ten-

der morsels which they pick from the soldier's unprotected skin. At the beginning of their career on various parts of the anatomy, they are frisky and a little nervous, but gradually they grow sleek and stolid in their movements. But the dainty dears are always eating, nibbling on a piece of skin, or munching contently in the region of the left ear.

RAISED FAMILY ON WRITER

One of the writer's eating cooties found a comfortable haven of refuge under the right arm-pit, where he prospered undisturbed, and where he raised a large and fine bunch of little cooties. Like other pets, he was given a name, and because of his aristocratic bearing and manner was named Thurston. His oldest son, who also was the father of a few thousand children, was commonly known as Shakespeare.

Another kind of the species which has become famous, is the fighting cootie. Many scientists, after laborious investigations, say that the cootie doesn't like to fight. But these scientists examined them through microscopes and didn't come into close contact with the cootie's inner life as did the average buck private at the front.

A Topeka radio corporal has proof that a good fighting cootie is worth his weight in paper francs. This corporal a K. S. A. C. fraternity man, trained one husky insect with the same care that a prize fighter's train-

er would show before a world championship match. Other lads had ambitions for their cooties, particularly when it was announced that an artillery cootie tournament would be forthcoming just before the batteries were deloused. But this radio man's cootie, highly trained in the noble art of self-defence, won in a walk, and a good many 'soap wrappers' changed hands because of his success.

ARE VENTURESCOME ANIMALS

There is no part of the body that the adventurous animals do not visit. In cold weather they are not so pestiferous, except at night, when the soldier retires, wrapped up in his heavy blanket. Then is the time for the cooties to frolic and gambol over the greensward, as it were.

It is estimated that the average per man in the 130th Field Artillery was 100. That means that during the height of cooties' prosperity in that regiment, perhaps 160,000 found refuge about the persons of these artillermen.

It was essential that the combat organizations, which suffered the most from the insects, be deloused before they left France. Cooties inhabit dugouts and box cars largely, and it was almost impossible to be rid of them as long as habitations consisted of dug-outs. And many times after an outfit was thoroly deloused, the men got e'm again by riding on the 'Hommes 40, Chevaux 8' side door Pullmans.

In the Le Mans area, where troops

on the priority lists are concentrated for embarkation every man is thoroly deloused, and his clothing is fumigated or destroyed. At Brest the same process is repeated. By the time the organizations leave Brest, cooties are merely memories. But the camp authorities at Upton, Mills and other eastern cantonments, take no chances, and immediately upon landing in this country, the men are deloused for the third and last time.

COOTIES KNOW NO RANK

Cooties have no respect for rank. The writer has seen brigadier generals occasionally scratch themselves in the small of the back unconsciously altho it's not so common among brigadiers as officers of lower rank. Colonels are not immune. Majors are 'meat' for the insects. The writer only knows of one major who was immune. He was commonly known as 'Major God' and he was 'hard boiled' and the cooties didn't associate with him very long. Second lieutenants as a rule, are more susceptible than corporals and privates.

It is probable that it will be several years before the cootie is exterminated from France. American tourists may run into them at some of the finest hotels in Nice and Paris in the next two or three years. That will be a shocking blow to the pride of some American millionaires, with their tender and young heirs and heiress because cooties, now that the war is over, have ceased to be fashionable. It is

not considered good form to have the cooties now, altho during the war it was a sign that the possessee had seen active service.

Irvin Cobb once wrote 5,000 words about a peanut. One of these days Cobb or some other writer familiar with the subject, will probably grind out a voluminous piece of literature about the cootie."

On March the 15th Mills and I went to Paris to help form the American Legion. We stopped at the Montana and had a fine time except Mills kept getting into trouble. One night he went out with another captain; this captain got into an arguement with a taxi driver and pasted him in the eye, almost ruining that portion of his face on which his eye was situated. The perpetrator of this vile deed got away and the taxi man grabbed Mills and yelled, "Police". So the gendarmes got Mills, who could not speak a word of French, except to repeat over and over again, "Mistachion! mistachion!" finally an interpreter cleared the thing up and Mills got free but he never would venture out on the streets of Paris at night time again.

We went to the Pantheon de Guerre where they have a wonderful picture painted by many famous artists depicting the activities of various nations in the war. It covers the entire walls of a large circular room and has thousands of faces that one can recognize. The background shows the whole battle front and all of the villages and

towns. It is really wonderful and worth going miles to see.

On March 29th we packed up and moved out again for Brest. We lay at Camp Pontnezen, one of Napolean's old camps, for over a week. Here we were inspected, bathed and decooteized again. We had opportunities for occasional visits to the old walled town of one of the most ancient cities in Europe.

Ma Burdick of the Salvation Army, used to give us coffee and doughnuts for breakfast and we had our dinners at the Hotel Continental with an occasional party, when Mills was having a winning streak, at the Cafe des Martins.

Our colors were decorated at Camp Pontnezen in a very beautiful ceremony conducted by General Berry, one Sunday morning. We got credit for the Vosges sector, reserve at St. Mihiel, Argonne offensive Sept. 25th, Oct. 3rd, Sommedieu sector, Argonne offensive, Nov. 9, 10, and 11. We had supported three divisions, our own 35th, the 1st and the 81st.

On April 13th we sailed in the Mobile which had formerly been the Hamburg liner, Cleveland, for the United States.

Just before departure we were each handed one of these from the C. in C.

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,

GENERAL ORDERS }

No. 38-A.

FRANCE, Feb. 28, 1919.

MY FELLOW SOLDIERS:

Now that your service with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I can not let you go without a personal word. At the call to arms, the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and its valor. With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested, and the forces of autocracy have been defeated. To the glory of the citizen-soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offensives have overcome the menace to our civilization.

As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one in the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's stronghold; whether enduring monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part. By willing sacrifice of personal rights; by cheerful endur-

ance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial co-operation, you inspired the war-worn Allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established, and maintained never before attained by any army. With mind and body as clean and strong as the decisive blows you delivered against the foe, you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories, may I ask that you carry home your high ideals and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought and to the fallen comrades you leave behind.

It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation.

Faithfully,
JOHN J. PERSHING,"
Commander-in-Chief.

PART
XII

HOMeward Bound

JUST prior to leaving Bonnetable Vass had taken me over to Chartres, where we were the guests of the Gardin brothers. We had had a wonderful dinner, visited the tanneries and then the big wine cave belonging to these brothers. The wine cave, dug in the side of a hill was as big as a castle and had in its deep chambers every kind of wine and liquor—some of it as old as Chartres. Beside there were many relics of the Germans, who had been as far as Chartres in 1870. There was also a book in which every visitor to the cave was to write a sentiment with his name and address. The French are full of these fine old customs. They had given me a bottle of rare old wine and made me take my oath not to drink it until we were in mid-ocean. On this boat I had trouble in protecting that wine. First I had trouble getting on the boat. I went down with the 3rd Bn. and when I got them all thru and onto the lighter which conveyed us to the Mobile, I went along myself with my own bunch. This was wrong, of course, being a battalion commander I should have waited for field and staff, which was commanded by Major Wateek. The officer of the post said that he had sent home about a million men and I was

one of the first ones to slip through this way out of turn. I guess this is about the greatest distinction I got out of the war; altho General Wright, who had come back into command of the Division shook my hand at Bonnetable. He also had high commendation for many of our men whose names I wish I could remember, as they are worthy of note here. We had heard so much about boat loads being sent back to Brest because of singing wrong songs, or cheering wrong cheers, or putting the left leggin' on the right leg or not saluting properly that I was sure that I was to be sent back for slipping through the gates without being tallied by the debarkation officer so the two day wait on the boat was a long and anxious one for me. Every time a launch containing officers would approach the ship—I was sure they were coming for me. Some of my readers may not believe this but if you don't you were never in the army. One can get "in bad" very easily in the army. Add to this the trouble that was caused by every body trying to steal my wine that I had sworn would not be opened before we reached mid-ocean and you may easily realize how happy I was on Sunday afternoon, March 14th, when that boat final-

ly pulled out into the rough Bay of Biscay, leaving the harbor of Brest and finally all of France behind. It was a dry trip. Some of the fellows had laid in refreshments for the trip but the wait before we sailed had been fatal to these stores. We had some four-hundred army nurses on board, besides all of our regiment and Col. Thurston, Lt. Col. Jennings and Major Watcek. Thurston was supposed to be in command of the boat.

How popular he made himself can be best described by the following article.

COLONEL WAS "IN BAD"

Regular Army Officer Didn't Make Hit With Nurses.

"The following letter, written by Mrs. V. A. Garber, of Richmond, Va., to The Daily Capital, will undoubtedly be of interest to the returned soldiers;

'Sailing from France April 13, landing in New York April 23, (on board three days before sailing) 450 nurses of casual units and 2,500 troops mostly of the Thirty-fifth field artillery of Kansas, on the Mobile, a German ship interned all during the war, not used until this spring, hinges of doors to staterooms so rusty, axes had to be used to open them, wireless out of order, and imperfect compass, on account of latter the boat nearly went aground two days before reaching New York, the ship listing on one side. American sailors, with seven

German officers, who had served on the ship before, ran the ship. Thirty men detailed to boil the water. The whole in command of Colonel Thurston, an old army officer, of gruff manner and rude. He gave the best staterooms to the officers and French newly-wed wives, E and F sections under the water line to the nurses, who were very ill from seasickness.

Y.M.C.A. man gave his stateroom to three of the nurses who were very sick.

'There appeared on the bulletin board in the dining room the following: 'Col. Thurston—What rank? The lowest. How long in service? Too long. Who suggested his promotion? God only knows. Best fitted for? Salad mixer.'

'A senator from Kansas sailed out from New York to meet his son. After a search he was found shoveling coal in the bottom of the ship.

'Colonel Thurston proposed during the voyage a permanent organization and reunion. To exclude the colonel, they voted no rank at reunions, higher than captain.'

'Colonel Thurston hails from San Francisco.'

The way was rough and the boat was small and there was much seasickness on board. It seemed to hit the ladies especially hard. The dining salon was clear in the bottom of the boat, and to see that plate of soup sink down, down, down, and then come slowly but surely up, upward to

the very crest and then stop and wiggle; got more of them than anything else. The deck on the lee side was turned into a hospital and was filled with those ladies who were sick, getting sick, or trying to get well. "Jumbo" Hyndman and "Bones" Smith, our regimental heavyweights were very sick. It is reported that "Bones" offered the captain two-hundred dollars if he would stop the boat just two minutes.

We had the ship's band and our own band aboard and dances were frequent and what with games, reading, etc., it was not hard to pass the time. Frank McFarland, full of pep as ever, got up a minstrel show in which Irish Clinton was the star and our third Bn. quartette took an important part.

As I have said before, we had about four-hundred army nurses on board and so after the first pangs of sea sickness were over there were many dances and social activities. Harry Bouck met the present Mrs. Bouck at one of these dances. Frank McFarland had the best looking girl on the boat, everybody else had one of some sort.

By Good Friday we were in midocean. We had a Masonic Club in our Regiment of which Thomas Scott Morrison, now the oldest shave-tail in the army was president. This club met in a room especially prepared for them on the boat and some thirty-five or forty of them went thru the impressive ceremony of extinguishing the lights. On Easter Sunday morning before

breakfast we met to relight them again.

Easter Program

ABOARD U.S.S. MOBILE

On Good Friday evening in 1919, at eight o'clock, occurred what was probably the most interesting and unique observance of that day that has taken place since the early days of Scottish Rite Masonry.

The U. S. S. Mobile, formerly the Cleveland of the German Hamburg Lines, had lain interned at Liverpool, England, since the first days of the war in 1914.

On this, her first trip across the ocean since the war began, she was handled and navigated partly by German officers and a German crew. The boat took the northern route and the weather was quite rough, cold and foggy.

On the evening of Good Friday all of the Scottish Rite Masons on board were assembled in the little smoking room aft for the ceremony of extinguishing the candles. Men and officers of many different divisions of the army were present and every branch of the Military and Naval Service was represented. At first there was some difficulty in securing candles as a military order had forbidden any candles or matches to be brought on board. Brother David Degen, of Pittsburg, finally rustled some.

Before the ceremony the assembled brothers were entertained by several good talks. Bro. Pharmacists Mate W. H. Wimberly, of the U. S. Navy, who had visited many Masonic Lodges in England and Scotland gave a very interesting description of his visits to some of these lodges. Brother Thomas S. Morrison, of Topeka, Kansas, who up to just a few days before sailing from Brest, had enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest volunteer enlisted man in the United States Expeditionary Forces and who had been with our regiment in all of its activities along the various fronts, showing just as much pep and dash as the youngest Buck, spoke interestingly of his experiences in Masonry.

Brother Morrison had been connected with the National Guard of Kansas for years and in the spring of 1916 was retired with the rank of Brigadier-General. In the spring of 1917 although nearly sixty years of age he enlisted as a private for the period of the world war after getting a special waiver from the war department. He was Band Leader all through the war and April 1, 1919, was commissioned Second Lieutenant, thus becoming both the oldest and the newest shave-tail in the U. S. army.

Brother Frank McFarland responded in his usual humorous and interesting way.

Brother Captain T. B. Kern, of Slatington, Penn., who had been a German prisoner for nearly a year

gave an entertaining account of life in a German prison camp and the treatment of war prisoners by the German military authorities during the war, and after the Armistice.

Brother Chief Mate H. S. McKinley, of Austin, Texas, gave a short talk on life in the Navy during the war.

Brother Major S. T. Millard addressed the assembled brothers on our relations with France and Great Britain, and on our duty to our communities after return to civil life, not only as ex-soldiers but as Masons.

Brothers Olander, Anderson, Ziegelbein, Chancellor, Bass, and others gave short talks.

Then all joined in a short love feast and the candles were extinguished.

On Easter Sunday morning at 9 a.m. the brothers reconvened and attended the relighting of the candles.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Who took part in the Scottish Rite Good Friday and Easter Services on the U. S. Steamship Mobile in mid-ocean somewhere between Brest, France, and Halifax, on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, 1919:

Private William E. Miller, Caswell Consistory, No. 5, Kansas City, Kan.

Pvt. Ralph W. Swearington, Topeka Consistory, No. 1, Topeka, Kan.

Cook Clayton D. Thurston, Caswell Consistory, Bloomsburg, Penn.

Pvt. Lester Gardner, Oklahoma Consistory No. 1, Guthrie, Okla.

Sergt. Floyd F. Whitehead, Topeka

Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kansas.

Musician Edmond Davis, Wichita Consistory No. 2, Wichita, Kansas.

Sergt. Edgar D. Morehouse, Topeka Consistory, No. 1, Topeka, Kansas.

Corp. Clay Deshambaugh, Western Consistory No. 2, Kansas City, Kan.

Lieut. Thomas S. Morrison, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kan.

Waggoner Charles W. Davis, McDonnell Consistory No. 383, McDonnell, Kan.

Corp. D. W. Degen, Fort Scott Consistory No. 4, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Pharmacists Mate W. H. Wimberly, Rhode Island Consistory No. 1, Providence, R. I.

Mess Sergt. F. G. Frakes, Fort Scott Consistory No. 4, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Sergt. J. W. Goodwin, Fort Scott, Consistory No. 4, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Lt. Charles L. Twiss, Houston Consistory, living at Shelbyville, Ill.

Sergt. Ed L. Clark, Oklahoma Consistory No. 1, Guthrie, Okla., living at Conway, Kan.

Sergt. H. L. Ziegenbein, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kansas.

Pvt. Ed. Kiene, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kansas.

Waggoner J. A. Eddy, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kansas.

Corp. William Russell, Fort Scott Consistory No. 4, living at Pittsburg, Kansas.

Lt. G. H. Carpenter, Detroit Consistory No. 1, Detroit, Mich.

Capt. T. B. Kern, Slatington, Con-

sistory No. 440, Slatington, Pa.

Lt. W. K. Mylar, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Consistory No. 1.

Capt. Rollin Ritter, New Mexico Consistory No. 1, Santa Fe, N. M.

Capt. W. P. MacLean, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kansas.

Lt. Hiram J. Sailer, Buffalo Consistory, Buffalo, New York.

Herbert Statts, Albany Consistory, Albany, New York.

Sergt. Maj. Charles Z. Montgomery, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kansas.

Corp. Eric C. Moore, Wichita Consistory, Wichita, Kansas.

Corp. Frank M. Houck, Oklahoma Consistory No. 1, Guthrie, Okla., living at Independence, Kans.

Chief Mate G. L. Fincham, El Paso Consistory No. 3, El Paso, Texas.

Sergt. H. P. Mueller, Oklahoma Consistory No. 1, Guthrie, Okla.

Musician Ray Bachman, Oklahoma Consistory No. 1, Guthrie, Okla.

Chief Mechanic Chester A. Chancellor, Joplin Consistory No. 3, Joplin, Mo.

Corp. Harry W. Moore, Oklahoma Consistory No. 1, Guthrie, Okla.

Corp. Edward D. Keik, Wichita Consistory No. 2, Wichita, Kan.

Corp. Martin G. Miller, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kan.

Lt. Frank H. McFarland, Guthrie Consistory No. 1, Guthrie, Okla., living at Topeka, Kans.

Sergt. Howard M. Morton, Old Colony Consistory, Abington, Mass.

Maj. S. T. Millard, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kan.

Capt. Fred H. Olander, Caswell Consistory, Kansas City, Kan.

Lt. Carl E. Anderson, Caswell Consistory, No. 5, Kansas City, Kan.

Capt. William W. Bass, Fort Scott Consistory No. 4, Fort Scott, Kan.

Chief Mate H. J. McKinley, Perfection Consistory No. 4, Austin, Tex.

Carpenters Mate E. C. Lee, Washington Consistory No. 38, St. Albans, W. Va.

Odel Squire Long, Perfection No. 3, Charleston, W. Va.

Pvt. 1st Class, Fred Jones, Topeka Consistory No. 1, Topeka, Kan.

130TH FIELD ARTILLERY MASONIC CLUB

Bonnetable position, LeMans Sector.

The above "Guns" and "Sons of Guns" will go into position at 18 Rue Mal. Joffree, and open fire at 19 hours, 19th March, 1919.

Thos. H. Morris Fred Olander

John Logan Clay McClelland

Sergt. McCain Arch Jarrel

W. P. MacLean

On March 13th, the nucleus of a Masonic Club for this regiment was established at a meeting attended by about a dozen Masons. It was decided to have a banquet of all the Masons of the regiment for the purpose of organizing a club. This has been discussed before and many Masons feel that now is the logical time to form an organization.

Data is now being secured for a

Masonic Club for this regiment, giving the name, home address, occupation and the name and address of the Masonic bodies to which each belong. The publishing of this roster is in charge of a prominent and popular attorney (Frank H. McFarland, now of the firm of Bennett and McFarland, Washington, Kansas), who has toiled diligently for the organization and who will mail these out to each member as soon as completed, which will be shortly after the regiment arrives in the United States."

ISSUE OF RATIONS—*a la Francais*

Jambon	Sandwiches	Sous Presse Langue
	Fromage	
Conserve a vinagre		Olives
Oranges	Noisettes	
Chocolat-chaud	Pate-Noisettes	Cafe
Cigars	Cigarettes	
Music by the 130th Field Artillery Orchestra (Instead of by 77s and G. I. Cans.)		

For regular church service, Chaplain Blackman, the fighting parson, who had been with us scattering sunshine everywhere through the best and the worst of it, conducted a very fine service with all on board present.

As we approached Halifax some icebergs were sighted and passed. Once the ship was hung up for a few hours on a sand-bar. I was abandon ship officer and Bob Schroeder was my assistant. We had many drills in teaching the passengers how they would go about abandoning ship in case it were ever necessary.

Lt. Allen ("Shoot a nickel") was

head mess officer. Our own men did the cooking, serving and coaling. The ship was officered by aviation officers and navigated by German sailors.

While on board grade and rating cards were made out for all of the officers of the regiment. Jim Pendergast made out one for Thurston and I hung it on the bulletin board where it attracted a lot of attention and approbation.

Two days out of New York, Thurston called a meeting to form a permanent organization of the regiment. This meeting is quite accurately described in San Jarrell's "Officers I have known—" which I will quote here.

MEMORIES OF WAR

Stories of Commanders of 130th Field Artillery.

Capt. Arthur Mills Most Popular Officer in Command.

HAD EIGHT DIFFERENT

C. O. S.

Regular Army Officers "Made Good" With Topekans.

Actual Instances of Treatment of Enlisted Men in A. E. F.

BY SAN JARRELL

"Nearly every regiment of combat troops returns to the United States with memories of the commanding officers. Sometimes the troops speak of their colonels in high terms of praise, and frequently their opinions are such as to be inexpressible in the presence of ladies.

The buck private does not dislike a

colonel because he wears an eagle on his shoulder. He either likes him immensely, or dislikes him on merit alone. The fact that he may be a strict disciplinarian has nothing whatever to do with it, if the officer himself is a man in every sense of the word.

Despite the criticism that has been thrust at the regular army, and perhaps justly, the two best commanding officers of the 130th field artillery, in the opinion of the writer, were regulars — R. T. Ellis and Hugh Brown. This opinion is also voiced by the majority of the enlisted men and officers. Some of the general officers, products of West Point, who commanded the 35th division from time to time, were more capable of handling a squad with corporal's chevrons on their sleeves than a division or a brigade.

MILLS PROVED POPULAR

The 130th had eight officers in command from its time of organization to its demobilization at Camp Funston on May 10 and 11 of this year. There is no question that the best liked was the last one of all, Capt. A. M. Mills of Topeka, who had, at various times, commanded the headquarters and supply companies, and the personnel section. Capt. Mills' command of the regiment was of brief duration, following the departure of Col. W. W. Thurston at Camp Upton, N. Y., shortly after the transport Mobile had docked.

The commanding officers, in order named, were Hugh S. Brown and Arthur M. Mills. Colonels Thurston,

Jennings and Waring were in command at different times. Maj. W. A. Pattison, of Topeka, commanded the regiment also for a short time at Camp Doniphan, and in France for two weeks Col. Karl D. Klemm, K. C., Mo., was placed in temporary command awaiting the arrival of Lieut. Col. James Wilson, of the regulars.

LAWRENCE ATTORNEY IN CHARGE

Colonel Means organized the regiment, with the assistance of several other officers. He is a Lawrence lawyer with a long record of service in the national guard. A capable organizer, he made an efficient commanding officer, but was sent to a school in Texas soon after arriving at Camp Doniphan. He never returned to the regiment after completing his course at the school of fire, but was placed in command of the casual camp at Fort Sill, and subsequently assumed command of Camp Doniphan after the division had sailed.

Lieut Col. Richard T. Ellis, assigned to the 130th in January, 1918, whipped the unit into shape. No better officer could have been selected for this post. He was universally respected by officers and men. He was strict in the most rigid sense of the word, had the quality of justice and fairness which is essential, although many officers do not possess that valued requisite. He left the regiment shortly before it sailed, and later went to France, having been promoted to colonel.

SENT BACK TO THE UNITED STATES

Major Jennings took the regiment

overseas and upon arrival there, Lieut. Col. Roy E. Waring, who had preceded the regiment to France with the advance school detachment, assumed command at Angers. Colonel Waring, who had organized the second battalion at Pittsburg, was a Kansas man, who was connected with the Fraternal Aid Union at Lawrence. He was a West Point graduate, but had left the service some years before. He was very popular with the regiment, and at the Second corps artillery school in April and May had made an excellent record. Influence was brought to bear against him, however, on the grounds of alleged indiscretion, and he was forced to return to the United States, against the will of his officers and men.

After the brief and routine command of Colonel Klem at the school of fire at Coetquidan, Lieut. Col. James Wilson, of the regular army, showed up, and during the six weeks he was boss, the entire unit was in a state of uproar. Just before leaving for the front, the paymaster had checked over the payrolls and turned over money to Captain Mills to pay the men.

"Give that money back," ordered the colonel, with a roaring tone, "I don't want this regiment to be drunk on the troop trains for the next ten days."

On account of this pleasant act of the colonel, who, incidently, never failed to draw his pay the first of the month, the men went more than two months without a franc of pay to buy

necessities. Wilson wouldn't trust his men, who in return, didn't trust him, and a feeling of cordial hatred was soon mutual. On the Vosges mountain front, Col. Wilson literally used his operations officer as an errand boy and corporal as an adjutant. Affairs were at the breaking point when Gen. Berry arrived one day, and "canned" the colonel on the spot, placing Major Thurston on the job.

SLEPT ON FEATHER BEDS

On the way to St. Mihiel and the Argonne, Thurston, always riding ahead in a closed limousine and sleeping on feather beds nearly every night, assumed such an arbitrary attitude toward his men as to be almost unbearable. The writer feels he can make this statement, which will be vouched for by 100 per cent of the personnel. On one occasion when the regiment, weary after a night's hike in the rain, drew up in some woods at dawn for a few hours' rest. Thurston drove up and began "bawling out" his men.

"I don't give a blinkety-blank about the men of the regiment," he declared in the presence of more than twenty-five Battery A gunners, "it's the horses I am looking after."

MOST UNPOPULAR C.O.

Thurston was in command in the Argonne. He was, technically, an efficient artillery officer, and if his personality had compared with his knowledge of mathematics, he would have been a prime success.

Major T. H. Jennings, of New Lon-

don, Conn., who had been in a Paris hospital for several weeks, again took command after the Argonne, as he was senior to Thurston. He was in charge of the 130th when the regiment moved into position on the Verdun front on October 15. Jennings if anything, was more disliked than Thurston. The boys never will forget an act of his on a troop train speeding to the Atlantic coast just before the regiment sailed. Because some of the men were merrily chatting with pretty girls at the station in Indiana and Ohio, Major Jennings ordered all of the windows closed at all stops, despite the stifling heat. In some places the cars would stand in the yards for hours and the men could get no ventilation, while the major promenaded up and down the track with a cigarette in his mouth.

LUCK COMES TO THEM

About November 1, Thurston was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and a few days later Col. Hugh S. Brown, a regular army officer who had risen from the rank of private, was assigned to the regiment. It was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to the 130th. Brown was a broad-minded officer, who always looked after the interest of his men before he thought of his own comfort. During his regime, the "esprit de corps" of the 130th soared high and the month that followed the armistice, which were the most trying of all, were bettered by Brown's good judgement and the



Where we ate in Bonnetable. March, 1919.

Topeka Greets 35th Division.



care he took of his men. He gave furloughs far more liberally than was really allowed, and no privileges were too good for his men. He did mighty well, despite the conflicts with the division commander, Brigadier Dugan, a West Point man, who learned what camouflage was after he had been on the front for ten days.

NEEDN'T COME TO TOPEKA

During Brown's administration, Jennings was made a lieutenant colonel and just before Brown left for reassignment, Thurston was promoted to the full rank of colonel, and again given command of the regiment at Bonnetable, in the LeMans embarkation area. Thurston brought the 130th home from Brest on the transport Mobile.

To show the unpopularity of Thurston and Jennings was not merely confined to the enlisted personnel, it will be well to state here as an incident that occurred on the boat. The officers of the 130th held a meeting in the cabin to form an association. Colonel Thurston and Lieutenant Colonel Jennings were present.

Thurston rose to speak as soon as the session had been called to order.

"This will be a great thing," he declared, "to perpetuate the good fellowship that has always existed among us. I will come to Topeka every year for our proposed reunion. San Francisco is a long way from Kansas, but I want to get together with you officers as often as possible."

THEY SQUELCHED HIM

Jennings then indorsed the program, saying he could jaunt out to Topeka from New London, Conn., once a year. He had no sooner concluded than Capt. W. P. MacLean rose to his feet.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I move that no one above the rank of captain be admitted to membership in this association."

Lieut. Frank McFarland, of Topeka, instantly seconded the motion. It was carried unanimously, and furthermore every officer cheered. To add insult upon the injury, Capt. Dick Porter proposed that Maj. Wm. A. Brady, who had been transferred out of the regiment in February, be admitted to honorary membership. This was carried.

Upon arrival at the dock, Jennings and Thurston went to New York City the first night, and turned over affairs to Capt. Mills. A few days later they were quietly discharged at Camp Upton, and left without saying farewell to a single person.

That completes the story of the colonels the writer has known. The faces of Ellis, Means, Waring and Brown will always be pleasant to visualize in one's memory, while those of Wilson, Thurston and Jennings will be like a bad dream."

Query by Mickey Langan in looking over this copy, "Who inells writing this book, you or San Jarrell?"

On April 23rd we landed at Hoboken

and after a hearty meal of weinie-wurst, sauer kraut and apple pie served by the Red Cross on the pier, we made our way to Camp Upton where we were deloused again and billeted for a couple of weeks. Here Thurston, Watcek and Jennings left us without saying good-bye and Capt. Mills, the oldest captain in the regiment and now known as "The Daddy of the Regiment," was made regimental commander.

Here the old regiment began to disintegrate. Squads and officers went north, south, east and west. We had many chances to visit New York and the Hotel McAlpin became the up town headquarters of the regiment. I had one fine visit with Norman Brundage at his home in New Jersey. His grand-father certainly keeps a fine supply of "Mountain Dew" in General Johnstones side board.

But at last one Sunday evening the boys from Kansas with Colors flying and the "Old Gray Mare," still kicking, marched out of Upton and took train for the west. The trip was uneventful except that McFarland missed the train at Bloomington, and everybody treated us fine.

The regiment went in two sections. Those from Pittsburg and Wichita went south by way of St. Louis and paraded in Pittsburg and Wichita headed by Capt. Frank Priest. They had a rousing reception and a fine time in both places. I will here quote a piece for the Pittsburg Sun regarding

C. & D.

Kansas Field Artillery Batteries, C and D

The starting point for our batteries grew out of a short conversation A.L. Scott had with Postmaster L.W. Johnson who asked if the Chamber of Commerce would assist in such an enterprise.

Within a day or two the Chamber met, the matter was presented to the members and was given unanimous endorsement. This was during the early spring. A committee of three was appointed to handle the matter and a strong campaign was put on.

The interest of patriotic citizens was challenged and a fair amount of encouragement resulted. However, the workers in the cause soon saw that they had a difficult problem before them.

The press of the city gave splendid encouragement, patriotic meetings were held, and rallies were the order of the day. Speakers addressed good sized crowds, but enlistments were slow. At last about a hundred names were secured, and Captain MacLean of Battery A, Topeka, was detailed to assist the Chamber in its effort to raise Battery C of the Kansas Field Artillery. By this time the community was becoming more thoroughly aroused to the crisis the Nation was facing and splendid work was done by the Captain.

The efforts of the local workers were soon crowned with victory and so

strong was the impetus, that organization of Battery D was the final fruitage of the patriotic campaign. The two batteries were inspected by General Martin, and after being thoroughly tested were mustered into the Federal service. They are now at Camp Doniphan, Ft. Sill, Okla., in training for their part in the world war.

Pittsburg and Crawford County stands squarely back of these two military units and will back them to the last man and to the last dollar if necessary.

The batteries were given a splendid farewell reception and a community picnic at Lincoln Park. Two beautiful silk guidon flags were presented by the Chamber of Commerce committee. Two splendid new trucks and more than \$600.00 in cash were given to each battery by the citizens. These boys are going to fight again for the same principles of liberty and freedom that actuated our forefathers.

The sacred pages of history recall again Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. Those patriots freely gave their lives for the cause of our freedom. So our batteries C and D will again defend our freedom, with honor and glory against the German autocracy.

Our boys have the spirit of '76, and are inspired with the fervor of Revolutionary times. Of them may it also be said,

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood

Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers
stood

And fired the shot heard 'round
the world."

President Wilson also expressed himself to a member of this committee as greatly heartened on account of Pittsburg raising and supporting two military units.

Those from Kansas City, Lawrence, Topeka and points there abouts were headed by Capt. Mills. They stopped for parades and banquets and good times at both Kansas City and Lawrence where they were welcomed with open arms. But the big time was at Topeka where we stayed all night on the 7th of May and paraded on the 8th. Never was such a welcome given to home-coming, victorious troops. We were treated like kings by everybody and our path way was strewn with flowers. It was fine to be back among our own folks again and called by name and patted on the back and have the little children grasp your hand. The happiest things in my own experience was that my boy Bob recognized me. Jean didn't, but then she was such a little tyke when I sailed away.

I had come home as I started out in command of old "A" battery.

We went to Funston where, after an orgy of 48 hours of hard paper-work, we were given our \$60. and a final discharge and one of the finest regiments

that ever fought passed out of existence but its spirit will live forever.

Of the Regiment, Col. R. T. Ellis, one of its Commanders writes.

"I doubt if there was a regiment in the service that put in two months and a half in camp as the 130th F. A. did without a man in the guard house. The reason for this was that the officers and men had the proper spirit. If another war should come, which God grant it may not, and the opportunity was afforded me to again serve I would ask for nothing better than that I be given the command of a regiment of men equal to those of the 130th F. A. to whose loyalty, sincerity and steadfastness of purpose was added the ability to perform the duties assigned them at all times in a highly satisfactory manner. It was a great pleasure to me to command the regiment."

And Col. Hugh Brown who commanded the regiment in France.

"You and all of the others must know that our regiment was my first real, deep military unit love; and I, having arrived at an age of discretion and perhaps discernment, you must believe that it will be my most lasting.

The fickle goddess of Fortune can bestow gifts, which, thank heaven, consisted of a "he-man" command to me, but she cannot bestow her characteristics. Loving men and action, I could wish for no better lot than to be with the old 130th in case its services and mine are ever needed at the same time by our country again.

It may have its equals; about which point I am ready to discuss with anyone; it never had or will have a superior. On that score we will back it against all comers."

I can think of no better way to close this little story than by quoting a poem written by Col. Hugh Brown to the men of the 130th after they had got home and were happy and prosperous with their families in the west.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE 130TH REGIMENT F. A.

The call of country has not ceased,
Nor will for men who cling fast to the
truth
And still keep close their loyal love of
native soil.

Citizenship! Guard well it's pass,
Thy gate of youth, and always strive
to aid the state,

Which is done best by one's own toil
Whether in peaceful cool or warring
heat.

When tasks at hand seem easy to complete.

A rare jewel, the good our country
gives:

So hold; and ill that works through
all the rest

Cast out, though seeming hard the
roadway best.

Forget not; for the right which ever
lives.

Such are the paths which it's true
spirits choose.

So when the sunset ends, there is
naught to lose;

But comes the restful slumber with
fair dreams,
That profit came to friends your life
had known.
And to your country—not to yourself

alone;
Until from high the light awakening
beams.

Hugh S. Brown,
Colonel, 130th F. A.

Clippings From Topeka Daily Newspapers

Topeka's Own Battery "A" Home Again!

Topeka's Own always means Battery A.

Of course Topeka has other "Owns"—and the city is proud of them.

But there is a certain motherly pride in Battery A because it is one of the oldest military organizations in Kansas and because it always has been associated with the capital city in a military way.

The opening of the great war sent other units out of Topeka—one or two of them with more of Topeka's sons probably than now are attached to Battery A. These units have made great records. They are coming home with as much enthusiasm and just as much reward as Battery A.

But you can't get around the fact that Battery A's arrival in New York today after ten months overseas meets a responsive chord on Topeka's heart strings.

Battery A is accompanied by the headquarters company, supply company, sanitary detachment and the band—all of Topeka.

It is a happy day.

And next week when the boys really come home—meaning Topeka—the Old Home Town will make the two armistice demonstrations look like an old settlers' picnic.

MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION

Whereas: The afternoon of Thursday May 8, 1919, will be devoted to the welcoming of the 130th Field Artillery and the 137th Infantry, and:

Whereas: Battery A and headquarters and supply companies, and Band of the 130th Field Artillery, are composed largely of Topeka and Shawnee County Boys, and:

Whereas: These boys have rendered the greatest service that can be rendered by a human being, that of being willing to lay down their lives, if needs be, for the City, County, State and Nation, and:

Whereas: The City of Topeka wishes to show its heartfelt appreciation of the splendid services rendered by these boys for humanity, therefore,

I, by the authority vested in me as mayor of the City of Topeka, Kansas, do hereby designate and proclaim the

afternoon of Thursday, May 8, 1919, as a legal holiday, and I do sincerely trust that every individual, firm, corporation and institution will observe this holiday by closing at noon and thus demonstrate to the Boys of the 130th Field Artillery and the 137th Infantry that Topeka and her citizens appreciate their sacrifices and patriotic services.

(Signed) H. J. CORWINE, Mayor.

ALL TOPEKA TAKES HALF-HOLIDAY TO GREET "OUR BOYS"

Nothing to do but whoop it up in honor of Town Yanks in parade or march with them.

"Wampus Kitties" Join Greeters.

Red-Stripers will resume uniforms for occasion—Parade of 130th and 137th starts at 2 o'clock.

The 130th field artillery and the 137th infantry will parade in Topeka at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Mayor Corwine has declared a half holiday, commencing at noon. The business houses will be open as usual this morning for the benefit of shoppers.

This afternoon will be an all-Topeka holiday, the schools and everything being closed so that all may honor the soldier boys.

The parade will eclipse all others held in honor of the returning soldiers.

For today the people are honoring all-Kansas units, containing so many

of Topeka's own. The headquarters and supply companies of the 130th and Battery A are Topeka organizations. The rest of that portion of the regiment that will parade in Topeka is from Lawrence and Kansas City, Kan. The 137th Infantry is from towns all over the state.

TWO THOUSAND IN LINE

The parade will consist of more than 2,000 soldiers, several bands, the discharged soldiers and sailors, the Red Cross workers, the lodges and the 3,500 Santa Fe employees.

Practically all of the bands in Topeka will turn out, according to R.R. Baer, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce military committee, who has charge of the arrangements. Horace L. Hall, chairman of the Red Cross chapter, has ordered all of the active workers of all branches to report at the Poehler Mercantile Co. building promptly at 1:30, in uniform. Veils will be supplied to those who have none. Lodges with uniform rank are to turn out. The Santa Fe shopmen and railway clerks will form on Quincy street, between Third and Fifth, promptly at 12:30 and will march to Kansas avenue and then south to Tenth street. Then there will be a counter-march to the bridge to meet the soldiers.

"WAMPUS KITTIES" THERE

Capt. Luther Tillotson wants every man in Topeka who wore a uniform during the war to get it out and join his "Wampus Kitties" at the Union

Pacific station in time for the parade. Chief Boatswain's Mate P. E. O'Conner has issued a call for all sailors and discharged sailors to appear in uniform and mobilize at the Union Pacific station.

The parade will proceed across the bridge, up Kansas Avenue to Tenth, then west and north to the state house. People along the line are asked to stand back far enough to give those in the parade a chance to march.

The returning soldiers will be given a ham and egg breakfast and at noon a chicken dinner will be served to them by the Red Cross canteen. The infantry will probably arrive from Lawrence in time for the dinner. At the state house the Military Sisterhood will serve punch.

G. A. R. WILL LEAD

The members of the G. A. R. with drum corps will lead the parade from Fifth to Tenth streets. Then will come:

One Hundred and Thirtieth field artillery band.

One Hundred and Thirtieth field artillery.

One Hundred and Thirty-seventh infantry band.

One Hundred and Thirty-seventh infantry, First and Second battalions.

Ninth battalion band.

One Hundred and Thirty-seventh infantry, Third battalion.

The "Wampus Kitties."

Marshall's band.

Red Cross workers and canteen.

Boy scouts and buglers.

Drum corps.

Uniformed lodges.

Washburn college band and students.

Knights & Ladies of Security band and drill team.

Santa Fe office employees.

Santa Fe band.

Santa Fe shopmen.

Fire department.

Citizens in autos.

TOPEKA'S OWN IS IN CHARGE OF YE OLD TOWN TODAY.

Battery A boys sleep in real beds after a filling feed of home-made pie and other "eats."

Will Parade This Afternoon

Waits for 137th, which arrived early this morning and will join in the festivities.

Topeka's members of the 130th field artillery slept in real beds last night for the first time in two years.

Battery A, along with the other batteries of this famous fighting outfit of Kansans, arrived at 10 o'clock. Capt. Arthur M. Mills, regimental commander, detrained ahead of his men, and issued an order that caused many mothers to rush him in the effort to be the first to shake his hand, and one or two even kissed him, right in the presence of Mrs. Mills, who met the captain at Kansas City.

The order was to the effect that every Topekan in his command should go home with their mothers, fathers

or friends. Then he asked the thousands of mothers who crowded around the train joyfully greeting the returned heroes to take home those boys who had no folks to meet them. Immediately there was a scramble to see who could be the first to comply with the order.

THEY SAY IT IN FRENCH

"Ooo-oo-la-la," joyously remarked the boys as they were carried off to waiting automobiles for the trip to dreamland. "Just you watch me sleep tonight." "Say, boy, howdy, this is the life," and similar idioms for extreme delight were heard everywhere as the fighting artillerymen left their train to the tender mercies of a detachment of national guardsmen, drafted as guards for the night.

TOPEKA'S BIG DAY

This is to be a triumphant holiday in Topeka. The whole town is going to turn out and help in the royal reception to the 130th field artillery—with Battery A and the headquarters and supply companies. Topeka units, as the star guests together with the 137th infantry, which will arrive this morning in time to participate in the grand triumphal parade in the afternoon. Mayor Corwine has issued a proclamation calling upon every business man to close his doors at noon and help in the big reception.

COME HOME SINGING

After a day of kisses, parades, good things to eat and everything that goes to make a royal home-coming for he-

roic soldiers, who fought a good fight and won, men of the 130th came into Topeka singing at the top of their voices. Battery A set the pace for the entire regiment. Practically every member of this unit is a Topeka boy. He was coming home to mother, father, sister and sweetheart. He knew that they would all be right there on the platform to welcome him in the way he had seen members of Battery E and Battery B welcomed at Kansas City, Kan., and Lawrence. And it was a most cheering welcome that everybody got in those two towns.

Wild enthusiasm broke loose on the train carrying Battery A, the minute it left Lawrence. The pent-up emotions of two years away from home and friends, broke loose in a variety of ways. Some sang, others shouted, some sat silent amid the pandemonium with smiles on their faces, or with glistening eyes dreaming of what the two years away from home has meant to them, while general preparation for detrainment made the coaches scenes of apparent confusion, but in reality military precision.

When the twinkling lights of the "good old home town" appeared ahead every soldier broke loose in the most violent cheering. It continued until the order to detrain was given.

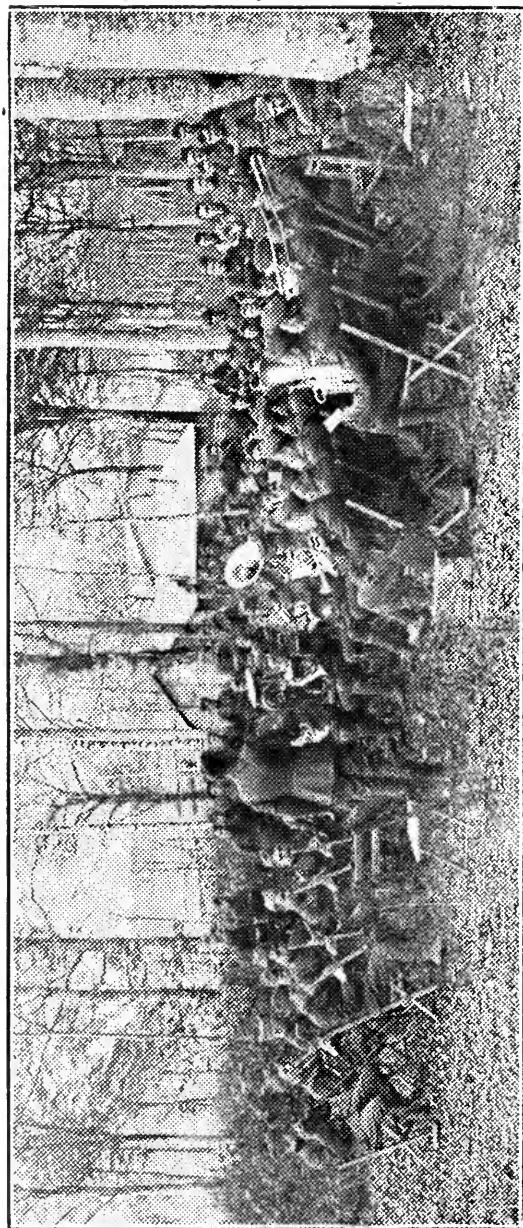
From the minute the two trains carrying the 130th field artillery crossed the state line into "God's country" as Kansas is termed by



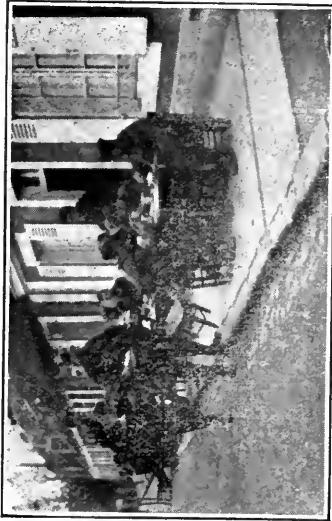
Officers of 35th Division.



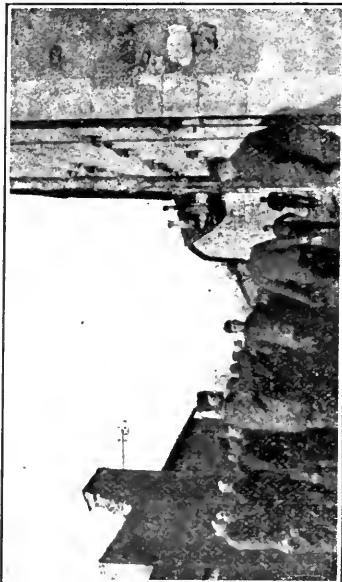
Homeward Bound.



130th Field Artillery Band in France.



"D" at Ernecourt. February, 1919.



"D" at Dinner in Bonnetable.

every man who has been all over France, and two-thirds of this country, an ovation such as only real folks can give, was accorded the regiment. Companies A, B, D and L, of the 137th infantry arrived in Kansas City in time to participate in the parade and add to the incentive for wildly cheering the more than 1,000 soldiers in the line of march. Battery E, of the 130th artillery and Company A, of the infantry, are mostly Kansas City, Kan., men. Needless to say that they were royally received, still more royally fed, hugged, kissed and proudly exhibited by adoring fathers, mothers, sweethearts and little brothers.

BIG FEED TODAY

The big time started last night, with the arrival of "Topeka's own" boys. It will continue all day long. One of the most sumptuous feasts ever set before a soldier will be served today noon by the Red Cross canteen service. Every mother in the city has been invited to bring food to help satiate the appetites of the boys who have subsisted on hard-tack since leaving New York. At least they ate hard-tack until they reached Kansas. After that many cartons of the government bread were thrown to the kids that lined the streets at every stop.

NEVER AGAIN WILL CITY SEE SUCH A GLORIOUS PARADE

Veterans of World War, Veterans of Civil War, Six Bands, Scores of Organizations in line of March.

Climax Of Welcome Home Days

Soldiers a Little Happier, Home Folks a Little Gladder, Crowd a Little Wilder as Topeka Welcomes Her Own.

Take the end of one perfectly good war. Add a classy combat division. Mix in detachments from the engineers, the navy, and the Red Cross. Stir in the G. A. R. Use a peppery bunch of Santa Fe employees. Drop in all the superlatives in the book. Blend a crowd jubilant with joy. Season with six bands. Decorate with the national colors and serve on Kansas avenue. That's a recipe for a parade like yesterday's; such a parade as will never be again in Topeka.

A SUPREME SUCCESS

As a climax of days of celebration and demonstration and admiration, yesterday's program was a supreme success. The bands didn't play any better, the military men didn't march any straighter, the decorations weren't any finer. But the crowd was a little wilder the home folks a little gladder, and soldiers a little happier. Topeka welcomed her own. Units have come, units have gone. Still others are to swing down Kansas avenue. But there are no other two regiments that contain as many Topeka boys as the

130th field artillery and the 137th infantry. And unless there's another war the city has had its greatest review in point of numbers from Topeka.

Rather symbolic, that parade yesterday. When those marshals on horseback and the chief's automobile cleared the avenue in the van it reminded one of America cleaning her desks for action in the war. Then the fife and drum corps, preceding the veterans, recalled a little history when that unit of grey haired veterans came, the men that aided in preserving nation, there was a cheer and then a sudden hush. Reverence marked the crowd's attitude as those veterans of 61 to 65 tramped sturdily by.

OVATION TO EVERY ONE

Then came the men of the Thirty-fifth whom the country honors today. Morrison's band, of the 130th field artillery headquarter's company. Battery A. supply company, and the sanitary detachment, all Topeka's own, passed thru barrage after barrage of flowers. The balance of the 130th, guidons floating, received a similar ovation. Those men are the ones that made it possible for the infantry to advance.

Marching at strict attention, not a rifle out of line, not a man out of step, the 137th infantry, headed by its band, carried on with the parade. Those doughboys, all from Kansas, had a welcome of their own from the thousands of their fellow citizens here to meet them. Between the second

and third battalions was the ninth battalion band. Carrying out the symbolism, those are the boys who made the advances.

MANY IN LINE OF MARCH

A new feature in the parade of yesterday was the sailors in blue and white. Their banner announced that these were the boys that took the boys over. A detachment of returned ex-army men followed the lads in blue. A special detachment of Santa Fe employees, returned from the service, completed the military side of the procession, leading thousands of Santa Fe employees.

The Red Cross women were headed by the K. and L. of S. band. These women have been so important a part of the army that they well deserved the cheers accorded them. The K. L. of S. drill team also was in line. The city fire men marched next with as trim a front as the soldiers. Marshall's band headed a battalion of boy scouts. The Santa Fe employees, headed by their own band, were the last units in line. Thus ended the parade of parades: the veterans in front, the men who have backed the armies so well, behind. The crowds surged into the avenue and the great procession was over.

Fried Chicken Barrage Can't Stop These Boys

Whistles blew the noon-day hour.

"First call for chicken dinner," shouted W. A. Biby from the platform of the Union Pacific station.

Soldiers swarmed from all sides, all corners.

For an hour and a half the Red Cross canteen workers served long lines of soldiers quick to answer the "mess" call with chicken dinner.

Two thousand five hundred soldiers passed along in front of the Red Cross counter and received real fried chicken dinners from Mrs. Horace Humphreys, captain, and her staff. Within the lunch boxes were chicken, hot buttered rolls, pickles, cookies, drop-cakes and ice cream. Red hot coffee was served with the lunch.

Say, boy! Who said soldiers had forgotten how to eat?

When the job of eating 9,978 cakes, and 361 chickens was placed before the 130th field artillery and 137th infantry the soldiers did not shirk their duty.

"Charge," commanded hungry appetites.

The food barrage was on.

Chicken, pickles, ice cream and cakes went galloping into welcoming stomachs.

When the meal was over and the tables were cleared but small portions were left to tell the tale that the Red Cross canteen had seen its biggest day of business since the war broke loose.

While the canteen did the serving of the food it was the mothers and fathers, wives, sweethearts, sisters and brothers that provided the immense quantities of fried chicken and frosted cakes for the hungry soldier boys.

Cakes that were left after the feast was over were put into baskets and placed in the coaches that the soldiers might continue their feast on the trip last night to Camp Funston.

SOLDIERS FALL FOR JOKE PLAYED ON THEM BY THE GIRLS IN STATE HOUSE

The girls on the fifth floor of the state house watched an endless procession of soldiers wandering up to the dome all yesterday morning. The soldiers did not appear particularly hilarious about the trip to the dome, but seemed going simply to kill time. Now being very nice girls, they could not step into the hall and say:

"Stop and talk to us, we are much more entertaining than the view from the dome."

Still, the girls wanted to make the acquaintance of some of the lonely doughboys. Finally the girls in Miss Linna Bresette's office had an inspiration. Mildred Reed appropriated the sign saying, "This way to the dome," and hung it on Miss Bresett's door. Several of the girls then waited in the office to see what chance would bring.

Almost at once a dashing young private burst open the door, took one look of surprise about, took off his hat and flopped down in a chair, grinning and saying, "I'm on."

During the morning, there was quite a reception in the office, with most of the new comers staying to see how the other fellows, stepping in on a

room full of pretty girls, would act. Some were embarrassed at first and tried to retreat, but in the end every one stayed and the party was an entire success.

← →

CROWD OF 75,000 WELCOMES BOYS BACK TO KANSAS

Avenue for one and one-half miles lined with wildly cheering throng as heroes march by.

Everyone Was on the Avenue

Kissing, Hugging and Hand-holding common on streets and only principals even take notice.

"Now I lay me down to sleep.
Pray the Lord my 'sole' to keep."

With blistered, burning feet but joyous hearts, 75,000 persons, 50,000 of them Topekans, retired late last night after a day of constant tramping of the streets, their participation in the greatest celebration in Topeka's history.

The crowds that swarmed the avenue and by-streets to view the double parade of the 130th field artillery and 137th infantry were never surpassed in number as far as Topeka is concerned.

RELATIVES, FRIENDS, RUBBERNECKS

"Never saw anything like it since the day Topeka entertained the Hawaiian queen at the fall festival when every town on the Santa Fe railroad was represented," said John Waters.

If there was anyone not on the

streets it was because they were bedridden or had some powerfully good reason for being detained at home.

Crowds walked, crowds rode, crowds drove.

Three distinct classes were present, relatives, friends and rubbernecks. To the latter may be accredited the honor of making the noise that the soldiers liked. Relatives were too happy to do much cheering and friends were too busy picking out Jake and Jim and Charley from the marching throngs to keep up continuous applause.

THIS GIRL CAUGHT TWO

The unique part of the swarming masses was the utter unconsciousness of the individuals. Ordinarily kissing and hugging on Kansas avenue attracts attention. This time it did not. Hand-holding relatives were loath to separate even when some hurried pedestrian tried to break the sentimental bond. Kisses were long and abundant.

One young woman, meeting her returned soldier for the first time rushed up to him in the thick of the crowd and threw her arms around him. In the throw she caught two men instead of one.

"I wouldn't mind coming home every day," said the impromptu guest at the love feast, "if I got this sort of welcome."

BOBBY FOUND A PLACE

Thoughtful parade attendants brought chairs with them. Others in more thinly populated portions of

the avenue sought rest on the curbings. Many of these persons were women with small babes in their arms.

Just as the parade was passing the 800 block a mother missed her 4-year-old son, "Bobby." Panic-stricken she tried to search the crowd about her for her son. Several minutes passed.

"Mamma, there's Jack," came a small voice from overhead.

Bobby had climbed on top of a street show case and was watching the parade in comfort. Jack was his big brother marching with Battery A.

CITY PARK WAS FILLED.

Topeka's most popular park was the City park adjacent to the Melan bridge. It was filled with parade visitors. Many had brought picnic lunches and invited soldiers without relatives to come and eat with them.

A few traveling men were disgruntled when they found Topeka business men had closed their businesses for the day. But the avenue and the military bands, Marshall's band and the rest of the musical or-

ganizations played "The Old Gray Mare" and other war pieces and the traveling men joined with other Kansans in welcoming home the boys.

KIDS LIKE MACLEAN

They Form Bodyguard in March Back to Station

When Captain W. P. MacLean started for the station after the parade on his way to Camp Funston, several small boys stuck to his side and began the long hike across the river. As the soldiers progressed down the street, other kids who are among Captain MacLean's staunch friends joined him. By the time the parade had reached the Melan bridge, there were about fifty youngsters, all personal friends of the captain's, proudly keeping step with him at the head of his company.

The captain's admirers were boys that had played in the city playgrounds when the captain was only Mr. MacLean, supervisor of playgrounds and the best playmate the kids of Topeka have ever had.

When the 35th Comes Home

I can hear the glad hozannas, when the 35th comes home,
I can see the great propellers, churning deep, beneath the foam,
I can almost hear the voices of the valiant lads in brown
As they crowd the starboard quarter for a glimpse of New York town.
I can well surmise their feeling as they sight the old home pier,
I can well divine their longing as they answer, cheer for cheer,
Thru it all I hear the sirens and the tug boat's splitting wail
When the first gray prow is "lifted" with the youngsters at the rail.

Streamers deck the wire webbed canyons of the down-town thorofares
From the windows flags are waving; bands are playing martial airs.
Then the trains to bear them westward as they bid New York goodbye
For the sunset trails "cut yonder," 'neath a far off turquoise sky.
Ah, 'tis there they'll find a welcome when the train goes speeding home,
When the Mogul shrieks the tidings from its iron-throated dome,
Winding thru familiar valleys, groaning up each toilsome grade,
Darting downward to the prairies and the cloudland's checkered shade.

It is not the Argonne's shamble where they clinched the Hun defeat,
Nor the French girl's kiss in Paris as they marched along the street,
It is not the wire webbed canyons of the New York thorofares,
With the miles of star-decked bunting, nor the lilt of martial airs,
It is not the screaming sirens of the launches in the bay
As they "lift" the coming steamers thru a swirl of silver spray.
It is not of these they're thinking as their home town burst to view,
Little towns "way out in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missou'."

It's the welcome from the home-folks that they're wanting, most of all,
It's of this they've dreamed and fought for since the day they heard the call.
All the glamour of the cities, all the tribute small and great,
Cannot measure up to Mother waiting eager, at the gate.
It's the kindred hearts which draw them. It's the cry of soul to soul
That can satisfy the yearning after war's distressing toll.
They're not seeking adulation—nor the pomp of ancient Rome.
Clasp their hands and say "God bless you" when the 35th comes home.

—Will Ferrell.

130th FIELD ARTILLERY CASUALTY LIST

1. In compliance with Memorandum dated Nov. 13th, 1918, Headquarters, Army Artillery, First Army, submit herewith the following report of casualties to date while serving with the American Expeditionary Forces:

KILLED IN ACTION					
Deaths	Rank	Organiza-	Date of	Remarks	
	Corp.	Btry C.	Casualty	Oct. 3, '18	
Fuller, Benj. A.				Severely wounded by aerial bomb Oct. 2, '18; died Oct. 3, 1918.	
Glotfelter, George R.	2nd Lt.	130th F.A.	Oct. 2, '18	Killed by aerial bomb.	
Graham, Robert L.	Sgt.	Btry D.	Oct. 2, '18	Killed by aerial bomb at Varennes.	
Hunter, Isaac	Pvt.	Btry B.	Sept. 24, '18	Killed by shell near Neuilly, France.	
Johnson, Wm. B.	Ck.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Killed by aerial bomb at Varennes, France.	
DIED FROM DISEASE					
Mueller, Fred W. F.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Sept. 2, '18	Died at B.H. No. 36, A.P.O. 732; pneumonia.	
Weikel, Perry E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 3, '18	Died at B.H. No. 36, A.P.O. 732; pneumonia.	
Kiernan, Charles	Pvt.	Btry A.	Sept. 3, '18	Died at B.H. No. 36, A.P.O. 732; pneumonia.	
Reichard, Reuben R.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Sept. 5, '18	Died at F.H. No. 37; lobar pneumonia, lower right.	
Schragen, Peter A.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Sept. 11, '18	Died at F.H. No. 38; pneumonia.	
WOUNDED					
Byrd, Henry	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes Oct. 2, '18. Hosp. unknown.	
Beecher, Thos. I.	Corp.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes. Hosp. unknown.	
Bolinger, Harlow	Sta. Sgt.	Btry D.	Oct. 2, '18	Severely wounded by aerial bomb. Hosp. unknown.	
Decuyper, Fernand	Pvt. 1 cl.	Hq. Co.	Sept. 24, '18	Severely wounded by shell near Neuilly; admitted to B. H. No. 25.	
Fenton, Charley O.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb. Hosp. unknown.	
Fuller, Wiley M.	1st Lt.	130th F.A.	Oct. 31, '18	Slightly gassed; F.H. No. 139; evac. Hosp. No. 3.	
Griffin, David	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry E.	Oct. 2, '18	Severely wounded by machine gun fire from airplane at Varennes; B.H. No. 13; rejoined battery Nov. 25, '18.	
Harrison, Russell B.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 31, '18	Slightly gassed on Verdun front; F.H. No. 139; Evac. Hosp. No. 3.	
Harnsberger, John H.	2nd. Lt. (1st Lt.)	Sup. Co.	Sept. 30, '18	Slightly wounded by shell.	
Hudson, Calvin A.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes; hosp. unknown.	
Kent, Alpine N.	Ck.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes. B.H. 31.	
Koch, George A.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes; hosp. unknown.	
Lantz, Joseph T.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 2, '18	Severely wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes; hosp. unknown.	

Lewis, John I.	Corp.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb or machine gun at Varennes; hosp. unknown.
Marshall, Jos. O.	Sgt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes. B.H. 86.
O'Neil, Fred P.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Sept. 24, '18	Slightly wounded by shrapnel near Neuilly. Evac. Hosp. No. 9.
Peters, Wm. F.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb or machine gun at Varennes.
Phillips, John R.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Nov. 7, '18	Gassed, undetermined as to degree, Verdun Front. F.H. No. 139.
Phillips, Wm. P.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 2, '18	Severely wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes.
Priest, Frank T.	Capt.	Btry A.	Sept. 24, '18	Severely wounded by shell near Neuilly. Evac. Hosp. No. 9. Rejoined regiment Nov. 19, 1918.
Randall, Ralph A.	Corp.	Hq. Co.	Sept. 24, '18	Slightly wounded by shell near Neuilly. Hosp. unknown.
Russell, Thomas W.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 2, '18	Wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes; degree undetermined. B.H. No. 28.
Sargent, Virgil	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Severely wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes. Hosp. unknown.
Sausek, Edward A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry C.	Sept. 24, '18	Slightly wounded by shell near Neuilly. Hosp. unknown.
Shepard, Fred W.	Pvt.	Etry F.	Oct. 31, '18	Slightly gassed, Verdun Front. Evac. Hosp. No. 3.
Shuck, Clifford	Pvt.	Btry B.	Sept. 24, '18	Slightly wounded by shell near Neuilly. Evac. Hosp. No. 9.
Stoker, Floyd M.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 2, '18	Severely wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes. Hosp. unknown.
Tanquary, Ernest C.	Corp.	Btry A.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by machine gun from airplane at Varennes. B.H. No. 25. Rejoined battery Nov. 23, '18.
Taylor, Harvey M.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Slightly wounded by aerial bomb at Varennes. Hosp. unknown.
Vorys, Arthur R.	2nd Lt.	Btry E.	Nov. 10, '18	Slightly gassed at Verdun Front. Hosp. unknown.
Walker, Elmer R.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 24, '18	Severely wounded by shell near Neuilly. B.H. No. 26.

EVACUATED

Name	Rank	zation Organiza-	Evacuation Date of	Remarks
Abel, Rudolph	Wag.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18. Admitted to hosp. and dropped Nov. 25, '18.
Adams, Frank	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry C.	Admitted to hosp., and rejoined Aug. 25, '18.
Adams, James T.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 4, '18	B.H. No. 89. Rejoined battery Nov. 15, '18.
Alexander, Walter L.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 23, '18	Hospital unknown.
Anderson, Pahr	Pvt.	Btry D.	Aug. 9, '18	Mixte Hosp. at LeMans.
Andrews, Chas. I.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Admitted to hosp., and rejoined Oct. 31, '18.
Audas, Howard H.	Ck.	Btry E.	Nov. 25, '18	Evac Hosp. No. 19.
Avery, Earl L.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Sup. Co.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34 A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Bacon, Samuel	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.

Bailey, Cecil W.	Corp.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Bailey, James H.	Pvt.	Med. Det.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34, Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Baker, Paul E.	Bugl.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A. R. C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Bannister, Cloves B.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Barnes, John W.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A. R. C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Barr, Benj. L.	Wag.	Sup. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. unknown.
Barrows, Charles F.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	Oct. 17, '18	B.H. No. 86.
Baysinger, Lewis M.	Wag.	Sup. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	B.H. No. 31.
Bega, Joe	Pvt.	Btry D.	Oct. 22, '18	Admitted to S.O.S. Hosp., and rejoined Oct. 29, '18.
Behrends, Ben	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 27, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 86.
Ebenson, Ernest L.	Corp.	Btry D.	Aug. 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 20, '18.
Benned, Alfred A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	Nov. 23, '18	Admitted to hospital.
Bittick, Bon Owen	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 2, '18.
Bolande, Harold E.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Bordin, Achille	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 2, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 6. Rejoined Oct. 25, '18.
Bower, Camile J.	Pvt.	Btry A.	June 17, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 2, '18.
Bower, William	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Admitted to hospital, and rejoined Nov. 12, '18.
Boyd, Benj. F.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Bradfield, Arthur A.	Wag.	Sup. Co.	June 20, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 4, '18.
Bridgewater, Paul A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34, Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Brinkman, Ernest F.	Pvt.	Btry E.	June 13, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27.
Brockish, Maurice	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry A.	June 20, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Sept. 15, '18.
Brooks, Orville	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry D.	Aug. 9, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15.
Bruemieve, Walter A.	Pvt.	Med. Det.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Brundrett, Curtis R.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp, Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Buckley, Lyle H.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry A.	Nov. 2, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Buchre, Frederick A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry C.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Budick, Cylde R.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry C.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Burns, Edward	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Butler, George W.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 23, '18.
Butler, Earl F.	Wag.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 1, '18.
Caldwell, William E.	Wag.	Sup. Co.	Nov. 7, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Carboni, Justin W.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36.
Carlson, Frank M.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	July 11, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27.
Carnahan, James J.	Sgt.	Btry A.	Oct. 26, '18	Admitted to hosp., and returned Nov. 11, '18.
Carnahan, Robt. A.	Corp.	Btry A.	Nov. 2, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Carter, Russell D.	Corp.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Chacey, Doyle L.	Pvt.	Btry A.	July 10, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Sept. 1, '18. Admitted to an S.O.S. hosp. Nov. 25, '18.
Chrysler, Leo F.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Clark, Jesse H.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
Cole, Sumner W.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Column, Jim	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 11, '18.
Coman, Frank J.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Sept. 1, '18	B.H. No. 45, Toul.
Conaway, Clyde E.	Ck.	Sup. Co.	June 22, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Nov. 26, '18.
Conklin, Geo. E.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.

Conklin, Arthur L.	Pvt.	Btry A.	June 28, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Conley, Russell G.	Pvt.	Etry D.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Conner, Chas. A.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Coogan, John L.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Admitted to hosp., and rejoined Nov. 26, '18.
Cosentino, Nicholas	Mec.	Sup. Co.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34, Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Nov. 26, '18.
Cook, Horace	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Courtney, Reginald R.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 23, A.P.O. 726, B.H. Annes No. 1.
Cowhill, Floyd V.	Pvt.	Etry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Cowled, Elisha C.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 45. Rejoined Oct. 17, 1918.
Cox, Edward R.	Pvt.	Btry B.	July 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 23, '18. Dropped Sept. 24, '18, B.H. No. 13, A.P.O. 732. Rejoined Nov. 15, '18.
Cox, Joseph C.	Pvt.	Btry C	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Craft, Clarence A.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	B.H. No. 28; Evac. Hosp. 9.
Creel, Howard E.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Crystal, Benjamin	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 31, A.P.O. 753.
Culien, Heston P.	Wag.	Sup. Co.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool, Eng.
Creelly, Harold J.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Dailey, Jasper A.	Ck.	Btry B.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 45. Rejoined Oct. 31, '18.
Daldo, Joseph U.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Dalton, Aaron V.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 22, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9.
Davis, John W.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 3, '18	B.H. No. 24, A.P.O. 753.
Dean, William B.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 20, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27, A.P.O. 733. Rejoined July 4, '18.
Dennis, Otto	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
Devins, George F.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Dewey, Harvey J.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Dorrough, Owen	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Admitted to hosp., and rejoined Oct. 26, '18.
Doherty, Joseph E.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Hq. Co.	June 18, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 23, '18.
Doherty, Joseph C.	Corp.	Btry B.	Aug. 5, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. Rejoined Aug. 26, '18.
Duncan, John R.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Aug. 9, '18	Mixte Hosp., LeMans.
Dunkelberger, Harry M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Durbin, Earle L.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 15, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 2, '18.
Duvall, Thomas	Pvt.	Btry B.	July 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Sept. 6, '18.
Edwards, Chas. M.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 22, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9.
Elliott, James R.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Nov. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Faidley, Lincoln L.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Oct. 2, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 6.
Farmer, Francis A.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Ferguson, Herbert C.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 20, '18.
Fichtner, Frank B.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Fisher, Delbert	Pvt.	Btry D.	Aug. 9, '18	Mixte Hosp., LeMans. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
Fitzgerald, Bennie P.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 21, '18.
Flick, Clinton	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Frakes, Chas. C.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Nov. 25, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 8.
Frame, Floyd F.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Aug. 9, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. Rejoined Oct. 20, '18.

Franey, Frank V.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Aug. 12, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, A.P.O. 711, B.H. No. 8.
Frederick, Guy L.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 12, '18.
Fristos, Frank B.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Aug. 12, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15; A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Sept. 1, '18.
Fronke, Arnold C. Fulton, Marshall	Pvt. 1 cl. Corp.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18 Nov. 2, '18	Hosp. unknown. Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 15, '18.
Gabrielson, John A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	July 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27; A.P.O. 733. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Galant, Louis	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 25. Rejoined Oct. 19, 1918.
Gant, William R. Gardner, Lester H.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 18, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27.
Gehrt, Edwin E. M. Gettigner, Elmer Gillen, Mike	Pvt. 1 cl. Pvt. 1 cl. Pvt.	Btry F. Btry B. Btry F.	June 11, '18 Nov. 25, '18 June 19, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Gillette, Kenneth	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Goble, George C.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Nov. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Goodwin, Davie	Pvt.	Btry D.	Oct. 18, '18	B.H. No. 20.
Gordanier, Glen L.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 1, A.R.C., LeNavre. Rejoined Nov. 27, '18.
Georman, Leo	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Oct. 30, '18.
Graham, Wm. A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Etry D.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 22, '18.
Graves, Ezra T.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 45.
Gray, Claude W.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Greenleaf, Frank M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 22, '18	B.H. No. 27. Rejoined July 4, '18. Dropped Oct. 29, '18. S. O. S. Hosp., Souille.
Greenwood, Frank C.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Groff, Webb W.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 8, '18.
Hadl, Vitus	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp, A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
Hanna, Claud E.	Pvt.	Btry E.	June 30, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Nov. 25, '18.
Hall, Velney G. Hagler, Ira W.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Haskell, Marion P.	Pvt.	Btry A.	June 18, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 4, '18.
Helms, Dewey Helpfrey, Earl H.	Pvt. 1 cl. Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry D. Btry F.	July 10, '18 Aug. 9, '18 June 11, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18. Mixte Hosp. LeMans. Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Henderson, Freddie	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 27, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Henrikson, Sven E.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Henson, Vernon A.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Herman, Wm. F.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey. Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Hickey, Clarence	Pvt.	Btry F.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Hilderbrand, Willie	Pvt.	Btry E.	July 10, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27.
Himmelwright, Homer	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 20, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 9, '18.
Hindle, Joe O.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 11, '18	B.H. No. 18. Rejoined Nov. 4, '18.
Hobbs, Dow	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Holden, Herbert G.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 22, '18	B.H. No. 70.
Holland, Harry L.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	July 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Holt, Frank M.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Holt, Thomas E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Hopper, Fred J.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 45.

Horr, Worthie H.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Goodsell, Joseph E.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	Reported on casualty list as died.
Hosmer, Paul B.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Dec. 10, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Howerton, Thomas W.	Bugl.	Btry F	June 14, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 2, '18.
Howse, Edward J.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	Sept. 11, '18	B.H. No. 18.
Huckaby, Loren	Corp.	Btry D.	Nov. 15, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Huff, Elmer L.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Hughey, Clyde D.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Hughey, Charles W.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Humphrey, Wilbur J.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Hunter, Floyd L.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Hupp, Arthur T.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Sept. 7, '18	B.H. No. 23. B.H. No. 32, Vittel. Rejoined Oct. 19, '18.
Houston, Bayard P.	Pvt.	Btry A.	July 31, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 7, '18. Dropped Nov. 25, '18. Hosp. unknown.
Hyatt, John E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 22, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9. Rejoined Nov. 19, '18.
Iiams, James H.	Pvt.	Btry A.	June 18, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 4, '18. Dropped Oct. 22, '18. Hosp. unknown.
Ingle, Truman L.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Dec. 6, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Ingram, Charles M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 34, Romsey, Eng.
Ingram, Irwin	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Ira, Homer E.	Mus. 1 cl.	Hq. Co.	Nov. 21, '18	Admitted to hosp. and transferred to Farr A.P.O. 778.
Irvin, Leonard D.	Corp.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 1, '18.
Jewett, Chester C.	Pvt.	Btry E.	June 18, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 10, '18.
Johnson, John O.	Corp.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool, Eng.
Johnson, Justin W.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. Rejoined Oct. 25, 1918.
Johnson, Richard	Wag.	Hq. Co.	June 20, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 10, '18.
Johnston, George F.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 2, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. unknown.
Jordan, James W.	Pvt.	Btry A.	June 20, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Evac. Hosp. No. 45, Toul. Rejoined July 2, '18. B.H. No. 30, Sept. 18, '18.
Justice, Edward S.	Corp.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Kammer, Joseph C.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Sept. 7, '18	B.H. No. 23, Vittel. Rejoined Oct. 20, '18.
Kammerer, Frank J.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Southampton, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Karr, Coly B.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp, A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Kegans, Patrick R.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 11, '18.
Keith, Glenn A.	Corp.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9. Rejoined Nov. 1, '18.
Kelso, Jarden	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Kennedy, John P.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Kerns, Charles W.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry E.	June 23, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 23, '18.
Kielb, Francis	Pvt.	Btry C.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. Rejoined Oct. 17, 1918.
King, Ray B.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Nov. 8, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 7.

Kingsley, Volney	Med.	Btry B.	July 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Kirby, Vance	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry A.	June 30, '18	S.U.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 9, '18.
Kissouth, Phillip	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36.
Klee, Charley	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 19, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 45, Toul. Rejoined Oct. 29, '18.
Kling, John	Pvt.	Btry A.	July 4, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 9, '18.
Knisel, Lloyd J.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Kocher, Charles F.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng.
Ladd, Ike	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined battery July 3, 1918.
La Fromboise, Roy	Bugl.	Btry A.	Aug. 10, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 12, '18.
Laughlin, Thos. J. A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry E.	June 30, '18	S.O.S. No. 17. A.P.O. 721. Rejoined July 21, '18.
Lee, Clarence M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Lee, Merritt R.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 27, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 86. Rejoined Nov. 11, '18.
Leiter, Rufus	Corp.	Btry F.	Sept. 29, '18	B.H. No. 28.
Lamberger, Lloyd E.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	Oct. 22, '18	B.H. No. 31.
Lemler, David W.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry C.	Aug. 10, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. A.P.O. 711.
Lengner, Edward	Pvt.	Sup. Co.	Oct. 29, '18	Evac. Hosp., Neubecourt.
Lenz, Carl A.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Lesher, Cecil S.	Pvt.	Btry A.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool, Eng. Rejoined July, 24, '18. Dropped Nov. 25, '18. Hosp. unknown.
Lockwood, Lawrence E.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Med. Det.	Oct. 27, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 86.
Lyons, Reed M.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 27, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 8. Rejoined Nov. 1, '18.
McArdle, Albert A.	Pvt.	Btry A.	June 18, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 2, '18.
McCabria, Harry F.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
McClure, Wm. J.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 16, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 2, '18. Dropped Aug. 10, '18. Camp Hosp. No. 15, A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 11, '18.
McConnell, Paul J.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	June 16, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 33, Brest. Rejoined July 22, '18.
McCool, Lawrence	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
McCollester, Harry A.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 2, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 6. Rejoined Oct. 31, '18.
McCormack, Wm. J.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. Rejoined Nov. 12, '18.
McCullough, Robert V.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Med. Det.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
McGill, John T.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
McHenry, Wendell S.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
McMillin, Erwin	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 1, A.R.C., LeNavre, France. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
McNally, Frank E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng.
Maddox, Dewey	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Main, Henry C.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 5, '18.
Manning, Edward A.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 29, '18.
Marchetti, Latt	Corp.	Hq. Co.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
Mariner, Zoe O.	Sgt.	Btry A.	Nov. 2, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 15, '18.

Marshall, Virgil	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Marshall, Wm. M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Remsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Martin, Joseph H.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Nov. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Mastandrea, Frank J.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Oct. 22, '18	B.H. No. 23. B.H. No. 20. Rejoined Nov. 12, '18.
Masters, Lee D.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Mauser, Win. H.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 22, '18.
Meier, Charles W.	Sgt.	Btry E.	Oct. 17, '18	B.H. No. 9. Rejoined Oct. 20, 1918.
Meierotto, Jas. L.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18. Dropped Nov. 25, '18.
Mellott, Homer F.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Micham, Elmer E.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Milburn, Perry J.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Etry A.	Sept. 24, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 2. Rejoined Oct. 13, '18.
Millard, Fred E.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry D.	Nov. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Miller, Albert G.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Miller, Ernest W.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	July 11, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Mock, Robert	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 14, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined June 30, '18.
Moore, Elmer E.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Sept. 7, '18	B.H. No. 23, Vittel.
Moore, Harry E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	July 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Transfd to Transport Hosp. with view to S.C.D.
Moore, Harry W.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Morey, Charles T.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Morell, Oscar F.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34. Rejoined July 3, '18. Nov. 8, '18, to B.H. No. 89. Rejoined Nov. 11, '18.
Morris, Clyde R.	Mus. 3 cl.	Hq. Co.	Sept. 19, '18	B.H. No. 45, Toul. Rejoined Oct. 29, '18.
Morrow, Rowland C.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 45, Tou.
Moss, Everett R.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Sept. 19, '18	B.H. No. 45, Toul.
Murray, Irvin M.	Pvt.	Btry A.	July 25, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 10, '18.
Mcunsey, Geo. A.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36.
Modlin, Charles A.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Htry C.	Dec. 10, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Neal, Lester E.	Mus. 3 cl.	Hq. Co.	Nov. 22, '18	B.H. No. 20.
Negley, Cyril G.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 11, '18	B.H. No. 18.
Nelson, Frank A.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 26, '18	S.O.S. No. 86.
Nerdin, Clement	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Nett, Bert D.	Corp.	Etry D.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Newlon, Samuel	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
Ogden, Raymond C.	Sgt.	Btry B.	Aug. 12, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 26, '18.
Okeson, Geo. M.	Bugl.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Oliver, Elbert L.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool, Eng. Rejoined Oct. 17, '18.
Owens, Miles M.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 14, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined June 30, '18.
Panichello, Louis	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 28, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Pantier, Guy R.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Aug. 31, '18.
Parry, Thomas H.	Corp.	Btry A.	July 30, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 3, '18.
Pate, Goldy M.	Bugl.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34, Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18. Dropped Nov. 25, '18. Hosp. unknown.
Patterson, Edgar	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 13, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined June 30, '18.
Payne, Ivan C.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.

Penco, John T.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Dec. 10, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Perry, Jas. O.	Corp.	Btry E.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 32. Rejoined Oct. 12, 1918.
Peterson, Harry A.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Aug. 10, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Sept. 10, '18.
Peterson, Emile	Pvt.	Btry E.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool, Eng. Rejoined July 24, '18.
Phelps Lawrence	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 4, '18.
Pickey, S. Tom A.	Eugl.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Pieratt, Wm. E.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Pippin, Charley J.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Pollock, Harris	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	June 17, '18	S.O.S. Hcsp. No. 27.
Potter, Charley A.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 26. Rejoined Nov. 1, '18.
Powers, Harold C.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 47. Rejoined Oct. 21, 1918.
Price, Harrison L.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Oct. 27, '18.
Puckett, Clarence E.	Wag.	Btry B.	June 12, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27.
Ray, Barney B.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 31. B.H. No. 28.
Ramin, Richard M.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. Rejoined Oct. 17, '18.
Reed, Geo. O.	Mec.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 18, '18.
Reed, Homer C.	Sgt.	Btry B.	Oct. 26, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 4, '18.
Reichert, Jacob	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 22, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9. Rejoined Nov. 12, '18.
Renbarger, Millard	Wag.	Btry E.	June 28, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Transfd to Transport with view to S.C.D.
Reynolds, Scott	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 7, '18	B.H. No. 23, Vittel. Rejoined Oct. 19, '18.
Richman, Samuel	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 31. B.H. No. 24. Rejoined Oct. 12, '18.
Richmond, Alfred B.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Rockey, Gilbert E.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 15, '18.
Romagnolie, Tony	Pvt.	Btry E.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36; B.H. No. 38.
Rooks, Edward F.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Aug. 10, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 26, '18.
Rothrock, Gordon L.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Rucker, Amos C.	Corp.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Ryan, Elmer E.	Sgt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34, Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Schilling, Carl A.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool, Eng. Rejoined June 30, '18.
Schooley, Glenn G.	Sgt.	Btry E.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Septer, James W.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 26, '18	B.H. No. 86.
Shoemaker, Leo W.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Sinclair, Jack W.	Mus. 3 cl.	Hq. Co.	Sept. 19, '18	B.H. No. 45, Toul. Rejoined Oct. 21, '18.
Skaggs, Bud W.	Far.	Vet. C.	Nov. 8, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Sparks, Reed B.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Splane, Wm. A.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. B.H. No. 38. Rejoined Oct. 13, '18.
Stephens, Harry	Pvt.	Btry F.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Stewart, George D.	Ch. Mec.	Btry A.	June 17, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 2, '18.
Stockton, Lee	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 15, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Stozenberger, Leopold W.	Pvt.	Hq. Co.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Shipley, Roderick J.	Corp.	Hq. Co.	June 27, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Died at hospital; date unknown.
Smith, Henry F.	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.

Stone, Alpha	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry A.	Oct. 2, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9. B.H. No. 19. Rejoined Nov. 19, '18.
Stunkel, Louis C.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Aug. 13, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Sept. 15, '18.
Tedrow, Frank L.	Pvt.	Btry A.	July 30, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. Rejoined Aug. 9, '18.
Theis, Louie P.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp. No. 34, Liverpool, Eng. Rejoined July 19, '18.
Thompson, Roy L.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool, Eng. Rejoined July 22, '18.
Tolbert, Ernest	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 23.
Tompkins, Anzie T.	Corp.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Tracy, John R.	Sgt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Tracy, Oral E.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Triplett, Walter M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Troup, Harry	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng.
Towery, Robert C.	Corp.	Btry D.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 12, '18.
Turner, Orville M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Underwood, Charlie P.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 22, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9.
Ure, Alex	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry C.	Aug. 10, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. A.P.O. 711. Rejoined Aug. 12, '18.
Vanderville, Charles R.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Sept. 29, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 6. Rejoined Nov. 1, '18.
Van Meter, Charles R.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Aug. 10, '18	Mixte Hosp., LeMans.
Venard, Wm. L.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp, A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Waldon, Ellery C.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 23.
Wall, Clarence	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 22, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 9. B.H. 202.
Ward, Harry E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 9, '18	B.H. No. 45.
Ware, Dowdell A.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Waters, Thomas L.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36.
Watson, Elmer E.	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined June 30, '18.
Watson, James R.	Pvt.	Med. Det.	Sept. 7, '18	B.H. No. 23, Vittel.
Watt, John R.	Wag.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	B.H. No. 34. Rejoined Aug. 19, 1918.
Watt, Edwin	Pvt. 1 cl.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
White, Charles W.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Sept. 19, '18	B.H. No. 45, Toul.
Whitelaw, Waite E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp, A.R.C., Romsey, Eng.
Wieman, Walter G.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. Rejoined Oct. 17, '18.
Wilderson, Leo	Pvt.	Btry B.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Willett, Francis R.	Corp.	Btry F.	June 11, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Williams, Arthur B.	Pvt.	Btry D.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. Rejoined Oct. 20, '18.
Williams, Fred M.	Pvt.	Btry F.	July 9, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined Aug. 21, '18.
Williams, Goodman D.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36—38—29.
Williams, Homer P.	Pvt.	Btry F.	June 20, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 2, '18.
Williams, Lucian Q.	Pvt.	Btry E.	Oct. 22, '18	Hosp. unknown. Rejoined Nov. 1, '18.
Winner, George W.	Pvt.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined July 3, '18.
Wofford, Raymond J.	Pvt.	Btry C.	June 11, '18	Casual Camp A.R.C., Romsey, Eng. Rejoined Oct. 19, '18.
Wolfe, Ernest F.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Oct. 2, '18	B.H. No. 23.
Yost, Charles E.	Pvt.	Btry F.	Sept. 24, '18	B.H. No. 36. Rejoined Oct. 17, 1918.
Zellers, Fred E.	Pvt.	Btry A.	Nov. 25, '18	Hosp. unknown.
Zielke, Albert F.	Pvt.	Btry C.	Nov. 4, '18	B.H. No. 89.
Zimmerman, Claude R.	Corp.	Btry B.	June 11, '18	Transport Hosp., Liverpool.

Officers

Butin, George R.	2nd Lt.	Vet. C.	Oct. 20, '18	B.H. No. 26.
Jackson, Dana O.	1st Lt.	Med. Det.	July 14, '18	Camp Hosp. No. 15. A.P.O. 711. Rejoined July 17, '18.
				Camp Hosp. No. 15 July 21, '18. Rejoined July 27, '18.
Jennings, Thomas H.	Major	130th F.A.	July 19, '18	S.O.S. Hosp. No. 27. Rejoined July 28, '18. Camp Hosp. No. 15 July 29, '18, and B.H. No. 8. Rejoined Oct. 5, '18.
Junior, Fred E.	2nd Lt.	Btry A.	Nov. 2, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 6.
McClellan, Clay	1st Lt.	Btry E.	Oct. 20, '18	B.H. No. 31. Rejoined Nov. 1, 1918.
Pike, John H.	2nd Lt.	Btry C.	Aug. 8, '18	Rejoined from Camp Hosp. E15. A.P.O. 711, Aug. 12, '18.
Speidel, Harold A.	Capt.	Btry D.	Oct. 20, '18	B.H. No. 47.
Stanley, Frank	2nd Lt.	Btry F.	Oct. 20, '18	B.H. No. 67.
Thompson, Fulton	1st Lt.	Hq. Co.	Nov. 1, '18	Evac. Hosp. No. 6.
Wilson, James E.	Lt.-Col.	130th F.A.	Sept. 7, '18	B.H. No. 117, LaPanche.

MISSING AND UNACCOUNTED FOR—NONE.**American**

Brewer, John H.	Pvt.	Hd. Det. 60th F. A. Brigade	Buried Nov. 2, '18, at Somme- dieu, Dept. of the Meuse, Mil- itary Cemetery. Grave marked by cross. One identification tag buried with body and one fastened to cross.
Burman, Eddie J.	Pvt.	Co. M, 138th Inf.	Buried Nov. 8, '18, at Ance- mont, Dept. of the Meuse, Mil- itary Cemetery at Gas Hospi- tal No. 3. Grave No. 26, Sec. E, marked by cross. One iden- tification tag buried with body and one fastened to cross.
Opdyke, Ted	Pvt.	Hq. Co., 139th Inf.	Buried Oct. 2, '18, at Varennes, Dept. of the Meuse, 1 kilometer on road leading north, at top of hill. No offi- cial cemetery; single grave; marked by cross. One identifi- cation tag buried with body and one fastened to cross. Grave about 25 ft. to right of road. Body badly decomposed — impossible to move from shell hole.

German

Eklant, A.	9 Bttr. Regt 93	Buried Oct. 2, 1918 at Varennes, Dept. of the Meuse. No official cemetery; Coordi- nates, n-302440. Y-272640. No grave num- ber; marked by cross. Tags missing. Body badly decomposed. Three German graves form triangle. Name cut on cross.
Klapper, Artie	(6RS3410 d. B. R., 2.F.10.K.)	2 Brst. Batt. R.J.R. 3; buried Oct. 2, '18, at Varennes, Dept. of the Meuse. No official cemetery. Coordinates, N-302550. y 272650. No grave number. Marked by cross. No tags on body. Body badly decomposed. Three German graves form triangle. Name cut in cross.
Maerker, Max	(5 Ko. Nr 4217 4.9.99.Kow)	Ers. Btl. 4 G.R.Z.F.; buried Oct. 2, '18, at Varennes, Dept. of the Meuse. No estab- lished cemetery. Coordinates n-302490 y 272600, Major, Cartes d'Etat. No grave number. Marked by cross. No tags on body. Body badly putrified; description im- possible. Three German graves form tri- angle. Name cut in cross.

2. All casualties have been reported through Headquarters, 35th Division.
 3. The above is a list of all casualties occurring in this Regiment since arrival overseas.

A. M. MILLS,
 Captain, 130th F.A.,
 Personnel Adjutant.

ROSTER OF 130th FIELD ARTILLERY

- Col. Hugh S. Brown,
 Camp Meade, Maryland.
- Arthur M. Mills,
 1802 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kansas.
- Rollin Ritter,
 Durango, Colorado.
- Victor J. Wagoner,
 Los Angeles, California.
- Gerald B. Fenton,
 682 East Broad St., Columbus Ohio.
- Charles Lohman,
 Brooklyn.
- Harold H. Jones, M. D.,
 704 East Ninth, Winfield, Kansas.
- Frederick H. Olander,
 524 L. S. Ex. Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
- Wm. W. Bass,
 R. F. D. 8, Fort Scott, Kansas.
- Francis V. Rudd,
 Odessa, Missouri.
- John Harnesberger,
 Warrington, Virginia.
- Richard G. Conant,
 Passaic, New Jersey.
- Joseph F. Major,
 1115 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Charles L. Sutton,
 R. F. D. 7, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
- Fulton Thompson,
 Memphis, Tennessee.
- Frank Stanley,
 3538 Tracy Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.
- Col. R. T. Ellis,
 Port of Embarkment, Charleston, S. C.
- Richard B. Porter,
 Denver, Colorado.
- Frank T. Priest,
 Wichita, Kansas.
- Walter H. Richards,
 1311 O'Farrell, San Francisco, Calif.
- Norman L. Brundage,
 54 Gaston Street, West Orange, N.J.
- Dana O. Jackson, M. D.,
 Wakefield, Kansas.
- Heyl B. Smith,
 Calcutta, India.
- Ralph H. Spotts,
 Los Angeles, California.
- Bill Wooley,
 Chaining, Texas.
- Benno Leiweike,
 3963 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.
- Albert E. French,
 108 So. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.
- Charles L. Walp,
 821 "C" St., S. W., Washington, D. C.
- George A. Rambo,
 1211 W. Main Street, Norristown, Pa.
- Curtis V. Terkeile,
 54 W. 54th St., New York City, N. Y.
- Micheal J. Davis,
 250 10th Ave., So. Minneaplois, Minn.
- George C. Wall,
 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
- Harold Speidell,
 Box M, Ballard Station, Seattle, Wash.
- Mrs. K. F. Clark,
 135 S. Broadway, White Plains, N. Y.
- Clarence J. Hansen,
 1019 E. 27th St., Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Charley Robinson,
 613 Barry Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- Lieut. Linney,
 40 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.
- Nels A. Anderson,
 Boys Industrial School, Topeka, Kans.
- Geo. S. Thomas,
 321 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois.
- Earl A. Blackman,
 Chanute, Kansas.
- Jas. W. James,
 11th F. A., Camp Grant, Illinois.
- Clay McClelland,
 Gatesville, Texas.
- Harold Noble,
 1926 S. Webster Ave., Green Bay, Wis.
- Richard F. Barone,
 176 Cherry Street, Buffalo, New York.
- Monroe McClurg,
 Greenwood, Mississippi.
- Theodore Broadwater,
 Belington, West Virginia.
- Arthur J. Buff,
 619 West Fifth Street, Topeka, Kansas.
- John H. Pike,
 4045 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
- Arthur I. Herdenheim,
 172 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- Henry E. Scanlon,
 1064 Univer'y Ave., Bronx, N. Y., N. Y.
- Edward W. Naylor,
 Box 333, Clarksdale, Mississippi.
- Lieut. Voorhees.
- Hugh M. Davison,
 1837 Fifth Ave., Harlin West Virginia.
- Moore A. Stuart,
 486 East 36th St., Oakland, California.
- Howard J. Herbert,
 76th F. A., Pike, Arkansas.
- Chester Bobo,
 Taylor, Texas.
- Albert G. Allen,
 Box 211, San Antonio, Texas.
- Harry Vaughn,
 3954 Cleveland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

- Fitzhugh Lee Vass,
Danville, Virginia.
Dana T. Jennings,
634 Morris Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.
Frank H. McFarland,
Washington, Kansas.
Wilcy M. Fuller,
49 T. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
James M. Pendergast,
2539 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Carrol D. Conrad, M. D.
111 E Sugar St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Mrs. Rollin Ritter,
Durango, Col.
Miss Irene Dayton,
2300 Andrews Ave., N. Y. City, N. Y.
Lawrence S. Fox,
Clemson College, South Caroline.
Wm. J. Apperson,
508 Mulberry, Clinton, Ill.
S. H. Culwell,
124 N. Fern St., Wichita, Kansas.
Wm. Stout, M. D.
723 Broadway, Enid, Okla.
Packy McFarland,
Topeka, Kansas.
Early W. Poindexter,
Kansas City, Kan.
Fred Junior,
1627 Oak, Kansas City, Mo.
Clanord A. Burnett, Girard, Kansas.
Carl E. Anderson,
713 Lafayette Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Franics X. Fitzpatrick,
No. 11 Cameron St. Dorchester, Mass.
Mrs. Eugene French,
St. Louis, Mo.
Harry Kaufman,
421 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joseph S. Kemper,
528 Locust St., Butler, Pa.
Mr. P. Brown,
El Paso, Tex.
Thomas S. Morrison, D. S.
1414 Buchanan St., Topeka, Kan.
Robert J. Schoderer,
4190 Manchester Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Wm. H. Brady, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hugh Means, Lawrence, Kansas.
Wm. P. Mac Lean,
Boys Industrial School, Topeka, Kan.

BATTERY A

- Address Roster 130th F. A.
Adams, Delbert,
Meriden, Kans.
Adams, Dennis,
Meriden, Kans.
Arnold Herman,
2110 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
Austin, Willard,
511 Swygart Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
Baker, Clarence E.,
620 Western Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
Baker, George P.,
620 Western Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
- Balch, Willard W.,
104 East Lacy Street, Palestine, Texas.
Bannister, Cloves B.,
Satillo, Texas.
Beerbohm, Fred W.,
1018 Taylor Street, Topeka, Kans.
Bell, Edwin F.,
1411 West Eighth St., Topeka, Kans.
Bennett, Lloyd,
Hall Summitt, Kans.
Blackwelder, Marvin,
Chandler, Texas.
Blades, Charles W.,
610 West Fifth Street, Topeka, Kans.
Bolibaugh, Louis,
217 Forest Avenue, Oakland, Kans.
Bower, William,
St. Marys, Kans.
Brantingham, George L.,
529 Wilson Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
Briggs, John O.,
1555 S. Lawrence St., Wichita, Kans.
Brinson, William R.,
4411 Center Street, Houston, Texas.
Brockish, Maurice,
1123 Lane Street, Topeka, Kans.
Brundett, Curtis R.,
Box 137, Normanny, Texas.
Buscha, Paul G.,
Giddings, Texas.
Carnahan, James J.,
1027 Buchanan Street, Topeka, Kans.
Chacey, Doyle L.,
Meriden, Kans.
Chambers, Thomas,
Arabia, Ky.
Clayton, Daniel J.,
Yantis, Texas.
Cele, Sumner W.,
834 Clay Street, Topeka, Kans.
Conklin, Arthur L.,
423 Lincoln Street, Topeka, Kans.
Cook, Elijah W.,
407 Paramore Street, N. Topeka, Kans.
Coon, Edgar,
B. I. S., North Topeka, Kans.
Cooper, Harry E.,
409 Chandler Street, Topeka, Kans.
Critchfield, Otto B.,
120 North Clay Street, Topeka, Kans.
Cunningham, Walter B.,
Meriden, Kans.
Davis, Ralph, H.,
816 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kans.
Decker, Claud R.,
820 Lake Avenue, St. Joseph, Mo.
Dietz, John P.,
111 North Lake Street, Topeka, Kans.
Domme, George,
210 East Fourth Street, Topeka, Kans.
Dougan, Joseph B.,
27 East Street, Dorchester, Mass.
Drake, Clyde S.,
Attica, Kans.
Duhamel, Henry A.,
68 Palm Street, Nashua, N. J.
Eddy, Jesse A.,
913 West Fourth Street, Topeka, Kans.

- Engle, Arthur L.,
1834 Harrison Street, Topeka, Kans.
Engle, Robert L.,
1834 Harison Street, Topeka, Kans.
Ellison, Philo D.,
Rosenberg, Texas.
Everett, Bert F.,
17th and Woods Street, Galena, Kans.
Fable, Frank,
1512 Harrison Street, Topeka, Kans.
Farmer, Francis A.,
Boene, Colo.
Farrish, James E.,
Palco, Kans.
Faulkner, Ralph,
Galena, Kans.
Fisher, Harold B.,
R. F. R. No. 12, Windem, Kans.
Fitz, Willie J.,
Harper, Kans.
Fitzgerald, Teel W.,
St. Augustine, Texas.
Frederick, Guy L.,
423 Chandler Street, Topeka, Kans.
Freeman, Max C.,
Rosville, Kans.
Fletcher, Robert L.,
Box 561, Cameron, Texas.
French, Charles H.,
Silver Lake, Kans.
Fulton, Marshal T.,
711 Garfield Ave., Topeka, Kans.
Galant, Louis,
48 Central Street, Ansonia, Conn.
Gardner, Carl S.,
1821 Lane Street, Topeka, Kans.
Gideon, Clyde J.,
Bluff, Mo.,
Goodell, Edward S.,
Tecumseh, Kans.
Goodrich, John H.,
Columbus, Kans.
Goorman, Leo,
725 Clarendon Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Goshorn, Robert E.,
Santa Fe Hospital, La Junta, Colo.
Gottschalk, Everett W.,
Janesville, Minn.
Gracey, William P.,
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Groff, Webb W.,
Nortonville, Kans.
Gray, Jay A.,
Unionville, Mo.
Gregg, Fay H.,
2302½ Main Street, Joplin, Mo.
Grunthal, Walter G.,
Glaseo, Kans.
Guengerich, Herman D.,
Box 695, Joplin, Mo.,
Guinn, Horace M.,
Columbus, Kans.
Hagler, Ira W.,
DeQuoin, Kans.
Hall, Kenneth W.,
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Hamilton, John R.,
West Mineral, Kans.
Hann, Roy S.,
Cosy's Bluff, Okla.
Haskell, Marion P.,
1705 Clay Street, Topeka, Kans.
Henderson, Edwin A.,
2235 Como Avenue., W. St. Paul, Minn.
Henry, Arthur P.,
Morrowville, Kans.
Henson, Vernon A.,
Nortonville, Kans.
Herman, Davis E.,
R. F. D. No. 5, Pittsburg, Kans.
Hershberger, Ralph G.,
Heston, Kans.
Hey, Roscoe E.,
Overbrook, Kans.
Hibbard, George,
18 East 37th Street, Bayonne, N. J.
Hisle, William,
Scammon, Kans.
Hollerich, George,
Jamestown, Mo.
Helland, Clifford R.,
Russell, Kans.
Holt, Robert,
1101 Woodward Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
Hovis, Arthur L.,
Marquard, Mo.,
Hudelson, Eddie,
Collinsville, Okla.
Hurst, Vincent J.,
1229 North Polk Street, Topeka, Kans.
Iiams, James H.,
Wheatland, Mo.
Ireland, George I.,
504 Wilson Ave., Topeka, Kans.
Irish, Floyd E.,
619 Chandler Street, Topeka, Kans.
Irvin, Leonard D.,
1012 West St., Topeka, Kans.
Jackson, Will,
1332 Virginia Avenue, Joplin, Mo.
James, Walter E.,
Carniero, Kans.
Janes, William,
Columbus, Kans.
Jarrett, Clifford E.,
Baxter Springs, Kans.
Jeffers, Walter E.,
Galena, Kans.
Jeffries, Benjamin F.,
Linn Creek, Mo.
Jinkens, Harmon C.,
R. F. D. No. 5, Wheatland, Mo.
Jones, Finis E.,
Jummansville, Mo.
Jones, Jesse W.,
1535 New York Avenue, Lansing, Mich.
Jurgens, Chris,
Argonia, Kans.
Kane, John T.,
Meriden, Kans.
Kaufman, Paul T.,
Nortonvile, Kans.
Kaufman, Stanley,
614 Mount Street, Atchison, Kans.
Keiser, Anthony F.,
131 Pine Street, Kulpmont, Pa.

- Kiene, Edward A.,
Valencia, Kans.
- Kleis Will G.,
606 E. Third Street, Hutchinson, Kans.
- Kleniewski, John,
265 Coal Street, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
- Kling, John,
Russel, Kans.
- Knisel, Lloyd J.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Topeka, Kans.
- Kopp, Claris D.,
Thomas, Okla.
- Koppenhaver, Roy H.,
Valley View, Pa.
- Lang, Carl G.,
1108 N. Monroe treet, Topeka, Kans.
- Lee, Ralph,
Scammon, Kans.
- Lee, Redmond,
16 Hemlock Street, Portland, Me.
- Leo, Louis,
Thornton, R. I.
- Leonard, Anthony,
531 Carson Street, Hazleton, Pa.
- Lessord, Lawrence T.,
17 Halde, Waterville, Me.
- Lind, Lloyd L.,
920 Court Street, Clay Center, Kans.
- Link, William C.,
B. I. S., North Topeka, Kans.
- Longstaff, William,
R. F. D. No. 1, Seammon, Kans.,
- Lutkus, William M.,
Box No. 221, Silver Creek, Pa.
- McArdie, Albert A.,
1205 South Eleventh St., Omaha, Nebr.
- McArthur, Charles E.,
1341 Garfield Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
- McConcll, Charles N.,
1319 West 15th Street, Topeka, Kans.
- McCool, Joseph J.,
44 Humbolt Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.
- McCorkill, Walter M.,
1503 N. Quincy Street, Topeka, Kans.
- McGee, Chauncey,
1132 Central Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- McQuire, Newton J.,
2020 Joplin Street, Galena, Kans.
- McNaught, Charles D.,
Marion, Kans.
- McKnight, Ernest E.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Beloit, Kans.
- McMurty, Harold G.,
423 East Eighth Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Mair, Earl L.,
Nortonville, Kans.
- Mariner, Zoe O.,
1119 Van Buren Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Marietta, John,
West Mineral, Kans.
- Mast, Elmer E.,
Columbus, Kans.
- Mauser, William H.,
Fearnott, Pa.
- Mauzey, Pere E.,
Nortonville, Kans.
- Milburn, Perry J.,
519 Tyler Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Miles, Winslow F.,
198 Twiss Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Millard, Kenneth K.,
Cherokee, Kans.
- Mitchell, Charles T.,
Galena, Kans.
- Moore, Elmer E.,
17 Ruse Street, Bath Me.
- Moore, Gorge S.,
R. F. D. No. 28, Topeka, Kans.
- Morgan, Paul T.,
722 Jefferson St., Topeka, Kans.
- Morgan, Ralph G.,
1185 Washburn Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Morissette, Paul,
38 Fletcher Street, Central Falls, R. I.
- Morrow, Arthur G.,
Eureka, Kans.
- Mosely, William J.,
1923 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
- Mouton, Alphonse,
Box 213, Scammon, Kans.
- Murphy, Charles,
626 Monroe Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Murray, Irvin M.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Galena, Kans.
- Myszkowski, Joseph,
323 Downing Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Nash, Charles L.,
1301 W. Fourth Street, Redwing, Minn.
- Nelson, Aron L.,
R. F. D. No. 4, Balaton, Minn.
- Nelson, Joseph,
R. F. D. No. 3, Box 44, Madison, Minn.
- Newman, Clifford A.,
929 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Nordgren, Alfred J.,
Anthony, Kans.
- Norelius, Harvey M.,
Raymond, Kans.
- Norris, Lewis M.,
Raymond, Kans.
- Norris, Walter B.,
Raymond, Kans.
- Norwood, John S.,
Lawton, Okla.
- Nyland, Richard J.,
c-o W. W. George, Goodhue, Minn.
- Oberzon, Martin,
West Mineral, Kans.
- Overholt, Cecil L.,
Bunkerhill, Kans.
- Parry, Thomas H.,
409 East Eighth Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Patterson, Mahlon A.,
1105 Madison Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Pearson, Milton L.,
Lake City, Minn.
- Pepper, Lee V.,
832 East Tenth Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Perue, Howard E.,
815 East Tenth Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Patterson, Harry A.,
R. F. D. No. 9, Elmont, Kans.
- Phillips, Robert A.,
608 Swygart Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.
- Price, Harrison L.,
R. F. D. No. 11, Silver Lake, Kans.

Raine, George O.,
Station "D," St. Joseph, Mo.
Randall, William N.,
Box 85, Banning, Calif.
Rees, William,
1240 Wayne Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
Reinoehl, Earl R.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Massillon, Ohio.
Richards, Kenneth V.,
Lyndon, Kans.
Rooney, Robert,
Hebron, Nebr.
Rosner, Albert S.,
Bucyrus, Kans.
Rowler, Earl S.,
720 Chandler Street, Topeka, Kans.
Scanlon, Frank J.,
Box 780, Chapman, Kans.
Schwab, John B.,
Morrowville, Kans.
Shirley, Otis M.,
913 East 11th Street, Pittsburgh, Kans.
Smith, Albert E.,
1029 North Polk Street, Topeka, Kans.
Smith George,
Overbrook, Kans.
Smith, James B.,
1119 Van Buren Street, Topeka, Kans.
Stewart, George D.,
Walla Walla, Wash.
Stackton, Lee,
Meriden, Kans.
Stone, Alpha,
1022 Locust Street, Topeka, Kans.
Swearingen, Maurice,
920 West Street, Topeka, Kans.
Tanner, Charles W.,
Havensville, Kans.
Tanquary, Ernest C.,
Box 115, Bronson, Kans.
Taylor, Okey E.,
Clendenin, West Va.
Tedrow, Frank L.,
Box 32, Ottawa, Kans.
Thomas, John E.,
Meriden, Kans.
Thomas, George W.,
Eagle, Idaho.
Torrence, Howard,
504 LaFayette Street, Topeka, Kans.
Towles, Glendon,
Danville, Ind.
Underwood, Henry,
413 Scotland Avenue, Topeka, Kans.
Uphouse, Thomas R.,
Nortonville, Kans.
Vann, James A.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Overbrook, Kans.
Vroman, John W.,
Wesce, Minn.
Wallace, George E.,
e-o Sherry Val. Flr. Mills Valejo, Calif.
Ward, Charles E. D.,
Little River, Kans.
Warner, Lorain D.,
Meriden, Kans.
Watson, Alec,

Welch, Robert M.
Mencken, N. D.
Wiesner, Isadore, A.,
Meriden, Kans.
Wilson, Clarence E., R. R. Y. M. C. A., Topeka, Kans. or Marshfield, Ore.
Woods, Arthur M.,
317 East Seventh Street, Topeka, Kans.
Woolworth, Cecil W.,
Nortonville, Kans.
Wright, Harvey W.,
801 Washburn Ave., Topeka, Kans.
Zellers, Fred E.,
1420 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kans.

BATTERY B

Abbott, George,
Fall, Kans.
Abel, Rudolph,
Clearwater, Kans.
Aldrich, Earl W.,
911 Kansas Ave., Atchison, Kans.
Alexander, Walter L.,
McKinney, Texas.
Allen, Fredrick R.,
301 S. Kensington A., Kansas City, Mo.
Arnold, Lewis W.,
908 Conn. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
Arp, Charlie C.,
Crowell, Texas.
Baumgartner, Carl H.,
Preston, Kans.
Bear, Abe,
922 New Jersey Street, Lawrence Kans.
Bennett, Alfred A.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Pratt, Kans.
Bishop, Howard L.,
2102 Barker Ave., Lawrence, Kans.
Blackbird, Thomas,
Manderson, S. D.
Bosley, Clarence A.,
Liberal, Mo.
Bouton, Archie E.,
1136 Tenn. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
Boylen, Francis J.,
Wichita, Kans.
Bradstreet, Edward D.,
Dighton, Kans.
Brass, Edward B.,
1914 La. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
Bray, Floyd E.,
222 E. Ohio Street, Neodesha, Kans.
Brooks, Charles A.,
Valley Center, Kans.
Brown, David W.,
Sedgewick, Kans.
Brown, Earl
Beloit, Kans.
Brown, Rufus E.,
Beloit, Kans.
Bruner, Dreyfus F.,
Coweta, Okla.
Buckner, Claude E.,
Wisley, Kans.
Burns, Edward,
Concho, Okla.

- Butler, Earl F.,
R. F. D. No. 8, Wichita, Kans.
- Carrm, Harry,
Tonganoxie, Kans.
- Castle, Sidney G.,
2417 Colo. Street, Houston, Texas.
- Chapman, Julius C.,
Brownsville, Texas.
- Chissoe, William,
Coweta, Okla.
- Chupsco, Moses,
Holdenville, Kans.
- Clark, Byron L.,
800 Ashton Street, Marysville, Kans.
- Coffin, George E.,
607 Oakland Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
- Column, Jim,
R. F. D. No. 4, Garrison, Kans.
- Coogan, John L.,
Ottawa, Kans.
- Cooper, Edward O.,
Marysville, Kans.
- Cortines, Tony,
Harmony, Texas.
- Cox, Edward R.,
Warrensburg, Mo.
- Creel, Howard E.,
1332 Tenn. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Cummings, Thomas R.,
Hanna, Okla.
- Dailey, Jasper A.,
Clinton, Kans.
- Delcamp, Philip O.,
51 S. Popular Street, Mt. Carmel, Pa.
- Doty, Charles A.,
Grimes, Okla.
- Dettinger, Ernest W.,
Magley, Ind.
- Dougherty, Joseph C.,
Marysville, Kans.
- Dove, Charles M.,
1621 W. 43rd Street, Kansas City, Mo.
- Duggan, Edward M.,
84 Vernon Street, Brattleboro, Vt.
- Dunkley, George,
633 Maine Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Durbin, Earle L.,
Lyndon, Kans.
- Durham, John A.,
31 Mechanics Ave., Woonsocket, R. I.
- Emery, Theodore,
119 McLain Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Fletcher, Zell,
Preston, Kans.
- Flick, Clinton C.,
Direet, Texas.
- Fountain, Adelor J.,
Winthrop, Me.
- Gettinger, Elmer D.,
Homewood, Kans.
- Gibler, Eugene E.,
Clinton, Kans.
- Gill, Hurdle L.,
423 Stanhop Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Gordanier, Glen L.,
Randall, Kans.
- Gotts, Harry,
Wetumka, Okla.
- Greenwood, Frank C.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Amelia, Ohio.
- Griggs, Eugene,
306 No. 7th Street, Kansas City, Kans.
- Grigsby, Edward S.,
1900 Barker Ave., Lawrence, Kans.
- Halfmoon, Edgar,
Anadarko, Okla.
- Hardy, Albert,
588 North Plum St., Lancaster, Pa.
- Harjo, Johnson,
Dalhart, Texas.
- Harvey, Samuel J.,
Sedgwick, Kans.
- Heiken, Ernest H.,
1010 Cedar Street, Ottawa Kans.
- Helm, Bron.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Lawrence, Kans.
- Helms, John D.,
Bluffton, Ind.
- Hill, Samuel E.,
Clinton, Kans.
- Hobbs, Dow,
Shamrock, Okla.
- Holt, Frank M.,
Newport Beach, Calif.
- Hopper, Ralph G.,
Nes City, Kans.
- Horr, Wirthie H.,
R. F. D. No. 6, Lawrence Kans.
- Humphrey, Wilbur,
Nes City, Kans.
- Hunter, Floyd L.,
829 R. I. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Hupp, Arthur T.,
Lower Salem, Ohio.
- Ingels, James A.,
813 Maine Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Johns, William N.,
1036 Conn. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Johnson, Charles E.,
Lone Star, Kans.
- Jones, Harold ,
802 Parallel Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
- Jorski, Augustine,
Harrah, Okla.
- Justice, Edward S.,
2219 N. Water Street, Wichita, Kans.
- Kane, Lawrence W.,
824 N. H. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Karns, Warren A.,
509 Lincoln Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Karr, Coly B.,
High Point, Mo.
- Kegans, Patrick R.,
Box 56, Maysville, Okla.
- Kelley, George B.,
Weathersfield, Conn.
- Kelly, Grover R.,
1226 E. 7th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.
- Kelley, Henry E.,
Pittsburg, Mo.
- Kelsey, Raymond G.,
Marion, Kans.
- Kenney, Edward,
Richill, Mo.
- Kerschen, Carl N.,
Marysville, Kans.

- Kilbuck, Jerry H.,
Haskell Inst., Lawrence, Kans.
- Kirby, Elton A.,
Baldwin, Kans.
- Kirkpatrick, Dewey M.,
Hugo, Okla.
- Kocher, Charles F.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Russellville, Mo.
- Kraft, Harry A.,
1910 N. Elevitt St., Chicago, Ill.
- Kronk, Henry F.,
Lupus, Mo.
- Kwasnewski, Thomas,
132 Greeley St., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Ladd, Ike,
Bolivar, Mo.
- Lange, Leo H.,
100 Alstom Street, Marysville, Kans.
- Langhammar, George L.,
Clinton, Mo.
- Lemberger, Lloyd E.,
R. F. D. No. 5, Baldwin, Kans.
- LeRoy, John F.,
Washington, Kans.
- Levin, Barney,
3151 Irving Park Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
- Lingner, Julius S.,
East Glastonbury, Conn.
- Loew, Charles P.,
615 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- McCabria, Harry G.,
Eudora, Kans.
- McCall, Fred B.,
Foster, Mo.
- McCarthy, Arthur J.,
10 Konomoc Street, New London, Conn.
- McCollester, Harry A.,
California, Mo.
- McCool, Larence R.,
201 Madison Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- McCormack, William,
20 Concord Street, Charlestown, Mass.
- McCune, James G.,
5024 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ill.
- McCune, Willis A.,
5024 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ill.
- McCurtaim, Grene,
Hedgens, Okla.
- McGra, Maurice D.,
37 Governor St., E. Hartford, Conn.
- McMillin, Erwin E.,
Simmons, Mo.
- McNabb, Luther,
Elkland, Mo.
- McPherson, Raymond,
718 Ohio St., Lawrence, Kans.
- Maddox, Dewey,
Laton, Okla.
- Manuel, Vivian D.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Richland, Mo.
- Martin, Henry L.,
3913 Mifflin St., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Meadows, Roy,
Lawrence, Kans.
- Meierotto, James,
Clinton, Mo.
- Mellott, Homer F.,
105 Court Street, Woodsfield, Ohio
- Miller, Christopher A.,
Lupus, Mo.
- Miller, Fred H.,
R. F. D. No. 4, Overbrook, Kans.
- Miller, William H.,
Milford, Mo.
- Miner, Mayro W.,
Cottage Street, Unionville, Conn.
- Mock, Robert,
Warsaw, Mo.
- Murie, Lawrence,
Pawnee, Okla.
- Myer, William M.,
606 Main Street, Wellsburg, West Va.
- Neantomantuby, Jacob R.,
Hugo, Okla.
- Neyhart, John E.,
700 Fifth Ave., Williamsport, Pa.
- Nottingham, Harold E.,
925 Alabama Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Ogdan, Raymond C.,
937 Kentucky Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Oneth, Elmer P.,
Anthony, Kans.
- Otto, Edward A.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Tonganoxie, Kans.
- Owen, Miles M.,
991 N. Y. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Parrish, William W.,
1154 Mulyane Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Pate, Goldy M.,
Polo, Mo.
- Peacock, Phillip,
Box 21, Wyandotte, Okla.
- Pepper, William Robinson,
Kaw City, Okla.
- Peters, Dayton,
Waterford, Ohio.
- Pickens, William,
Poplar, Mont.
- Picketts, Tom A.,
Madill, Okla.
- Pieratt, William E.,
1826 Mass. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Pollock, Harris,
1021 R. I. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Pryor, Azra R.,
R. F. D. No. 5, New Matamoras, Ohio.
- Puckett, Clarence,
R. F. D. No. 8, Lawrence, Kans.
- Rairden, John R.,
938 North Main St., Wichita, Kans.
- Randall, Richard B.,
835 Main Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Reed, Homer, C.,
1030 N. Madison Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Reed, George O.,
R. F. D. No. 17, Richland, Kans.
- Reinhart, James A.,
1706 Morgan Ave., Parsons, Kans.
- Reneau, Lee, E.,
917 North Poplar Street, Ottawa, Kans.
- Rice, Edward R.,
Lawrence, Kans.
- Richmond, Alfred B.,
Lucas, Kans.
- Roberds, Harley A.,
R. F. D. No. 4, Pittsburg, Kans.

- Romero, Ralph,
 Geary, Okla.
- Rothrock, Gordon L.,
 Baldwin City, Kans.
- Russel, Jacob,
 Winnebago, Nebr.
- Samuel, Harry S.,
 Chamber of Commerce, Topeka, Kans.
- Samuel, Ralph C.,
 203 S. Lombard Street, Oak Park, Ill.
- Saunders, Henry W.,
 Red Rock, Okla.
- Sawyers, Raymond M.,
 708 Lake Street, Topeka, Kans.
- Schramm, Joseph P.,
 400 N. 11th Street, Marysville, Kans.
- Sheppard, Charles E.,
 1003 E. 10th St., Concordia, Kans.
- Shoemaker, Lee W.,
 Wellsville, Kans.
- Sloop, Ernest W.,
 Lyndon, Kans.
- Smith, Leon E.,
 Cherryvale, Kans.
- Smith, Henry F.,
 16th and Wood Streets, Galena, Kans.
- Socky Rafe,
 Ardmore, Okla.
- Spotted Horse, John,
 Pawnee, Okla.
- Stainbrook, Jason H.,
 Galena, Kans.
- Starnes, William D.,
 1019 California Street, El Paso, Texas.
- Suesz, George M.,
 Anthony, Kans.
- Swaney, Roger B.,
 605 East Sixth Street, Galena, Kans.
- Talbert, Leslie A.,
 R. F. D. No. 6, Lawrence, Kans.
- Tennis, Ernest,
 R. F. D. No. 4, Neosho, Mo.
- Thayer, Orlie W.,
 Galena, Kans.
- Theis, Charles A.,
 Amy, Colo.
- Theis, George J.,
 Amy, Colo.
- Theis, Louis P.,
 Amy, Colo.
- Tompkins, Amzie T.,
 Lishey Avenue and
 Trinity Lane, Nashville, Tenn.
- Thompson, Harry A.,
 611 N. 12th Street, Marysville, Kans.
- Tracy, John R.,
 1115 S. Broadway, Marysville, Kans.
- Tracy, Oral R.,
 Harper, Kans.
- Trammell, Joe W.,
 Hohokus, N. J.
- Vandegrift, Vertol J.,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Bazine, Kans.
- Vandegrift, Vernal K.,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Bazine, Kans.
- VanHuss, Roy J.,
 Waldron, Kans.
- Vanwey, Guy S.,
 Dighton, Kans.
- Watt, Edwin,
 Anthony, Kans.
- Watt, John R.,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Anthony, Kans.
- Welsh, James P.,
 Carona, Kans.
- Williamson, Roy,
 1125 N. J. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Winey, Willard L.,
 829 Mo. Street, Lawrence, Kans.
- Woodward, Merritt,
 R. F. D. No. 7, Richland, Kans.
- Yardy, William,
 Oklmulgee, Okla.
- Yocum, Charles,
 Attica, Kans.
-
- BATTERY C**
- Adams, James T.,
 Bushy Head, Okla.
- Aikins, Robert E.,
 Logan, Kans.
- Allison, Robert E.,
 Girard, Kans.
- Andrew, Charles I.,
 Conway Springs, Kans.
- Arkle, John P.,
 411 West 4th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Barnes, James A.,
 Ladonia, Texas.
- Bennett, Amos F.,
 107 N. Walnut Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Billiard, Ernest,
 Mulberry, Kans.
- Black, Charles R.,
 209 E. 6th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Boissier, Leon,
 Box 117, R. F. D. No. 2, Mulberry, Kas.
- Bone, Alexander H.,
 205 Walnut Avenue, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Boothe, Daniel L.,
 Box 84, Girard, Kans.
- Bordwin, Archille,
 Mulberry, Kans.
- Bosak, Peter P.,
 Yorktown, Texas.
- Britton, Andrew J.,
 R. F. D. No. 4, Columbus, Kans.
- Brown, Charles M.,
 515 South Osage, Girard, Kans.
- Brown, Vasco L.,
 R. F. D. No. 28, Urich, Mo.
- Budde, Frank H.,
 Weir City, Kans.
- Buchre, Frederick,
 No Address.
- Burnett, Joseph R.,
 Weir City, Kans.
- Burnett, Joseph R.,
 Hume, Mo.
- Chaffins, Frank,
 706 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Campbell, Bill H.,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Mulberry, Kans.
- Campbell, Lacy B.,
 R. F. D. No. 1, Center, Texas.

- Carter, Alver E.,
Big Sandy, Texas.
- Carver, Lock T.,
Urich, Mo.
- Chancellor, Roy E.,
409 West 20th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Choat, Oscar,
Dutch Mills, Ark.
- Clark, Jesse H.,
R. F. D. No. 7, Wichita, Kans.
- Cockerill, Carl L.,
605 W. Kan. Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Conn, Jesse,
Bronson, Texas.
- Cowden, Harry D.,
928 East 6th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Creely, Harold J.,
1411 Pine Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Daniel, Herbert A.,
Aline, Okla.
- Davis, Austin J.,
221 S. 18th Street, Louisville, Ky.
- Davis, John W.,
710 West 8th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Degen, David W.,
320 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Delaney, Patrick J.,
225 W. McKay Street, Frontenac, Kan
- Diepman, Morres V.,
Fort Scott, Kans.
- Dodson, Fred M.,
103 East 8th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Douglas, Robert,
New Haven, Ky.
- Easom, Lewis E.,
212 E. Jefferson Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Eiden, Joseph L.,
New Haven, Ky.
- Elliot, Daniel,
104 N. Ozark Street, Girard, Kans.
- Emmons, Franklin B.,
Fairfield, Texas.
- Enfanta, Pablo,
Skidmore, Texas.
- Englebrecht, Charley E.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Fortuna, Mo.
- Ermey, Fred L.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Erie, Kans.
- Everitt, Robert C.,
Box 4, Girard, Kans.
- Ewalt, Theodore,
501 South Broadway, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Eystone, Hal J.,
906 West Pine Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Feldman, John F.,
915 E. Main Street, Van Buren Ark.
- Fenton, Charley O.,
Drexel, Mo.
- Ferguson, John,
305 W. Adams Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Fitzgerald, Bennie P.,
R. F. D. No. 3, St. Augustine, Texas.
- Flores, Florence,
514 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Fox, Dayle C.,
Cheney, Kans.
- Francis, Wolf D.,
Calhoun, Okla.
- Franklin, William,
239 Queen Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Freeman, Glenford R.,
Derby, Kans.
- French, Arthur M.,
707 W. Euclid Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Fristoe, Frank B.,
711 N. Locust Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Frutchez, Luther W.,
Tipton, Mo.
- Fry, Archie C.,
Valley Center, Kans.
- Gammon, Arthur E.,
Phillipsburg, Kans.
- Geier, Lloyd E.,
R. F. D. No. 5, Girard, Kans.
- Gillin, Mark B.,
708½ Elm Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Goodman, Ewart Y.,
111 W. Jackson Street, Pittsburg, Kan.
- Goodwin, John W.,
Edna, Kans.
- Greene, Percy E.,
'45 11th Ave., Newark, N. J.
- Hanson, C. J.,
1019 E. 27th South Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Hardy, Charles A.,
Isle of Hope, Ga.
- Hartley, Oscar E.,
201 S. Vine Street, Wichita, Kans.
- Henderson, Freddie,
Wellington, Kans.
- Henson, Charles K.,
111 Western Ave., Girard, Kans.
- Hess, Clarence T.,
Box 189 7th St., Wichita Falls, Texas
- Hill, Earl,
3133 5th Ave., Columbus, Ga.
- Hill, Ira T.,
504 S. Chesnut Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Hill, John F.,
R. F. D. No. 4, Girard, Kans.
- Hobert, Ralph,
New Haven, Ky.
- Holmes, Frank,
601 North Pine Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Hooton, John,
1908 Smelter Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Hord, Otis,
Shepardsville, Ky.
- Hosmer, Paul B.,
1320 W. Hillsdale Ave., Lansing Mich.
- Huffman, Arthur W.,
206 N. Walnut Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Hughey, Charles W.,
202 W. Carlson Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Hughey, Vernie E.,
202 W. Carlson Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Hurd, Earl L.,
Camp Crook, S. Dak.
- Jarrell, Kelsey A.,
803 E. 9th St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Johnson, Edward J.,
Belmont, Mo.
- Johnson, Roger W.,
Chetopa, Kans.
- Johnson, Richard,
286 Lakin St., Osage City, Kans.

- Jones, Lee,
R. F. D. No. 2, Wichita, Kans.
- Kallinen, Charles O.,
New York Mills, Minn.
- Kautzman, Thomas A.,
801 West 1st St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Kelso, William M.,
Miami, Okla.
- Kidder, Clarence H.,
105 E. Adams Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Kielb, Francis,
146 Maspeth Ave., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.
- Kinzer, Fred M.,
Box 11, R. F. D. No. 3, Sedgwick, Kans.
- Laney, Orva C.,
Gen. Del., Las Animas, Colo.
- Lear, Benjamin,
1232 Harrison Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
- Learned, Walter A.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Maize, Kans.
- Lewis, James W.,
Garden Plain, Kans.
- Luncau, Isham,
R. F. D. No. 1, Effie, La.
- Mackey, Irven,
11th and Waters Sts., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Main, Clarence L.,
Tecumseh, Okla.
- Manning, Edward A.,
502 N. Woodland Ave., Pittsburg, Kan.
- Manning, Michael F.,
8 Beaverdale Ave., Mt. Carmel, Pa.
- Maples, William H.,
Mooney, Ind.
- Maxim, Paul,
102 South Main Street, Duryea, Pa.
- Maylen, William,
R. F. D. No. 1, Seaman, Kans.
- Mellams, Richard A.,
Weir City, Kans.
- McCabe Ernest C.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Greenwich, Kans.
- McCoy, Bob M.,
909 W. 3rd Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- McGill, John T.,
Huntsville, Ala.
- McGlynn, Edward P.,
Goddard, Kans.
- McIntyre, Hugh,
32 Miner Street, Coaldale, Pa.
- McLain, Harley L.,
Mulvane, Kans.
- McQuitty, Floyd O.,
Mulvane, Kans.
- Melching, Roy C.,
Junction City, Kans.
- Michie, Troy W.,
Opolis, Kans.
- Midleton, Rovert W.,
Box 225, R. F. D. 3, Henryetta, Okla.
- Miller, Shelby V.,
Walnut, Kans.,
- Mooney, Charles W.,
Stoutland, Mo.
- Mulloy, Martin E.,
629 S. 27th St., Louisville, Ky.
- Frakes, Henry G.,
Nevada, Mo.
- Morgan, Clarence E.,
Bow 85, Valley Center, Kans.
- Morton, Ross W.,
Weaubleau, Mo.
- Mosley, Azariah C.,
Box 14-A R. F. D. 8, Wichita, Kans.
- Muilen, William C.,
Douthart, Okla.
- Nere, Ili,
922 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Nighswonger, Paul E.,
Wallace, Kans.
- Noe, Jasper M.,
R. F. D. No. 3, West Point, Ky.
- Ocher, William,
Kechi, Kans.
- O'Donnell, Mathew J.,
R. F. D. No. 4, Girard, Kans.
- Osborn, Denis,
Sarcoxie, Mo.
- Osborn, James M.,
Macks Creek, Mo.
- Owens, Oscar,
210 S. Locust St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Page, George E.,
2395 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Painter, John L.,
McCune, Kans.
- Parke, Perry,
Gerster, Mo.
- Parkhurst, Frank,
Wayham, Mo.
- Barnthouse, William M.,
Sheridan, Iowa.
- Parks, Carl N.,
Goddard, Kans.
- Parsons, John L.,
113 W. Forest Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Payne, Joseph,
New Haven, Ky.
- Pelphrey, John A.,
R. F. D. No. 4, Girard, Kans.
- Pettus, Lee S.,
Rich Hill, Mo.
- Phillips, Clarence L.,
3rd St., R. F. D. 1, Watsontown, Pa.
- Phillips Ernest L.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Enon, Mo.
- Pollock, Homer M.,
823 Hudson Ave., Clinton, Mo.
- Potter, Charley A.,
Everton, Mo.
- Powers, Harold C.,
Gen. Del., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Powers, John E.,
61 Maple Street, Glen Falls, N. Y.
- Pratt, Robert,
737 Keele Street, Toronto, Canada.
- Pratt, Robert L.,
737 Keele St., Toronto, Canada.
- Quackenbush, Ezra R.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Irwin, Mo.
- Ralph, Emmert,
R. F. D. No. 6, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Ramin, Richard M.,
8th and Florence St., Williamsport, Pa.
- Reinke, Homer E.,
1825 Park Place, Wichita, Kans.

- Renison, Lloyd,
 Gross, Kans.
- Rice, Thomas M.,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Conway, Mo.
- Ridley, William,
 Mulberry, Kans.
- Rockey, Gilbert E.,
 2231 Fairview Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Rogers, James M.,
 Ha Ha Tonka, Mo.
- Roll, Elmer,
 California, Mo.
- Ryan, Howard T.,
 405 Cherokee St., Girard, Kans.
- Scarbaugh, Herman C.,
 Box 76, Weaubleau, Mo.
- Schenck, William J.,
 Mulberry, Kans.
- Schnebley, George J.,
 210 S. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Schneider, Leo E.,
 101 W. Forest Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Shirkey, Ray H.,
 Valley Center, Kans.
- Shutts, Carl B.,
 R. F. D. No. 6, Wichita, Kans.
- Sinkhorn, Ernest B.,
 3014 South 14th Street, Louisville, Ky.
- Spoonhour, Edward E.,
 Mulberry, Kans.
- Stalbom, John,
 1 Temple St., Worcester, Mass.
- Starchich, Frank,
 1124 S. Main Street, Fort Scott, Kans.
- Sterling, Archie W.,
 Goddard, Kans.
- Simon, Benard,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Goddard, Kans.
- Smith, Blanford J.,
 809 S. 3rd Street, Louisville, Ky.
- Stanley, Clyde E.,
 Bardston, Ky.,
- Stern, Morris,
 32 Helmar St., Worcester, Mass.
- Stunkel, Louis C.,
 Bird City, Kans.
- Suprenant, Albert,
 Dodge, Mass.
- Taggart, Ivory E.,
 Valley Center, Kans.
- Tatham, Harry,
 1301 S. Pine Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Thomas, Daniel C.,
 R. F. D. No. 4, Wichita, Kans.
- Thorpe, Eurnal F.,
 Cheney, Kans.
- Toib, Benjamin,
 64 Hathorne St., Chelsea, Mass.
- Tousaint, Albert T.,
 Box 95, R. F. D. 3, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Trego, Louis,
 1011 East 8th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Trogdon, Ray,
 Arcadia, Kans.
- Twist, Paul,
 613 East 8th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Ulery, Charles E.,
 R. F. D. No. 4, Girard, Kans.
- Ure, Alex,
 Burlingame, Kans.
- Vanderville, Cezar,
 Frontenac, Kans.
- Vandris, Augustus,
 West Mineral, Kans.
- Vessadini, Pete,
 Mulberry, Kans.
- Neverka, Joe,
 Stockton, Kans.
- Vonfelt, Niuklous,
 Victoria, Kans.
- Walker, Blaine,
 921 S. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Walker, Oscar,
 R. F. D. No. 6, Unionville, Mo.
- Wasilewsky, Andrew,
 441 W. 8th Street, Mt. Carmel, Pa.
- Watams, Walter,
 427 N. Market St., Carmel, Pa.
- Watanis, Wally,
 Massachusetts Street, Mt. Carmel, Pa.
- Whitaker, Winnie W.,
 Green City, Mo.
- Whitbeck, Harry,
 Box 163, Collins, Mo.
- Whitted, Chester L.,
 Derby, Kans.
- Willett, Claude,
 R. F. D. No. 6, Unionville, Mo.
- Williams, Sterling D.,
 Excelsior Mo.
- Williams, William E.,
 Palco, Kans.
- Williams, Winfred M.,
 1718 S. Wellington St. Winfield, Kan.
- Wilson, Edward,
 417 East 20th St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Wilson, William L.,
 Chicopee, Kans.
- Winters, Robert C.,
 West Mineral, Kans.
- Wofford, John E.,
 309 East 8th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Wofford, Raymond J.,
 309 E. 8th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Wolfe, Cecil E.,
 302 W. Forest Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Wolke, Herman J.,
 Andale, Kans.
- Wood, Phillip S.,
 1805 Camp Street, Springfield, Mo.
- Woodard, Fred E.,
 Alva, Okla.
- Woodbury, Forrest,
 208 W. Kan. Ave., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Yardley, Arthur,
 Pollock, Mo.
- Yarnall, John S.,
 Clyde, Kans.
- Yocom, Joseph W.,
 Scottsville, Kans.
- York, George,
 Leadville, Colo.
- Zielke, Albert F.,
 St. Francis, Kans.

BATTERY D

- Adams, Worlie W.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Arcadia, Kans.
- Albers, Frank H.,
Kingman, Kans.
- Allister, James,
Frontenac, Kans.
- Anderson, James W., Jr.
705 W. Seventh St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Atwater, Carl E.,
Concordia, Kans.
- Avant, Wiley,
Grosbeck, Tex.
- Ayers, Harry O.,
Wellington, Kans.
- Bailey, Charles H.,
Rusk, Texas.
- Baker, Albert,
Joplin, Mo.
- Baker, Dick,
Andersen, Mo.
- Bailey, Henry,
Gallitan, Texas.
- Bartholomew, Marion F.,
Stockton, Kans.
- Basinger, Elbert P.,
Columbus, Kans.
- Beard, Jesse D.,
Kingman, Kans.
- Beck, Lon,
Titres, Ga.
- Beck, William D.,
Toccoa, Ga.
- Bega, Joe,
Bullard, Texas.
- Bell, Andrew L.,
Oberlin, Kans.
- Benson, Ernest L.,
R. F. D. No. 4, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Birdsell, George R.,
Oberlin, Kans.
- Blaker, Lynn D.,
2633 Birr Ave., Parsons, Kans.
- Blue, Sebastian G.,
Coalgate, Okla.
- Bouck, Harry W.,
Girard, Kans.
- Bower, Harry D.,
c/o Mrs. Chas. Irwin, Frontenac, Kans.
- Boyd, Chester K.,
Bismarck, N. Dak.
- Brittian, Geo. C.,
Oxford, Kans.
- Brooks, Wayne,
Columbus, Kans.
- Brown, Frank,
Kingman, Kans.
- Brown, Joseph,
R. F. D. No. 2, Arcadia, Kans.
- Buchanan, William I.,
Arcadia, Kans.
- Buddenberg, Fritz,
Brenham, Texas.
- Burch, Carl O.,
Butler, Mo.
- Butler, Abraham O.,
Weir City, Kans.
- Cantrell, George H.,
119 N. Jefferson St., Wellington, Kas.
- Carpenter, Ralph,
Wellington, Kans.
- Chancellor, Chester A.,
Minden Mines, Mo.
- Cherry, Gustave,
808 West 2nd St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Clairborn, Keating A.,
Lynn Creek, Mo.
- Clark, Alva A.,
116 N. Highland St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Clark, Edward L.,
Conway Springs, Kans.
- Coley, Joe L.,
506 E. 10th St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Cowles, William W.,
808 E. 10th St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Condit, Ray M.,
Arcadia, Kans.
- Conley, Russel G.,
Jennings, Kans.
- Cook, Leonard E.,
302 E. 16th Street, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Cook, Melvin D.,
Fairfield, Nebr.
- Cosens, Fred R.,
Prescott, Kans.
- Crosaglia, Joseph,
Mineral, Kans.
- Dallen, Lawrence,
Miltonvale, Kans.
- Davis, Charles W.,
St. Francis, Kans.
- Dawson, William E.,
R. F. D., Columbus, Kans.
- Deterling, Adolph F.,
R. F. D. No. 32, Muldoon, Texas
- Dewitt, Vernon J.,
Geneva, Nebr.
- Dixon, Fremont,
Edna, Kans.
- Dorr, Vernie N.,
Natoma, Kans.
- Derris, Walter W.,
1005 E. 15th St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Dougherty, Harry,
Codell, Kans.
- Dowd, Ambrose,
Oberlin, Kans.
- Duffy, Michael,
East Mineral, Kans.
- Dunn, Carey W.,
Sulphur Springs, Texas.
- Dusek, Alvin,
R. F. D. No. 1, Sublime, Texas.
- Eisenbrandt, Henry L.,
502 Third Street, Vallejo, Calif.
- Elliott, James R.,
Hawkins, Texas.
- Fairchild, Charles H.,
Sinton, Texas.
- Finke, Henry,
Navasota, Texas.
- Fisher, Baird,
Osgood, Mo.
- Fisher, Delbert,
Pattonsburg, Kans.

- Fisher, Frank K.,
1108 Hopson Ave., Sherman, Texas.
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- Flottman, Edward A.,
R. F. D., Chanute, Kans.
- Fountain, Frederick,
Levy, Ark.
- Frame, Floyd F.,
Parsons, Kans.
- Frazier, Elra E.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Weatherby, Mo.
- Freeman, Frank,
Mulberry, Kans.
- Fross, William H.,
Haglier, Nebr.
- Frye, Edward,
Chetopa, Kans.
- Furgason, Charles H.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Livonia, Mo.
- Gehrken, Diedrich A.,
R. F. D., Stover, Mo.
- Gerhard, Henry,
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- Gerke, John,
Pilot Grove, Mo.
- Gilbreath, Hugh K.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Prairie Home, Mo.
- Glidwell, Oscar,
R. F. D. No. 2, Milan, Mo.
- Goodwin, Glenn H.,
Concordia, Kans.
- Graham, William A.,
Mulberry, Kans.
- Gray, Vigil W.,
Unionville, Mo.
- Green, Daniel H.,
Prescott, Mo.
- Green, Willie H.,
Milan, Mo.
- Greinn, Francis R.,
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- Hamblin, Robert W.,
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- Hassur, Oscar R.,
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- Hatch, Edward W.,
R. F. D. No. 3, Nash, Okla.
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507 N. Woodland, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Herbert, Leo,
Aurora, Kans.
- Helms, Alvia,
West Mineral, Kans.
- Hesseltine, William H.,
Norton, Kans.
- Highbaugh, Swan L.,
1410 Willow St., Coffeyville, Kans.
- Hills, Ivan J.,
Coldwater, Kans.
- Hrabe, James,
Plainville, Kans.
- Huff, Price C.,
Rice, Kans.
- Hyndman, James M.,
Bulah, Kans.
- Irwin, Payl H.,
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- Jarivasi, Dominid,
Rosedale, Kans.
- Jenkins, Earnest P.,
111 W. Jefferson, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Jennaings, Elmer I.,
Colorado Ave., Loveland, Colo.
- Jones, Andrew J.,
632 N. Warren, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Jones, Frank R.,
Arcadia, Kans.
- Kemmler, Frank G.,
Stockton, Kans.
- Kingston, Ozem,
108 West 18th, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Kirby, John,
St. Paul, Kans.
- Klinger, Leon,
438 W. 213th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
- Korasic, John F.,
Kansas City, Kans.
- Krieger, Amos H.,
Gross, Kans.
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- Liffsteau, Augusta A.,
117 E. Anderson St., Savannah, Ga.
- Lamb, Warren,
Girard, Kans.
- Lauer, George,
West Mineral, Kans.
- Lausch, Albert,
Bowden, N. D.
- Leigh, Tom,
214 W. Antelope, Girard, Kans.
- Lemaster, Leonard O.,
Newtonia, Mo.
- Leeher, Clyde A.,
Codell, Kans.
- Lester, Edward A.,
314 N. Patton St., Dallas, Texas.
- Lewis, Roy,
105 S. Locust, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Lieber, Carl W.,
Jennings, Kans.
- Logan, John,
R. F. D. No. 1, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Loomis, Frank,
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Mulberry, Kans.

- McGlothin, James M.,
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- McMillen, Alfred E.,
Annapolis, Calif.
- McMurray, Earl C.,
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- Mabery, Jesse,
Arcadia, Kans.
- Maniez, August,
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- Mastandrea, Frank J.,
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- Maxwell, Donald C.,
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- Meadows, Leland,
Hanford, Kings Co., Calif.
- Mierisch, William,
Union Hill, N. J.
- Millard, Fred S.,
Pittsburg, Kans.
- Minter, Marvin E.,
El Dorado Springs, Mo.
- Morehead, Elmer,
Ardmore, Okla.
- Montgomery, Frank,
Mulberry, Kans.
- Morrell, Wayne,
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- Morris Decalb,
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Mulberry, Kans.
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- Quinlan, Raymond A.,
1620 N. Smelter, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Racy, Clifford N.,
West Mineral, Kans.
- Racy, William,
West Mineral, Kans.
- Ristau, Ervin O.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.
- Robison, John A.,
R. F. D. No 3, Weir, Kans.
- Ross, Charles F., c-o M. P. Corps, A. E. C.
Les Mans, Sarthe, France, Trans.
- Ross, Randal N.,
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- Russell, William,
Mineral, Kans.
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- Sauter, Herman,
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- Schehl, Andrew,
Wilmington, W. Va.
- Selman, Herman,
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- Sexton, James A.,
Hudson, Texas.
- Sills, William T.,
307 East Ross St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Skinner, Eugene A.,
113 E. Quincy St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Sloan, Charles H.,
Mobridge, S. D.
- Sloan, Charles H., c-o C. & N. Yard Office,
22nd Street, Sioux City, Iowa.
- Spader, Walter J.,
1728 Summit St., Kansas City, Mo.
- Splane, William,
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- Scholes, George H.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Labette, Kans.
- Stewart, Charles
300 No. Wilson, Sand Springs, Okla.
- Sterling, Henry E.,
R. F. D. New Castle, Del.
- Stroud, William V.,
1401 North Smelter, Pittsburg, Kan.
- Surprise, George D.,
807 North Fifth St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Taylor, Leland P.,
Dexter, Kan.
- Taylor, Walter A.,
Stromsburg, Nebr.
- Thiolet, Theodore,
Columbus, Kan.
- Thompson, Samuel,
Roseland, Kan.
- Timmons, Warren M.,
130 E. 21st St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Tipton, William A.,
Breczy Hill, Kan.
- Towery, Robert C.,
Arcadia, Kan.
- Turk, John C.,
Care Pittsburg Bus. Col., Pittsburg, Ks.
- Turner, Charles J.,
1123 Furnace, Joplin, Mo.
- Van-Hall, Julius F.,
705 North Rouse, Pittsburg, Kan.
- Vanover, Benjamin,
Altamont, Mo.

Volkert, Louis E.,
Mountain Grove, Mo.
Ward, James,
Trans. M. P. Corps, A. E. C.
Ward, Rascus,
Lacakey, Ky.
Weichert, Henry W.,
Stover, Mo.
Welsh, Edward, Jr.,
Carona, Kan.
Westlake, Wm. C.,
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Waham, Mo.
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Wilkerson, Lark W.,
Kissinger, Ky.
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Nolasulga, Ala.
Williams, Clarence N.,
Denver, Colo.
Williams, Orvil A.,
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Wilson, Bryan,
Weir, Kan.
Wilson, Floyd O.,
R. F. D. 8, Pittsburg, Kan.
Wilson, Marion,
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Sweet Springs, Mo.
Wood, Frederick,
Mulberry, Kan.
Wood, William S.,
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Barker, Edward D.,
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3069 N. 22nd St., Kansas City, Kan.
Betz, Levi I.,
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Bigham, George F.,
Bethel, Kan.
Bradley, Raymond P.,
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725 Tenney Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Bridenolph, Neil,
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Bruns, Fred E.,
2125 Ruby Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Burchfield, Leslie K.,
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Burns, Rufus K.,
Atlas, Texas.
Calhoun, John A.,
Fruitvale, Texas.
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Cargill, William F.,
890 Greeley Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Carlisle, Oliver E.,
3119 N. 31st St., Kansas City, Kan.
Carter, Bonnie G.,
Longview, Texas.
Carter, George,
911 N. 14th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Case, John E.,
New Boston, Texas.
Cellar, Charles B.,
636 E. 28th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chambers, Thomas A.,
1222 Greeley Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Coleman, Clyde D.,
Bonner Springs, Kan.
Conley, Edward P.,
1223 Georgia Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Cowles, Elisha C.,
1137 Greeley Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Crofton, James J.,
1926 N. 26th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Dahlgren, Earl W.,
2063 N. 5th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Davis, Joe,
Bethel, Kan.
DeGroff, James S.,
1326 Greeley Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Dekowski, Henry,
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Dellinger, Chester V.,
Greenville, Texas.
Dennett, Robert W.,
18 S. Valley St., Kansas City, Kan.
Deterling, Henry W.,
R. F. D. 1, Schulenburg, Texas.
Donohue, James L.,
712 Troup Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Duncan, Albert B.,
Allen, Texas.
Dye, Freeman E.,
Moline, Kan.
Eaken, William L.,
3042 N. 30th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Edmonds, John H.,
1241 Virginia Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Erskine, Richard F.,
R. F. D. 3, Kosse, Texas.
Evans, Charles M.,
1050 Sandusky Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
Evans, Richard J.,
1426 N. 26th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Fisher, Frederick H.,
100 S. Valley St., Kansas City, Kan.

- Forrester, James A.,
161 S. Van Brunt, Kansas City, Mo.
- French, Charles L.,
543 Reynolds Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Frick, Wallace H.,
1217 Locust Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
- George, James M.,
1100 N. 17th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Glidden, Lyle B.,
3094 N. 17th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Gossage, Melvin McK.,
231 N. 25th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Gough, John B.,
935 Tenny Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
- Gravatt, Homer,
R. F. D. 5, Paola, Kan.
- Gross, John W.,
5432 S. Marshfield, Chicago, Ill.
- Gustafson, Carl,
2330 Central Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Haley, Hampton T.,
Harris, Mo.
- Hanauer, Edward T.,
205 N. 23rd St., Kansas City, Kansas.
- Hangley, Jay H.,
R. F. D. 5, Cameron, Mo.
- Hanna, Claude E.,
Joplin, Mo.
- Hansen, Martin,
1947 N. 6th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Hardin, Andrew E.,
Joplin, Mo.
- Hardinger, George W.,
R. F. D. 2, Greencastle, Mo.
- Hargreaves, Fred E.,
637 State Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Harlow, James R.,
R. F. D. 1, Gallatin, Mo.
- Harmon, Harry L.,
R. F. D. 1, Stahl, Mo.
- Harris, Orville,
2116 N. 13th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Harvel, John M.,
R. F. D. 5, Wichita, Kan.
- Haug, Earl O.,
1351 Quindaro Blvd., Kansas City, Kan.
- Hedstrom, Algot G.,
348 N. 7th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Hensley, Joe C.,
R. F. D. 2, Green City, Mo.
- Henson, Fred R.,
Care R. F. D. 5, Unionville, Mo.
- Hicks, Roy E.,
1118 Virginia Ave., Joplin, Mo.
- Hesler, Harry,
R. F. D. 2, Gallatin, Mo.
- Hillgoss, Floyd L.,
Milan, Mo.
- Hobbs, Cleo G.,
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- Holder, Edward F. McR.,
3031 Hiawatha Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Hollon, Lindley,
R. F. D. 1, Browning, Mo.
- Hollowell, Claude P.,
1214 Joplin St., Joplin, Mo.
- Hurd, Virgil L.,
Bethel, Kan.
- Hurrelbrink, Herman W.,
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- Ingle, Truman L.,
1647 Walnut Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
- Isenhour, William H.,
319 Nebraska Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Jewett, Chester C.,
Niangua, Mo.
- Johnson, Chester E.,
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- Jones, Georges H.,
718 Ferry Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Kerns, Charles W.,
2832 Askew Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Koons, Charles D.,
1404 Stewart Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Krehm, George J.,
809 Lyons Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
- Laird, Benjamin H.,
732 Quindaro Blvd., Kansas City, Kan.
- Laird, Earl,
732 Quindaro Blvd., Kansas City, Kan.
- Larson, Carl J. E.,
702 Troup Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Larson, Harold A.,
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- Laughlin, Thomas J. A.,
712 N. 9th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Leinbach, Barto J.,
939 Ann Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Leinbach, Charles E.,
939 Ann Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Lemmon, Sterling,
837 Splitlog Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- McBratney, Robert R.,
1413 N. 23rd St., Kansas City, Kan.
- McCarty, Daniel,
Concordia, Kan.
- McConnell, John J.,
343 N. 10th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Mccormick, Walter R.,
1420 N. 22nd St., Kansas City, Kan.
- McCulley, James C.,
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- McLaughlin, Bruce L.,
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- McMahon, Joseph,
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- Martin, LeRoy O.,
723 W. 12th St., Junction City, Kan.
- Meier, Charles W.,
2952 Hutchings Ave., Kansas City, Ks.
- Meiner, William,
319 N. 22nd St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Mertel Arthur H.,
3021 N. 22nd St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Messer, Mike,
Stockton, Kan.
- Miller, Albert H.,
R. F. D. 2, Danbury, Nebr.

- Miller, Henry L.,
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- Millikan, Roy E.,
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- Oelrich, George F.,
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- Olson, Ameul O.,
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- Perry, James O.,
Platte City, Mo.
- Peterson, Emile,
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- Petrie, Arthur W.,
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- Pharis, Lloyd L.,
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- Phipps, George W.,
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- Phillips, John R.,
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- Porter, Andrew B.,
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- Porter, Russell B.,
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- Preston, William
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- Pylant, Myles H.,
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- Reardon, Daniel J.,
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- Rees, Roy B.,
Jennings, Kan.
- Reese, Rudolph W.,
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- Reeves, Arthur,
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- Reeves, Jesse E.,
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- Reichert, Jacob,
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- Remington, Arthur A.,
Palco, Kan.
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657 Riverview Ave., Kansas City, Kan.
- Roe, Dana W.,
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- Rose, Fred C. H.,
R. F. D. Haigler, Nebr.
- Rostocil, Paul,
Zurieh, Kan.
- Roux, John,
Cameron, La.
- Russell, William,
Hillsboro, Ga.
- Sawyer, John W.,
1951 N. Hallock St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Scanlon, Daniel,
4048 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
- Sehidzic, Andrew J.,
Latrobe, Pa.
- Schiller, George W.,
312 N. 19th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Schooley, Robert R.,
2109 E. 34th St., Kansas City, Mo.
- Schraer, Clifford E.,
3011 N. 17th St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Seaman, Albert W.,
Coldwater, Kan.
- Septer, James W.,
Sun City, Kan.
- Shaw, Cornelius R.,
1935 N. Valley St., Kansas City, Kan.
- Sheets, Frank L.,
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- Simpson, Frederick,
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- Sims, Martin D.,
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- Smith, Clarence M.,
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- Smith, Harry B.,
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- Smith, Jacob W.,
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Sternier, Charles,
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Stewart, Walter W.,
816 N. 2nd St., Leavenworth, Kan.
Still, William,
1301 Jewett St., Liberty, Mo.
Stoker, Floyd M.,
2820 N. 12th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Stone, Claude F.,
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Stuessi, Berle C.,
R. F. D. 4, Kansas City, Kan.
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Thomas, Jerdon L.,
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Winters, Roy,
208 N. Thorpe St., Kansas City, Kan.
Wright, Walter,
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Zelenok, George A.,
2923 N. 16th St., Kansas City, Kan.

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Baker, Paul E.,
326 N. Fourth St., Arkansas City, Kans.
Waller, Forest E.,
Naugatuck, W. Va.
Wenk, Harry F.,
Girardville, Pa.
Whelan, James,
Lansboro, Minn.
Whitley, Clyde L.,
Box 55, Batson, Texas.
Wilcox, Walter E.,
Kasson, Minn.
William, Claude J.,
10 S. Fourteenth St., Kansas City, Ks.
Williams, Earl H.,
2034 N. Eleventh St., Kansas City, Ks.
Williams, John M.,
719 Lafayette, Kansas City, Kans.
Williams, Lucian Q.,
10 S. Fourteenth St., Kansas City, Ks.
Wilson, Edward P. H.,
1211 Georgia Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
Thomas, Roy C.,
1846 Woodlawn Blvd., Kansas City, Ks.

Thrift, Claude M.,
Chetopa, Kans.
Thurgate, George M.,
1134 Cleveland Ave., Kansas City, Ks.
Trantum, John T.,
601 Everett Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
Waalen, Milo A.,
Glenwood, Minn.
Walker, Pearl,
Reads, Minn.
Wagner, Raymond W.,
2947 Thompson Ave., Kansas City, Ks.
Wall, Clarence,
Albert Lee, Minn.
Barnes, John W.,
Franklin, Tex.
Barrows, Charles F.,
Galatia, Kans.
Baumunk, John L.,
R. F. D. 6, Wichita, Kans.
Behrends, Ben,
R. F. D. 2, Monticello, Ia.
Birchim, William H.,
R. F. D. 2, Bishop, Cal.
Boyd, Benjamin F.,
Ladonia, Tex.
Boyer, Fred G.,
R. F. D. 12, Cassville, Mo.
Brohl, Jacob,
Weir, Kans.
Brosius, Chauncey G.,
1527 S. Lawrence Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Brown, Cyril M.,
320 Ave. A, East Hutchinson, Kans.
Calhoun, Howard,
Caldwell, Texas.
Campbell, Robert S.,
R. F. D. 4, Shelbyville, Texas.
Campbell, John A.,
429 S. Volutsia Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Campos, Salvador,
McKinney, Texas.
Carter, Ray P.,
1324 N. Wichita St., Wichita, Kans.
Clinton, Sylvester J.,
Gen. Del., Wichita, Kans.
Doghill, Floyd V.,
722 North Stout Street, Pratt, Kans.
Canover, Everett,
Perth, Kans.
Cook, Horace,
Box 12, Crosby, Texas.
Cooper, Robert,
R. F. D. 1, Marlin, Texas.
Covington, Benjamin H.,
% John C. Pitts, R. F. D. 1, Tona, Tex.
Cowles, Lucius L.,
1137 Greeley Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
Crawford, James E.,
Coldwater, Kans.
Creed, Elza F.,
South Haven, Kans.
Crow, Eugene W.,
111 S. Main St., Wichita, Kans.
Cudworth, Daniel B.,
311 N. Washington St., Wichita, Kans.
Cunningham, Tolbert R.,
Morewood, Okla.

- Dennis, Wilford A.,
3920 Michigan Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
- De Vaughn, Walter B.,
1533 S. Water St., Wichita, Kans.
- Dewey, Harvey J.,
1327 Pattie Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Donelon, William M.,
Carrol, Iowa.
- Doyle, James E.,
Princeton, Mo.
- Dunkelberger, Harry M.,
Belmont, Kans.
- Dunlap, James W.,
Beardstown, Texas.
- Duvall, John C.,
R. F. D. 2, Mayfield, Kans.
- Edmondson, David P.,
823 W. 7th St., Wellington, Kans.
- Embley, Junius S.,
Centerfield, Utah.
- Everett, Vern D.,
1336 N. Waco Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Fink, Fred E.,
Murdock, Kans.
- Fischer, Conrad,
R. F. D. 3, Cunningham, Kans.
- Flournoy, John J.,
343 S. Erie, Wichita, Kans.
- Frizzell, Elton S.,
Halstead, Kans.
- Gabrielson, John A.,
R. F. D. 1, Oatville, Kans.
- Gant, William,
R. F. D. 1, Mayfield, Kans.
- Gaucher, Fred,
268 High St., Woonsocket, R. I.
- Geeslin, David M.,
119 N. B. St., Arkansas City, Kans.
- Gillen, Mike,
Willowdale, Kans.
- Gilman, Orville J.,
509 E. Kansas Ave., McPherson, Kans.
- Glaves, Virgil E.,
R. F. D. 2, Box 36, Douglass, Kans.
- Hoetz, Edward,
Willowdale, Kans.
- Graham, Arthur W.,
1202 S. Washington Ave., Wichita, Ks.
- Gray, Glenn N.,
Protection, Kans.
- Greco, Gabriel,
4694 Lorigan St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Hampel, Fred W.,
R. F. D. 1, Pretty Prairie, Kans.
- Handkins, Clarence,
R. F. D. 1, Cheney, Kans.
- Hatfield, Harold B.,
351 N. Chautauqua Ave., Wichita.
- Haynes, James W.,
1301 N. Madison Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Helmers, Edward T.,
1042 N. Market St., Wichita, Kans.
- Helpfrey, Earl H.,
1439 N. Lawrence Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Henrikson, Sven Edward,
Care Tony Olson, R. F. D. 4, Box 3,
East Racine, Wis.
- Herman, William F.,
Rago, Kans.
- Hervey, Raymond C.,
912 W. Seventeenth St., Pueblo, Colo.
- Hester, Perl M.,
304 S. Washington Ave., Wichita, Kas.
- Hickey, James,
612 E. Howard St., South Bend, Ind.
- Rigdon, Hobart F. R.,
Potwin, Kans.
- Himmelwright, Homer N.,
915 S. Topeka Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Hindle, Joe C.,
1130 Lafayette Ave., Kansas City, Kas.
- Hitchner, George,
1123 W. Lawrence Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Hodges, Edgar A.,
Valley Center, Kans.
- Holland, Harry L.,
Coldwater, Kans.
- Horn, Fred,
736 Dayton Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Houser, Walter F.,
Gladstone, Mo.
- Howerton, Thomas W.,
320 E. Seventh St., Newton, Kans.
- Huckabay, Pearl,
R. F. D. 1, Pilot Grove, Mo.
- Hughey, Clyde D.,
1146 Nichelias St., Springfield, Mo.
- Hurley, Ailey D.,
Lavonia, Mo.
- Hurst, Noel C.,
Milton, Kans.
- Hyatt, John,
8 Waverly St., Malden, Mass.
- Ink, Ira M.,
R. F. D. 1, Lexington, Ohio.
- Jackson, Virgil E.,
1426 E. Gilbert St., Wichita, Kans.
- Keck, Edward E.,
1716 Park Place, Wichita, Kans.
- Kelly, Donald F.,
214 S. Fern St., Wichita, Kans.
- Kennedy, Jesse E.,
R. F. D. 1, Valley Center, Kans.
- Kerley, Carl M.,
Peck, Kans.
- King, Ray B.,
Mayfield, Kans.
- Klee, John J.,
R. F. D. 3, McCracken, Kans.
- Knipp, Raymond A. J.,
1227 S. Lawrence Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Knox, Ralph S.,
% Y. M. C. A., Wichita, Kans.
- Knox, Arthur M.,
South Haven, Kans.
- Koffman, Hyman,
1009 Twelfth St., Bay City, Mich.
- Kuechenmeister, Emil L.,
928 Carter Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Kuechenmeister, Walter L.,
928 Carter Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Lakey, Elmer,
Sterling, Kans.
- Lee, Merrit R.,
1551 Park Place, Wichita, Kans.

Lee, Clarence M.,
627 Stewart Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
Legate, James E.,
1714 Mitchell Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.
Lemmers, Frank D.,
218 East Third St., Wichita, Kans.
Lightcap, Elmer T.,
555 Van Hook St., Camden, N. J.
Lingenfelter, Sewell,
East Freedom, Pa.
Lowery, Charles Q.,
Groveport, Ohio.
Lyle, Elmer G.,
R.F.D. 6, Box 65, N. Birmingham, Ala.
Lynn, Ben H.,
843 S. Main St., Wichita, Kans.
Lyons, Arthur B.,
224 Ohio Ave., Wichita, Kans.
McClure, William J.,
Anness, Kans.
McConnell, Paul J.,
831 Osage St., Manhattan, Kans.
McCullough, Willie B.,
R. F. D. Columbus, Miss.
McMillan, Claude V.,
1810 E. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.
McNally, Frank E.,
Elgin Hotel, Marion, Kans.
Main, Milo H.,
Argonie, Kans.
Main, Henry C.,
936 S. Dodge Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Marshall, Virgil,
Whitewood, S. D.
Marshall, William M.,
1258 Jackson Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Miller, Branson G.,
Mulvane, Kans.
Miller, Carl E.,
1115 Second Ave., West End, Birmingham, Ala.
Miser, Wiley E.,
Moore, Okla.
Moore, Eric C.,
R. F. D. 4, Pratt, Kans.
Moore, Harry W.,
Paris, Ky.
Moore, Pearl O.,
R. F. D. 1, Murdock, Kans.
Morrell, Oscar F.,
R. F. D. 3, Box 33, Wellington, Kans.
Mourning, Fred W.,
1838 Golde Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Myers, Claude R.,
1640 S. St. Francis Ave., Wichita, Kas.
Newton, Samuel,
300 W. Sherman, Kingman, Kans.
Offenstein, Henry J.,
235 N. Glenn St., Wichita, Kans.
Osborne, Harry,
Millen, Ga.
Osler, James D.,
249 Indiana Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Oliver, Elbert L.,
R. F. D., Wellington, Kans.
Owens, Glenn,
R. F. D. Box 40, Wellington, Kans.

Oyler, Jesse R.,
Gen. Del., Wichita, Kans.
Panek, Robert J.,
R. F. D. 3, Cunningham, Kans.
Pantier, Guy R.,
348 Laura Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Patterson, Edgar,
310 W. 21st St., Wichita, Kans.
Payne, Ivan C.,
R. F. D., Kingman, Kans.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Peacock, Lawrence A.,
Protection, Kans.
Pence, Harold H.,
145 Ellis Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Pierce, Edwin P.,
521 S. Market St., Wichita, Kans.
Powell, Carmen H.,
523 N. Main St., Blackwell, Okla.
Reynolds, Scott,
R. F. D. 2, Marietta, Ohio.
Richards, Clarence,
357 McKellar St., Chillicothe, Ohio.
Richards, Stanley B.,
215 N. Glenn St., Wichita, Kans.
Richardson, John F.,
21 E. 15th St., Hutchinson, Kans.
Ross, Elbert S.,
1452 N. Waco Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Ruble, Adrian A.,
1551 S. Wichita St., Wichita, Kans.
Rucker, Amos C.,
Mulvane, Kans.
Ruffridge, Michael A.,
R. F. D. 1, Grafton, Iowa.
Schnittker, Casper,
R. F. D. 1, Nashville, Kans.
Schooley, William O.,
1708 N. Lawrence Ave., Wichita, Kas.
Scott, William F.,
1146 N. Waco Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Sedgwick, John C.,
Conway Springs, Kans.
Sence, Leslie B.,
1631 S. Lawrence Ave., Wichita, Kans.
Shambaugh, Cloy D.,
1700 Spellman Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Smith, Arthur M.,
Norwich, Kans.
Smith, Robert M.,
Derby, Kans.
Snook, James W.,
R. F. D. 1, Augusta, Kans.
Spidle, Charles N.,
334 S. Lawrence St., Wichita, Kans.
Stanley, Lawrence,
3001 E. 2nd St., Wichita, Kans.
Stewart, Bryant,
Bascon, Fla.
Stephens, Harry W.,
Care Mrs. W. P. Derwin, East Holmes
Street, Huntsville, Ala.
Surface, Charles A.,
Kingman, Kans.

- Sturtees, Baisel L.,
 1704 N. Hydraulic Ave., Wichita, Kas.
 Sweitzer, William O.,
 Montella, Pa.
 Taylor, Bynum,
 Presley, Ga.
 Terry, Floyd,
 1327 N. Topeka Ave., Wichita, Kans.
 Thompson, Clifford A.,
 R. F. D. 1, Hersey, Mich.
 Thompson, Glen L.,
 6217 Lee St., Kansas City, Mo.
 Thompson, James C.,
 Whitewater, Kans.
 Thorpe, John W.,
 612 E. Lincoln St., Wellington, Kans.
 Tompsett, Edwin F.,
 Six Lakes, Mich.
 Tripplett, Walter M.,
 Schoolfield, Va.
 Troup, Harry,
 R. F. D. 1, Mulvane, Kans.
 Truax, Louis H.,
 503 S. Milwood Ave., Wichita, Kans.
 Turner, Thomas J.,
 McLean, Texas.
 Underwood, Charlie P.,
 Woodbury, Ga.
 Violette, Harold S.,
 139 S. Chautauqua Ave., Wichita, Kas.
 Waits, Ben,
 R. F. D. 3, Moulton, Ala.
 Walker, Leslie E.,
 612 N. Olive St., Wellington, Kans.
 Warlow, Alvin L.,
 R. F. D. 4, Argonia, Kans.
 Washburn, Glenn,
 Norwich, Kans.
 Weber, Elmer G.,
 R. F. D. 1, Tray, Minn.
 Wetterhold, Arthur R.,
 1061 N. Waco Ave., Wichita, Kans.
 Whitehurst, Bennie F.,
 209 W. Gordon St., Savannah, Ga.
 Whitelaw, Waite E.,
 R. F. D. 1, Baisal, Kans.
 Whitely, George L.,
 Chickasha, Okla.
 Willett, Francis W.,
 Mountain Home, Ark.
 Williams, Fred M.,
 R. F. D. 2, Eldon, Mo.
 Williams, Homer P.,
 R. F. D. 1, Cleveland, Kans.
 Wilson, Charles L.,
 Valley Center, Kans.
 Wilson, Max G.,
 1631 Fairview Ave., Wichita, Kans.
 Winn, Caleb E.,
 Protection, Kans.
 Witt, Earle C.,
 Annelly, Kans.
 Wood, Karl A.,
 728 S. Wichita St., Wichita, Kans.
 Wood, Martin B.,
 35 Davenport St., Stamford, Conn.
 Yost, Charles E.,
 R. F. D., Smithsfield, W. Va.
- Young, John A.
 Clendennin, W. Va.
 Zollman, Phillip P.,
 R. F. D. 6, Mason, Mo.
 Thomas, Allen B.,
 R. F. D. 1, Begota, Texas.
-
- SUPPLY COMPANY**
- Addkison, Charles S.,
 Germantown, Texas.
 Ahrens, Fred W.,
 Chetopa, Kans.
 Aldrich, Charley F.,
 Syracuse, Mo.
 Anderson, Thomas,
 2190 Fairmount Ave., Richmond, Va.
 Anthony, Francis D.,
 Zenda, Kans.
 Avery, Earl L.,
 R. F. D. 16, Windsor, Mo.
 Barbosa, Jose,
 Brownsville, Texas.
 Bell, Ralph L.,
 Pasadena, Cal.
 Bellomy, Henry,
 Chilhowee, Mo.
 Benton, John,
 Enon, Mo.
 Bergman, Pontus L.,
 R. F. D. 1, Granger, Wash.
 Blair, James W.,
 Attala, Ala.
 Blanchard, Theodore G.,
 735 Prouty Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 Bliss, Chester H.,
 Annamobse, N. D.
 Bolan, William C.,
 Valley Center, Kans.
 Bradfield, Arthur,
 R. F. D. 9, Clinton, Mo.
 Bradley, Beecher F.,
 R. F. D. 13, Calhoun, Mo.
 Brant, Jerome J.,
 Citizen Tel. Co., Tipton, Mo.
 Brawner, Emery A.,
 6002 Maple Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
 Bray, Joshua A.,
 Milton, Cal.
 Brooks, Herman C.,
 Nercross, Ga.
 Brown, Claude,
 R. F. D. 3, Columbus, Kans.
 Bull, George V.,
 Tipton, Mo.
 Bunker, Wiley R. M.,
 Milan, Kans.
 Bunkowski, Adolph F.,
 Harper, Kans.
 Burgett, Otto,
 Hodges, Iowa.
 Burk, Ernest E.,
 Attica, Kans.
 Bush, William D.,
 Box 1, Worland, Mo.
 Campbell, James V.,
 R. F. D. 2, Tyler, Texas.

- Campise, Marianno,
R. F. D. 5, Tryan, Texas.
- Cavert, James J.,
1015 Grand Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Childress, Albert B.,
Lupus, Mo.
- Church, Edwin L.,
Care Fred Eagan, R. F. D. 4, Anthony,
Kans.
- Circle, William H.,
Galena, Kans.
- Clendenen, Fontaine K.,
101 Arcade and Vernon, St. Louis, Mo.
- Cline, Arthur D.,
Galena, Kans.
- Cole, Robert L.,
Montrose, Mo.
- Collins, Harry N.,
716 S. Water St., Monticello, Ind.
- Conaway, Clyde E.,
118 Keilam Ave., Oakland, Kans.
- Conover, Albert W.,
3606 Federal St., Camden, N. J.
- Cook, Corbin R.,
310 E. Fourth St., Winfield, Kans.
- Cooper, Arthur,
Sabetha, Kans.
- Cosentine, Nicholas,
556 College St., Ontario, Canada.
- Cox, Jesse L.,
R. F. D. 1, Cloverdale, Ind.
- Cushenberry, Henry W.,
Sharon, Kans.
- Duke, Walter L.,
1130 Mufit St., Joplin, Mo.
- Edwards, Daniel W.,
Lupus, Mo.
- Evans, Benjamin H.,
R. F. D. 2, Humansville, Mo.
- Fern, John P.,
Scammon, Kans.
- Foster, Edwin A.,
R. F. D. 2, Carbondale, Kans.
- Fox, Claude W.,
Box 422, Rich Hill, Mo.
- Freeman, C. J.,
Aimwell, Ala.
- Freeman, Martin J.,
2514 Clay St., Topeka, Kans.
- Fritzler, Glenn H.,
Care Jean A. Fritzler, Herington, Kas.
- Frost, Jack,
Collinsville, Okla.
- Garber, Harry H.,
Butler, Mo.
- Gardner, Benjamin M.,
Remington, Ind.
- Garner, Albert,
Roopville, Ga.
- Gayman, Thomas,
New Cambria, Mo.
- Graham, Andrew H.,
921 N. Locust St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Grover, Charles V.,
R. F. D. 1, Excelsior Springs, Mo.
- Halsey, Marian A.,
Independence, Kans.
- Harrigan, Joseph A.,
Seammon, Kans.
- Harvey, Lester,
445 Jackson St., Camden, N. J.
- Hawk, F. F.,
1917 Lexington Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
- Heisch, Phillip M.,
601 Sixth St., Marysville, Cal.
- Hendricks, Eli,
Chetopa, Kans.
- Hohenstein, Fred W.,
Onawa, Iowa.
- House, William W.,
Box 87, Phoenix City, Ala.
- Howard, James L.,
Bend, S. D.
- Izatt, William A.,
Mulberry, Kans.
- Jobe, Charles L.,
1322 Lafayette Ave., Kansas City, Ks.
- Johnson, Albert E.,
530 N. 13th St., East St. Louis, Ill.
- Keimig, John F.,
106 Scott St., Baltimore, Md.
- Kellar, Walter E.,
1418 N. Quincey St., Topeka, Kans.
- Kelly, Ora,
Monon, Ind.
- Kelly, Thaddeus L.,
Bloomington, Ind.
- Kling, Walter S.,
Avon by the Sea, N. J., Box 82.
- Kreger, William E.,
617 E. Grey St., Louisville, Ky.
- Langan, William V.,
313 E. Ninth St., Topeka, Kans.
- Lane, Vincent A.,
Gen. Del., Boone, Iowa.
- Lindsay, Joe,
Chattahoochee, Ga.
- Louque, Julius,
Gramercy, La.
- Lukes, Joseph F.,
Long Prairie, Minn.
- McAuliffe, William J.,
Hope, Kans.
- McDonald, Lewis T.,
Maysville, Mo.
- Martin, Joseph T.,
299 Eighth St., Troy, N. Y.
- Maurer, James E.,
1283 N. Harrison, Topeka, Kans.
- Miller, Newel,
South Port, Fla.
- Morgan, J. Earl,
M. & M. Garage, Chetopa, Kans.
- Myers, Homer W.,
Macksville, Kans.
- Newell, Clare E.,
Stafford, Kans.
- Newman, Campbell W.,
408 Swiss Ave., Dallas, Texas.
- Nutt, Tjad R.,
Box 45, Beach, Miss.
- Osborn, Andrew J.,
Station C, Wichita, Kans.
- Peeples, Robert D.,
Chico, N. M.

- Pough, Alva H.,
Thomaston, Ga.
- Porter, Earl L.,
435 Jackson St., Topeka, Kans.
- Porter, Samuel F.,
1514 West St., Topeka, Kans.
- Rogers, Harry L.,
108 W. 19th St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Schulz, Hubert A.,
St. Johns, Kans.
- Shead, Elza B.,
Gross, Kans.
- Shelden, Benjamin W.,
613 W. Tenth St., Topeka, Kans.
- Smith, Ray S.,
R. F. D. 2, Monticello, Ind.
- Smith, Walter A.,
R. F. D. 2, Monticello, Ind.
- Spear, George T.,
Houston, Ala.
- Steadman, Albert,
250 Oak St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
- Stimson, Cleo R.,
Chetopa, Kans.
- Stimson, Ray A.,
Chetopa, Kans.
- Sweetland, Zephyr K.,
Valley Center, Kans.
- Taylor, Herbert L.,
Mangum, Okla.
- Thomas, Herndon L.,
4603 Prospect Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
- Trapanier, Howard A.,
Box 77, R. F. D. 2, Oconto, Wis.
- Werntz, Hobson L.,
3009 Duncan St., Louisville, Ky.
- Whitehead, Fred B.,
215 Broadmoor Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Willkinson, James H.,
1501 John St., Evansville, Ind.
- Williams, Thomas F.,
Cloverdale, Ind.
- Williamson, George W.,
Rembert, Ala.
- Williamson, James A.,
Rembert, Ala.
- Winstead, Dewey E.,
Box 344, Chetopa, Kans.
- Wood, Ernest E.,
901 Madison St., Topeka, Kans.
- Workman, Charles W.,
713 Locust St., Topeka, Kans.
-
- MEDICAL DETACHMENT**
- Bird, Havert L.,
Lansing, Kans.
- Brier, Archibald J.,
16 Columbian Bldg., Topeka, Kans.
- Whitehead, Floyd S.,
215 Broadmoor Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Morrison, Jesse E.,
Unionville, Mo.
- Claxton, Henry C.,
West Plains, Mo.
- Howey, Paul H.,
1008 Elliot St., Evansville, Ind.
- Jones, Fred L.,
709 Clay St., Topeka, Kans.
- Kimes, Maurice J.,
1135 N. Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Lockwood, Lawrence E.,
822 Merchant St., Emporia, Kans.
- McCullough, Robert V.,
Valley Falls, Kans.
- Schirk, Rudolph R.,
1703 N. Locust St., Pittsburg, Kans.
- Smith, Joyce D.,
1102 West St., Emporia, Kans.
- Swearingen, Ralph M.,
920 West St., Topeka, Kans.
- Walters, Herman L.,
623 Washington Blvd., Kan. City, Ks.
- Bailey, James H.,
950 Lindenwood Ave., Topeka, Kans.
- Bratton, Kenneth B.,
1325 Dans Avc., Topeka, Kans.
- Bruemleve, Walter A.,
330 East S St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
- Cagle, Lewis,
Alton, Mo.
- Davis, Harold W.,
Geneseo, Kans.
- Dickey, Frank E.,
5231 Minerva Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
- Gardner, Lester H.,
1721 N. Lawrence Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Gray, George H.,
40 S. 18th St., Kansas City, Kans.
- Hamilton, James R.,
1317 N. Quincy St., Topeka, Kans.
- Kline, Harry E.,
Maysville, Mo.
- Miller, William E.,
615 N. 16th St., Kansas City, Kans.
- Scholtz, Arthur H.,
Minneapolis, Kans.
- Schock, Gus C.,
1812 West St., Topeka, Kans.
- Smith, Gilman W.,
5768 Westminster St., St. Louis, Mo.
- Smith, June B.,
Cottonwood Falls, Kans.
- Turner, Jesse L.,
Alton, Mo.
- Walker, Marcus V.,
Winifred, Kans.
- Warnock, Harold L.,
1213 N. Polk St., Topeka, Kans.
- Wilson, Charles O.,
426 Taylor St., Topeka, Kans.
- Yonkers, Harry A.,
1305 W. 10th St., Topeka, Kans.
-
- HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**
- Allen, Russel T.,
1743 Fairview Ave., Wichita, Kans.
- Allred, Willie,
Waldron, Kans.
- Angle, John,
St. Marys, Kans.
- Amis, John R.,
R. F. D. 1, Bellaire, Kans.
- Anderson, Ben F.,
Palisade, Colo.

- Bachmann, Ray,
Protection, Kans.
- Bacon, Samuel,
Harrisburg, Texas.
- Bagley, Williamee,
Elisian Field, Texas.
- Baldwin, Calvin R.,
803 E. Fourth St., Cherryvale, Kans.
- Barbour, Lancewell M.,
423 E. Crane St., Topeka, Kans.
- Barker, James V.,
Windsor, Mo.
- Barnes, Bryant,
410 Arizona Ave., El Paso, Texas.
- Barnd, Richard,
Ness City, Kans.
- Barthel, Harold S.,
1329 Mulvane St., Topeka, Kans.
- Baughey, Leslie A.,
3547 S. Benton, Kansas City, Mo.
- Beauchamp, John A.,
1101 Kansas Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
- Beine, Robert F.,
412 Polk St., Topeka, Kans.
- Bellinghausen, Peter,
R. R. 3, Montrose, Mo.
- Bender, George W.,
2021 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- Bennett, Roy J.,
Scammon, Kans.
- Bilello, Frank H.,
R. R. 4, Chetopa, Kans.
- Black, LeRey E.,
5427 State St., Kansas City, Kans.
- Blakely, Charles G.,
Topeka, Kans.
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Smith Center, Kans.
- Bowman, Vernon E.,
Smith Center, Kans.
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Dover, Kans.
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147 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
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R. F. D. 21, Wakarusa, Kans.
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Smith Center, Kans.
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1427 S. Emporia Ave., Wichita, Kans.
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319 N. 18th St., Kansas City, Kans.
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505 N. Cherokee, Girard, Kans.
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1137 Greeley Ave., Kansas City, Kans.
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1818 W. Prospect Ave., Kan. City, Mo.
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Hamlin, Kans.,
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1122 Quincy St., Topeka, Kans.
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1001 S. Elm St., Pittsburg, Kans.
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201 Van Buren St., Topeka, Kans.
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1019 Lawrence St., Topeka, Kans.

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Seneca, Kans.
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324 Lawrence St., Topeka, Kans.
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Independence, Kans.
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918 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kans.
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918 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kans.
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Frontenac, Kans.
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1414 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kans.
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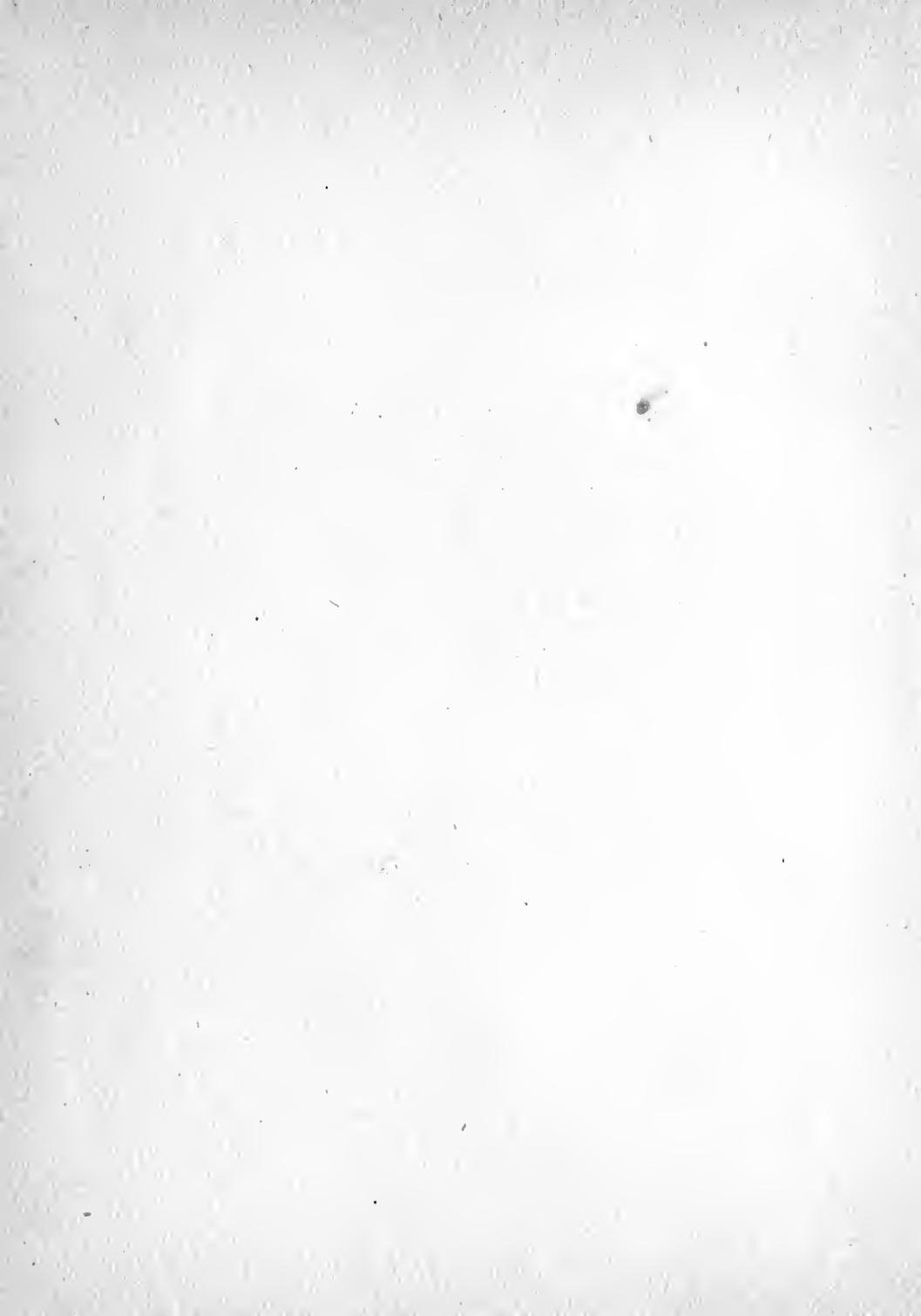
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1405 W. Sixth St., Topeka, Kans.
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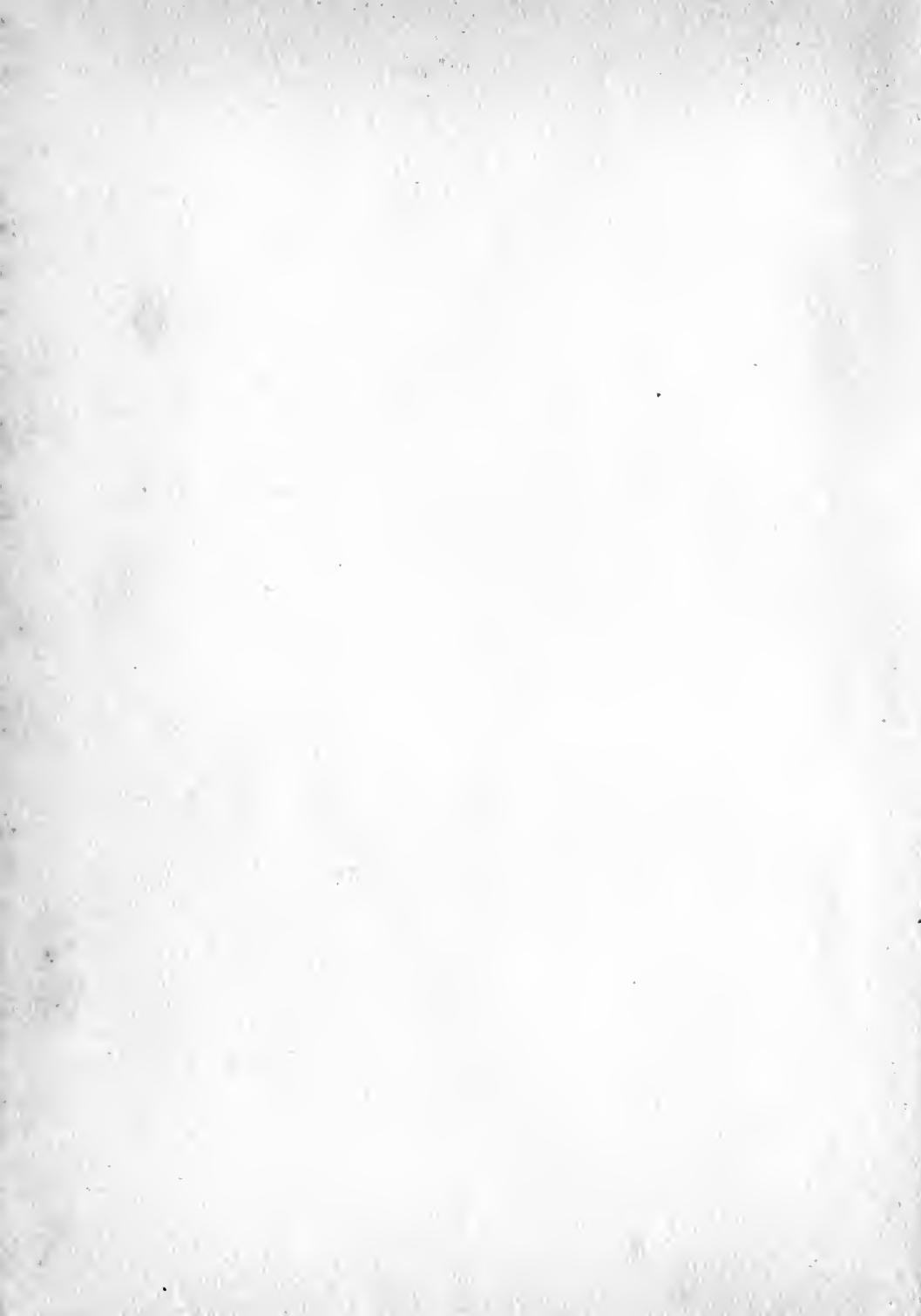
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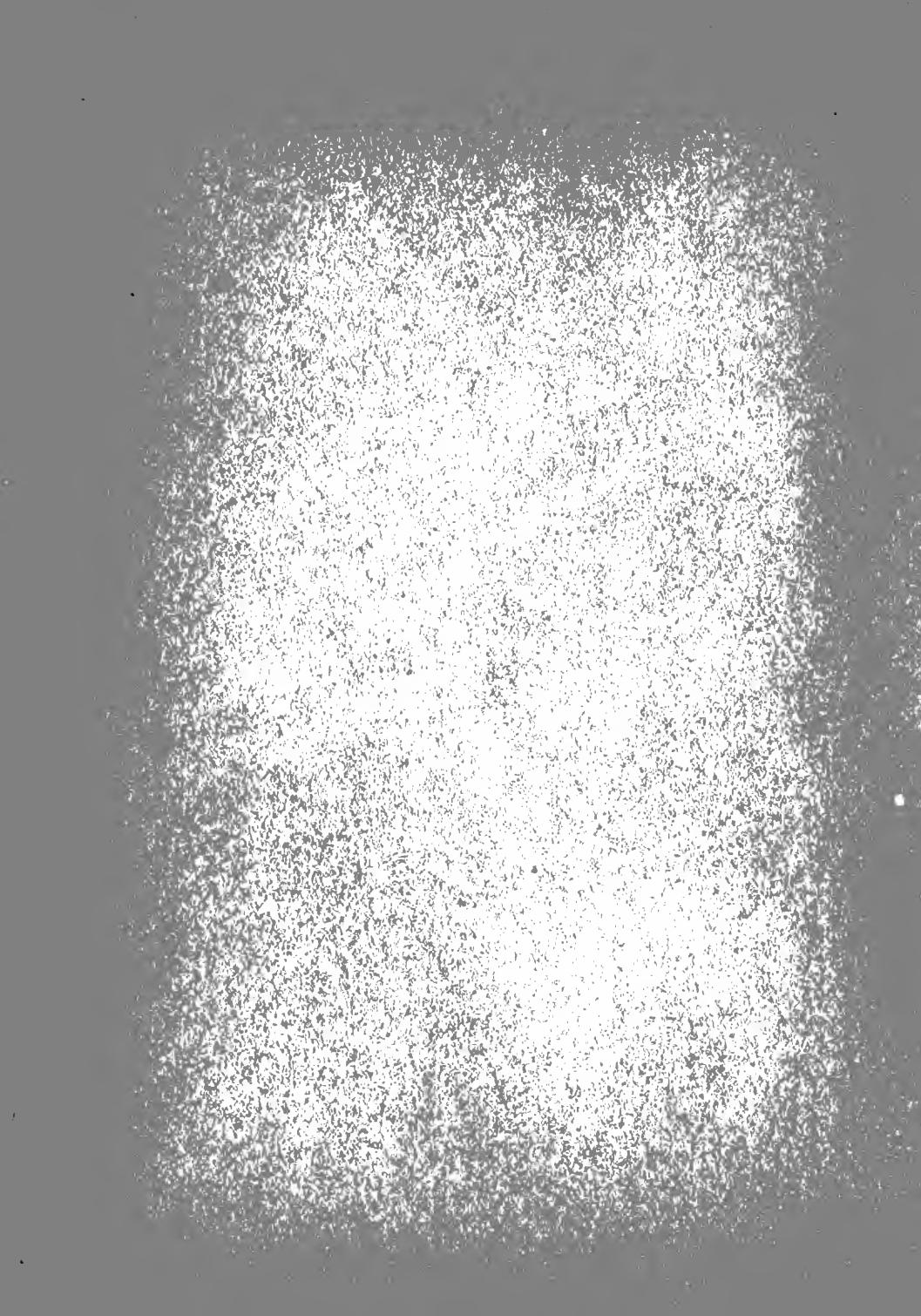
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1234 Leonidas St., New Orleans, La.

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white and blue flag in foreign
fields and are now devoting more and
more attention to the ever increasing
row of little white flags on the line in
the back yard at home. With best
wishes and our blessing on each and
every one of them we shall leave them
to live and love and work with the
hope that they will pause now and
then to think of the good old days
with the 130th F. A.

* THE END *







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